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FASHION THEN AND NOW.

FASHION THEN AND NOW

ILLUSTRATED BY ANECDOTES, SOCIAL,
POLITICAL, MILITARY, DRAMATIC, AND SPORTING.

WITH REMARKS ON

DRESS, ELECTIONS, DUELLING, AMATEUR THEATRICALS,
RACING, HUNTING, SHOOTING, FISHING, SKATING, GOLFING,
CURLING, DEEP SEA FISHING, YACHTING.

BY

LORD WILLIAM PITT LENNOX,

"AUTHOR OF 'CELEBRITIES I HAVE KNOWN,' ETC.

"As the world leads we follow."—*Seneca*.

"Fashion still varying, not to forms confin'd,
Shifts as the sands, the sport of every wind."—*Propertius*.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.

1878.

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PRINTED BY TAYLOR AND CO.,
LITTLE QUEEN STREET, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

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“Qualis equos Threïssa fatigat,
Harpalyce, volumcremque fugâ pervetitur Eurum.”

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FASHION THEN AND NOW.

CHAPTER I.

GRIMALDI'S FAREWELL BENEFIT—CHARLES YOUNG'S AND FAWCETT'S RETIREMENT—EDMUND KEAN—HIS LAST APPEARANCE—A FLATTERING LIKENESS—THE BROKEN NOSE—BISHOP OF ROCHESTER—COLERIDGE'S CRITICISM—MASTER BETTY—THE YOUNG ROSCIUS.

"Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness."

SHAKESPEARE.

"Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb

The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar?"

BEATTIE.

ON Friday, the 27th of June, 1828, Grimaldi took his leave of the stage at Drury Lane Theatre. The entertainment included an extravaganza, called Harlequin Hoax, in which Miss Kelly played Columbine to Harley's Harley-quin, and the whole concluded with a selection from the most approved comic panto-

mimes, in which the entire pantomimic strength of the metropolis assisted. At the close of the performance, Grimaldi addressed the audience thus :

“Ladies and Gentlemen,—I appear before you for the last time. I need not assure you of the sad regret with which I say it, but sickness and infirmity have come upon me, and I can no longer wear the ‘motley.’ Four years ago I jumped my last jump, and filched my last custard, and ate my last sausage. I cannot describe the pleasure I felt on once more assuming my cap and bells to-night—that dress in which I have so often been made happy in your applause, and as I stripped them off, I fancied that they seemed to cleave to me. I am not so rich a man as I was when I was basking in your favour formerly, for then I had always a fowl in one pocket, and sauce for it in the other. I thank you for the benevolence which has brought you here to assist your old and faithful servant in his premature decline. Eight-and-forty years have not yet passed over my head, and I am sinking fast. I now stand worse on my legs than I used to do on my head. But I suppose I am paying the penalty of the course I pursued all my life; my desire and anxiety to merit your favour has excited me to more exertion than my constitution would bear, and, like vaulting ambition, I have overleaped myself. Ladies and Gentlemen, I must hasten to bid you farewell; but the pain I feel in doing so is assuaged by seeing before me a disproof of the old adage that ‘favourites have no friends.’ Ladies and Gentlemen, may you and yours ever enjoy the blessings of health is the

fervent prayer of Joseph Grimaldi. Farewell! farewell!!”

Here the audience rose and cheered him loudly.

“Farewell!” he continued.

His son and Mr. Harley then advanced, and led him off the stage.

I was present at Covent Garden Theatre in the month of May, 1830, on the occasion of Fawcett taking leave of the stage. The tragedy of ‘The Gamester’ was followed by the play of ‘Charles the Second,’ in which Mr. Fawcett sustained his original character of Captain Copp. At the conclusion of the tragedy he came forward and delivered the following farewell address:

“Ladies and Gentlemen,—The moment has arrived when it requires me to have strong nerves not to run into one of two extremes. Should I now affect apathy, it would be in bad taste; and did I give way to maudlin sensibility it would be ridiculous. Partial friends have asked me why I quit the stage?

“Ladies and Gentlemen,—I have sixty-two reasons, and every one a year long. Were I to say (at my time of life and with my infirmities) I am sorry to leave this arduous calling, I should not speak the truth; but if I were to say I did not feel a pang at parting from you, I should tell a lie, ‘an odious, damned lie.’ I have held up my hand at the bar of public opinion many a day. My trial has lasted thirty-nine years—this night brings it to a close. Here have been arraigned my judges, here now sit my jury. May I hope for a favourable verdict? Before summing up, it is usual to produce witnesses

to character. I have a few, and I trust I may have the advantage of their testimony. The parish clerk and sexton of Windsor, one Caleb Quotem, wishes to say a word or two in my behalf; a learned tutor, an LL.D., and an A.S.S., Dr. Pangloss, has volunteered his services; an honest tradesman from Penzance, in Cornwall, Job Thornberry, believes he can induce you to think favourably of me; a worthy baronet, a great sportsman, though a sad invalid, Sir Mark Chase would speak; and though last not least, my old friend from Wapping, Captain Copp, presses forward to entreat you to look kindly on me. I have many others, but will not trespass on your patience; and now, ladies and gentlemen, let me drop the assumption of character, and as myself, as plain John Fawcett, let me (from the bottom of my heart) thank you for all your kindnesses. It has been my ambition, through a long servitude, never, either in my public character as an actor, or in my private character as a man, to do anything which might disgrace my profession. I am now about to leave it, and if you are of opinion I have succeeded, I ask your kind approbation; if you have reason to think otherwise, I am sure I do not deserve it. I certainly have one great consolation in this trying moment—a gratification I can more enjoy, because you, my best friends, will partake of it—it is the unprecedented compliment which has been paid me by my brothers and sisters of my profession. They throng around me to bid me farewell, and to offer me all the assistance in their power. The time of night forbids my availing myself to the extent I could wish of their invaluable

services, but many of the brightest ornaments of the stage are now waiting to make their bow to you out of regard to an old comrade : permit me to have the pride of introducing them. Once more I return you my grateful acknowledgments for all your kindness, and then make you my last bow."

Two years later, Charles Young took his farewell benefit at Covent Garden Theatre as Hamlet, the character in which he made his first appearance in London, in June, 1807. After the performance he thus addressed the audience :—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—I have often been before you with a fluttering heart and a faltering tongue, but never till now with a sense of pain and a degree of heaviness which almost still the beating of the one, and impede the utterance of the other. I would fain have been spared this task, but it might have been construed into disrespect towards you ; it is the usage, and to that I bow. I very proudly acknowledge the indulgence—the great and continual kindness—you have shown me for five-and-twenty years. You first received and encouraged my humble endeavours with a Kemble, a Siddons, a Cooke, and an O'Neill ; and by their side I shared your applause. In this the very last hour of my theatrical life, I shall find myself cheered, supported, and upheld by your presence and approbation. Although retirement from the stage, and from the excitement of an arduous profession, has been long my favourite wish ; yet, believe me, there are feelings and associations connected with these walls, and with the boards wheron I stand, and where I have been so often cheered by your smiles and

gratified by your applause, which make me despair of finding words sufficient to express my gratitude. I throw myself upon you, to measure the extent of my gratitude, by the kind rule you have always observed towards me hitherto. I surely say no more than the truth when I state that, whatever fame or fortune I may have obtained, or whatever worldly ambition I may have gratified, I owe them all to you. It has been asked of me why I retire from the stage, while I am still in possession of all the qualifications I could ever pretend to unimpaired? I will give you my motives, although I do not know that you will receive them as reasons, but reason and feeling are not always allied. I feel the excitement and toil of my profession weigh more heavily upon me than formerly; and if my qualifications are unimpaired, so I would have them remain. I know they never were worthy of the degree of approbation with which you honoured them; but such as they are I am unwilling to continue before my patrons till I can offer them only tarnished metal. Permit me, then, to hope, that in quitting this place I am honourably dismissed into the bosom of private life, and that I shall carry with me the kindly wishes of all, to whom I now respectfully and gratefully say—Farewell!”

It is a curious fact that Mathews, the father of the evergreen Charles, who played Polonius to Young's Hamlet in 1807, did so again on the above occasion.

I was present on the evening when Edmund Kean last appeared on the London stage, on the 26th of March, 1833. Othello was announced at Covent

Garden Theatre with the following cast: "Othello," Mr. Kean, "Iago," Mr. Charles Kean, "Cassio," Mr. Abbott, "Desdemona," Miss Ellen Tree. The elder Kean went languidly through the two first acts—what a contrast to his earlier performances! but rallied in the third. He spoke the "farewell" speech with all his former wonted fire, but at the passage,

"Villain! be sure thou prov'st my love," his energy failed him; he made a vigorous attempt to proceed, and then sank helplessly on the shoulder of his son. Mr. Payne, who played "Ludovico," came on, and, aided by Charles Kean, assisted the great tragedian off the stage, which he never again trod. On the 15th of May of the same year he expired at Richmond.

Among other anecdotes of Kean, which I believe are not generally known, is the following: the conversation took place at a Greenwich dinner, given by the late Earl Fitzhardinge to the great tragedian; and who, in speaking of his portraits, said—

"Every one tries to flatter me; they will omit this inequality in the bridge of my nose. It was dealt me by a pewter-pot, hurled from the hand of Jack Thurtell, who murdered Weare. We were borne drunk and bleeding to the watch-house for the night. When in the morning I was taken out, plastered, and was left to cogitate upon the subject, I made up my mind to attribute the accident to a stage fight. This I told to every one, and it was believed, for the next day I dined with the Bishop of Rochester."

Of Edmund Kean's acting, I know no better criticism than Coleridge's:—

“Kean is original; but he copies from himself. His rapid descents from the higher tragic to the infra-colloquial, though sometimes productive of great effect, are often unreasonable. To see him act is like reading ‘Shakespeare’ by flashes of lightning. I do not think him thorough gentleman enough to play Othello.”

On the 1st of December, 1804, the public attention was excited to a most extraordinary degree by the appearance on the boards of Covent Garden Theatre, of a youth scarcely thirteen, in the character of Selim in ‘Barbarossa.’ Although very young at the time, I was fortunate enough to be present upon the above occasion, albeit I should have been much happier if, instead of Doctor Brown’s tragedy, the forthcoming Christmas pantomime had been performed. My tutor was devoted to theatricals, and having procured the Duke of Bedford’s private box, we proceeded at five o’clock to the private entrance in Hart Street.

Fortunately we went by Long Acre, for, as one of the peace officers informed us, many persons, as early as one o’clock in the day, had taken their stations near the doors leading to the pit, boxes, and galleries, and that the multitude stretched out in thick, close-wedged, impenetrable columns, to the extremity of the Piazzas, and quite across Bow Street. A strong detachment of the Guards were on duty to preserve order. Although the doors were not open to the public, upon showing the Duke of Bedford’s order we were ushered into his box, and never shall I forget the scene that occurred when the public were admitted; in the space of a few minutes the two

galleries were filled, and so closely wedged were the occupants that the utmost noise and confusion prevailed. The pit was two-thirds full, not from the pit doors and passages which were nearly blocked up, but from the boxes. Gentlemen who knew that there were no places untaken in the boxes, and who could not get up to the pit avenue, paid for admission into the former, and poured from the front boxes into the pit by twenties and thirties at a time; still, even after it was crammed, the gentlemen crowded the front boxes, and being unable to descend from want of room in the pit, remained where they were, nor could they be dislodged by those who had secured the seats some weeks before. Ladies, however, were permitted to occupy the front rows. Police officers vainly attempted to clear the other rows for those who had a legitimate claim to them, but their efforts were fruitless, and the besiegers held their hard-fought ground. The rush into the upper boxes was great, but order was more easily preserved in them, as it was impossible for any intruder to descend from them into the pit. The lobbies and passages were crowded, and happy were they who could get a peep through the small holes at the back of the boxes, or who could procure a view of the stage, when, through the intense heat, the box doors were left open.

Master Betty's appearance was to have been preceded by an occasional address. Mr. Charles Kemble came forward to speak it, but the clamour and uproar which prevailed rendered all his efforts to be heard ineffectual. After enduring the "pelting of the pitiless storm," Charles Kemble retired and

the play commenced. No sooner, however, had the performers appeared than the tumult increased; there were shouts for Master Betty, for the occasional address, for Charles Kemble, amidst a running accompaniment of catcalls and whistles. At length the play was suffered to proceed, but of the first act little was heard, as in it Selim does not appear.

In the second act when the Young Roscius entered, the most tumultuous applause greeted him, which he received with the utmost coolness and presence of mind. I was then in what Cleopatra calls "my salad days, when I was green in judgment," and I am not competent to give an opinion of his acting; my impression was, that the prodigy was as self-possessed as those who took part in the tragedy, that he was well schooled, that his voice, considering his youth, was clear, and his articulation distinct. Subsequently, I had many opportunities offered me of again witnessing the performance of Master Betty, of all of which I gladly availed myself. There is no doubt he was a youth gifted with extraordinary qualifications from nature. His figure was graceful, his countenance pleasing, and his voice strong, clear, and sweet.

In juvenile characters, his acting was all that one could wish for, but even in those, his youth, and above all his youthful appearance, proved a drawback. For instance, nothing could be more ridiculous than when Zapphira, in reference to Irene, tells her long-lost son, "Her virtues might atone for all her father's guilt. Thy throne is hers, she merits all thy love." In Douglas, too, it required a great stretch

of imagination to reconcile the wonderful promotion of the shepherd boy, Norval, represented by a youth of fourteen years of age, for having saved Lord Randolph's life, when attacked by "four armed men from the licentious camp." Randolph tells his woe-begone Matilda, daughter of Sir Malcolm,

"Pious and grateful ever are thy thoughts,
My deeds shall follow where thou point'st the way ;
Next to myself and equal to Glenalvon,
In honour and command shall Norval be."

Again, in his quarrel scene with Glenalvon, it was perfectly ludicrous when he defied the "high-born man," a pigmy against a giant.

If these juvenile parts were calculated to excite the risible faculties of the audience, how much more so were they likely to be excited when Master Betty appeared as the Peruvian hero Rolla, the love-sick Romeo, and other grown up characters ?

A brief notice of the career of this favourite of the public, may not be uninteresting. William Henry West Betty, only son of William Henry Betty and Mary Stanton Betty, was born on the 13th of September, 1791, near Shrewsbury. His father, son of Doctor Betty, an eminent physician of Lisburn, in Ireland, his mother of a respectable Worcestershire family. From the peculiar turn of his mother, he early acquired a taste for dramatic recitation, and, possessing a retentive memory, gave indication of talent in that line. His introduction, however, to the stage, is said to be owing to a powerful impression made by the performance of Mrs. Siddons, when

he saw her at Belfast in the character of Elvira. So strongly was he affected by its representation that he immediately told his father "he should certainly die if he must not be a player." It may readily be credited that, waking or sleeping, he saw nothing but Elvira; he talked but of her, committed her speeches to memory, and doubtless spouted them to all who came in his way. His passion for the stage having outlived the ordinary time of childish impressions, and continuing to increase, his parents seeing all opposition futile, were necessitated to think seriously of experimenting his talents for the dramatic art. With this view they introduced him to the manager and prompter of the Belfast theatre, before whom he rehearsed some passages from Pizarro much to their satisfaction. Soon after, the theatre being closed on account of the Rebellion, Mr. Hough, the prompter, passed to Ballynahinch, and gave lessons to young Betty, who, though under eleven years of age, soon impressed his memory with the parts of Rolla, Norval, Selim, and other theatrical characters.

It is said by Mr. Morritt, one of the best of his biographers, "that Mr. Hough found his pupil to possess a docility even greater than his genius; whatever he was directed to do, he could instantly execute, and was sure never to forget; that his feelings would take the impression of every passion and sentiment, and express them in appropriate language. Whatever was properly presented to his mind, he could immediately lay hold of, and seemed to seize, by a sort of intuitive sagacity, the spirit of

every sentence, and the prominent beauties of any remarkable passage."

In this statement some latitude must be allowed to the zeal and affection of the tutor; for it is not very easy to conceive how a child's feelings could take the impression of passions of which he could have no conception, nor did the Young Roscius in his early career exhibit any other passions than those which his age had permitted him to know and feel. In short he was neither more nor less than a child possessed of extraordinary powers for theatrical representation.

Impressed as was Mr. Hough with favourable sentiments for his pupil, he induced the manager of the Belfast theatre to engage him for four nights, and on the 16th of August, 1803, he made his first appearance on the stage at Belfast, in the character of Selim in 'Barbarossa,' being then eleven years of age. Throughout the night, he showed no signs of embarrassment, performed his part admirably well, and received the most tumultuous and incessant applause. He was next announced for young Norval in the tragedy of Douglas, and his representation of that character inspired the whole town of Belfast with the highest consideration for his talents. He afterwards played Rolla and Romeo. His fame having spread to Dublin, Mr. Jones, then manager there, engaged him for nine nights.

On the 28th of November, Master Betty appeared at the Theatre Royal, Crow Street, in the character of young Norval, and received, in addition to the most generous and unbounded applause the appellation of

the "Young Roscius." His success in Dublin was so great that the manager endeavoured to engage him for a term of years, at a liberal and increasing salary. Many there were, who from envious or interested motives, failed to appreciate the child's talents, and raved against the extravagant impropriety both of the theatre and the public in forcing him into an untimely maturity.

The author of 'The Series of Familiar Epistles to F. Jones, Esq., on the State of the Irish Stage,' a work of the keenest wit, humour and satire, points out the folly and absurdity of making the stage a nursery, and laments that a promising child should be deprived of that education which might make him a useful man, to be converted into a source of theatrical revenue. The Duke of Gloucester, it is said, gave a similar, though a more prudential, because a more qualified advice. From Dublin, Master Betty proceeded to Cork, under an engagement of six nights, which he fulfilled with the greatest applause, and was induced to extend it to three performances at the desire of the inhabitants. There his powers of attraction were unexampled; the general receipts being about ten pounds a night, increased during the stay of the Young Roscius to a hundred.

Fame now blew her trumpet so loud, that its sound reached Glasgow, where in May, 1804, he appeared in the tragedy of Douglas. Of all the panegyrists, Mr. Jackson, the Glasgow manager, appears to be the warmest. He asserted him to be "fully instructed by the inspiring voice of nature," that "no words could express his surprising endowments," and he

further adds, "I speak not from a transient view or from the examining a single character. I have traced him through all the parts he has performed on these boards, and watched his dramatic progress with a critic's eye, in order to notice expected defects; and, if needful to point out emendations. But his correctness and graceful mode of deportment throughout the whole of the performances, and the astonishing exertions which his powers enable him to exhibit, rendered useless my intention, and taught me to know that 'Nature's above Art in that respect,' for the gifts she has endowed him with, I found stood in no great need of a preceptor."

The whole of this experienced veteran's reasoning and opinions are of the same quality, and equally worthy of attention. According to his statement, Master Betty set the town of Edinburgh in a blaze, "which is to be ascribed to the pleasing movements of perfect and refined nature, which has been incorporated with his frame previous to his birth." Home was present during his first performance in Edinburgh of "Young Norval," and the author of 'Douglas,' in the plenitude of rapturous enthusiasm, from the unexpected gratification he had received, stepped forward before the curtain and bowed respectfully to the audience. On being asked how he had been entertained, he answered, "Never better; this is the first time I ever saw the part of 'Douglas' played according to my ideas of the character. He is a wonderful being, his endowments great beyond conception, and I pronounce him at present, or at least that he soon will be, one of the first actors upon the British stage!"

Macready, the monarch of the Birmingham theatre, now sent the young hero of the sock an embassy to implore the aid of his omnipotent prowess, to appear on his boards. For the first four evenings the theatre was but thinly attended, but on the fifth, the electric shock communicated itself with the greatest success. Harley, author and actor of that theatre, was enrapt in wonder and delight; owned himself a convert, and from his soul exclaimed, "This is no counterfeit! this is the acting that feelingly persuades me what it is." The subsequent nights were thronged beyond all precedent, nearly to suffocation, and every tongue confessed the power which every heart had felt.

The Birmingham manager sent a choice of conditions, either a clear benefit for six performances, which might have equalled £260, or for eight nights one-fifth of gross receipts and a benefit; or on Mrs. Siddons' plan, to divide equally after the expenses, and to pay the customary gratuity for a benefit. Fancy a youth of one year's experience on the stage being put on the same footing with the greatest tragedian of that or any other day, the inimitable Siddons! The terms, however, agreed upon were to divide for six nights, allowing fifty pounds for expenses, to give the seventh night gratis, on condition of receiving for the eighth £40. Mr. Hough, in a letter from Edinburgh, stated that the last six nights of Master Betty's performance produced £844. At Birmingham, the receipts for thirteen nights were nearly £2,300. During the Young Roscius's stay at Birmingham, one of the Drury Lane managers, in passing through that town, was persuaded to stay and see the prodigy; he remained

two nights, and after much deliberation offered half a clear benefit to perform seven nights in London. As a matter of course, this offer was not accepted. After due consideration, a commission was sent down to a Birmingham critic to obtain an opinion on the case; the critic being indisposed, had recourse to Mr. Macready, who expressed an opinion that he was worth fifty guineas a night, and a clear benefit. Terms so enormous gave birth (as well they might) to a further deliberation, and in the interim, Captain Barlow arrived at Birmingham, on the part of Mr. Harris, with a *carte blanche* for a Covent Garden engagement, which was concluded for twelve nights on Macready's terms. The nights were to be three in the last week in November, three in the first week of December, three in the last week of January, and three in the first week of February. His benefit to follow immediately, and the engagement to be renewed after Easter, should its success render it eligible. The altercation consequent between the managers is not worth repeating; it is enough to say that Drury Lane despatched immediately messengers to Liverpool, and elsewhere, to buy off, at any price, his present engagements, but much to the credit of the boy and his friends, they determined to adhere to every subsisting contract; an exclusive engagement, however, not having been made, Drury Lane obtained him for the Covent Garden intervals. From Birmingham he proceeded to Sheffield with the same success; on no occasion was that town known to be so crowded; great numbers thronged to it in all directions; every house was crowded with visitors, and the prices of

admission were raised. Early in October he arrived at Liverpool; his reception there is thus recorded:—
“All the former successes of the Young Roscius, however brilliant and unprecedented, were here completely eclipsed (the inhabitants being particularly attached to dramatic amusements and prodigies), and the ordinary theatre receipts greatly exceed any in the empire, London and, perhaps, Dublin excepted; the house is also the third in magnitude, yet the difficulty of admittance was such that in the scramble all the standing rigging of the pressors was carried away; and hats, wigs, boots, muffs, spencers, and tippetts flew about in all directions through the crowd.” In fifteen nights Master Betty cleared £1520 at Liverpool. From thence he proceeded to Chester and Manchester, finishing his provincial engagements at Lichfield, where he played twice a day.

CHAPTER II.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS—HINTS FOR CONVERTING A DRAWING-ROOM INTO A THEATRE—A FRENCH CLAUQUEUR AND HIS WIFE—CLANDON HALL—HENHAM HALL, LOTON PARK—THE PROMPTER—ACTING MANAGER—DRESS REHEARSALS.

“ Cloudy mists every valley and hill buries,
Spurred and booted on sofas we sprawl ;
Back the gallows, put up the tilburies,
Sad wet weather at Drizzledown Hall.

“ One cannot read ‘ Waverley ’ twice over cleverly,
Talents should never lie idle they say ;
Best of all madrigals, private theatricals,
All that we want is to settle the play.”

JAMES SMITH.

AMATEUR performances may be placed in three distinct classes: first, those who act publicly on the stage, the theatre being open to all who pay their money; secondly, those who, under the cloak of charity, perform to an audience of friends who have privately obtained their tickets; and thirdly, to drawing-room performances, when the audience is confined to immediate relatives, friends, and acquaintances, and the entertainment (if such a phrase can be applicable) is

as unlike one on the regular boards as mock turtle is to real, tinsel to gold, or glass to diamonds ; and when, despite the shouts, plaudits, (weeping for I have read of tear-distained eye) of the housekeeper, ladies-maids, valets, grooms, and footmen, who look upon their masters and mistresses as Garricks, Kembles, Siddonses, O'Neills, Keans, Nisbets, Listons, Keeleys, Buckstones, Websters, Comptons, and Toolles, the whole is flat and vapid, not even worthy to be called the essence of mediocrity.

If the above performances — there are a few honourable exceptions — are strictly private drawing-room ones, with a curtain thrown across the saloon, well and good ; and no fault can be found with those innocent revels. Nor should the shortcomings of the actors, their want of talent, their absence of stage knowledge, and their imperfection both in the acting and words of their parts be exposed ; for every allowance ought to be made for lords, commoners, and ladies, who wish to pass an idle hour or so on the mimic boards ; all that I contend for is, that what they do is not acting, and that the extravagant compliments paid them only tend to turn their heads, and make them strut about like the vainest of pea-fowl, male and female. A great deal has been written and said in favour of and against amateur acting and amateur actors ; of the latter some have been extolled to the skies in language of the most fulsome flattery, while others have been denounced as imbeciles. There can be no doubt that there have been some lamentable failures ; on the other hand, I know many unprofessional ladies and gentlemen who would do


honour to the regular boards. If occasionally a laugh is raised at some terrible "stick," it affords amusement, and is perfectly harmless; on the other hand, charitable institutions reap an enormous harvest through the exertions of amateurs.

There never was a period when private theatricals were carried on with greater spirit than they now are. During the winter months constant performances take place at the ancestral homes of England; and in the London season they flourish in the mansions of the aristocracy. My object in this portion of the work is to take a cursory view of amateur acting, intermixed with a few anecdotes, and to devote a great portion of it to practical details respecting drawing-room performances.

It is highly desirable that a room should be selected which has an entrance either at the back or sides of the stage, so that the performers may retire to change their dresses, or have a sort of green-room to remain in when not required on the boards. To those not disposed to go to much expense, I should advise a strong screw with a ring made fast to the side walls of the part devoted to the stage; and if pater or mater familias object to a "hole in the wall," or consider the paper will be damaged, let a brass picture rod be used, which will prove both useful and ornamental. From the above-mentioned rings, or end of rod, another rod or cord may be affixed, on which the curtain must be hung, the curtain to be divided in half, drawn aside, and not as at public theatres, drawn up. A festoon of drapery suspended above the front of

the stage, a board covered with red or green baize ought to be placed to hide the wax lights behind it. To form a proscenium, that at once converts a drawing-room into a *bijou* theatre, it will be necessary to purchase a few yards of canvas, or of a coarse woollen material called duffel, about a yard in breadth, with height in proportion to the room, on which can be pasted some paper-hangings, that can be purchased at any house-decorators or painters, representing men in armour, mythological statues, or garlands of flowers. To render the *coup d'œil* more attractive, two wings of the same material as the proscenium, ornamented with Corinthian, Doric, or Tuscan columns may be added. In this *salle de théâtre* none but drawing-room pieces can be acted, but the scenes of the great majority of our best *comédiettas* take place in the above. For instance, 'The Happy Pair,' 'Scrap of Paper,' 'Dearest Mamma,' 'A Day After the Wedding,' etc. A list of plays suited for such a theatre will be given in a future chapter.

The above arrangements being made, I now proceed to point out the great advantage amateurs derive from having what may be termed a pit and gallery audience; for every performer—and I speak from dire experience—knows full well that fashionable people are not very demonstrative; a tap of the fan, or a slight pressure of the hands (for any greater exertion would split the five-button gloves of Pivot or Houbigant), is all that can be expected. And now for episode number one: A French dramatist who had, from a secluded corner in the pit, been



furiously applauding his own work, saw his wife gently clapping her hands. At the end of the first act, he looked daggers at his unfortunate partner, and beckoning her from the box, reproached her in no measured terms for lukewarmness in the cause. "What could I do more?" she innocently asked, "with these lovely violet-coloured gloves?"

To resume, I should strongly advise that at the back of the auditorium, a raised platform should be erected, from which the household and their friends might witness the performance. Their applause, their laughter, their bursts of merriment infuse life into the actor, and bring out (to adopt a theatrical phrase) whatever "go" he has in him.

If expense is no great object, I should suggest that in addition to the above-described theatre, there should be a raised stage, and at least four scenes, namely, a wood, a street, an interior of a cottage, and a gothic hall, with appropriate wings. The above can always be hired from Simmons of Tavistock Street, or any other well-known costumier; but if plays are being constantly got up, it will be cheaper in the long run to buy than to hire.

When superintending the erection of a theatre in the Hounslow Town Hall, I employed Simmons of Tavistock Street, who furnished the stage, an elegant proscenium, some most appropriate scenery, well-executed act drop, wings, flies, practicable doors and windows, gas apparatus, for so reasonable a sum that we more than covered it by our first night's amateur performance, when the 'Honeymoon' and 'High Life Below Stairs' were acted. The

second night's receipts to the 'Ladies' Battle' and 'Little Toddlekins' were devoted to charitable purposes.

A few scenes may often be picked up second-hand, at a reasonable price. Should they frequently be required, it would be best to have them painted to order, and fitted to the room.

The Earl of Onslow at Clandon Hall, and the Countess of Stradbroke at Henham Hall, have remarkably pretty and convenient drawing-room theatres, with appropriate scenery.

At Loton Park, the seat of Sir Baldwyn and Lady Leighton, the theatre in a large hall is faultless; and my assertion will be borne out when I say, that at the above places, 'School,' 'Caste,' 'Ours,' and 'Creatures of Impulse,' have been acted—pieces requiring the utmost attention to the *mise-en-scène*.

In order to carry out the last-mentioned plan of a drawing-room theatre with scenes, it will be necessary (so as not to damage the walls) to have a framework that can be joined together and taken to pieces. Where carpenters are attached to the premises, the expense will not be great, and with well-painted scenery, this "thing of beauty" will be "a joy for ever."

Having now disposed of the auditorium and stage, I will offer a few remarks upon that important personage "who throws the word, when actors make a stand"—the prompter, with a few hints for the stage and acting manager. The prompter should first require the *corps dramatique* to copy out their parts, and should then call an early rehearsal with books and

parts, to mark crosses, exits, entrances, etc. At the next rehearsal—and upon such occasions punctuality should be strictly enforced—the pieces should be gone through regularly, repeating those scenes that do not go off glibly. The prompter must be blest with a serene temper, for it will be awfully tried. If he gives the word too quickly, he will be told, “Oh! I know it; you’ve quite put me out, it is the business I have to attend to here.” If he fails to give the word, then he is denounced as a “stupid fellow,” a “regular muff.” If amateurs like—and it is quite right they should do so—to rehearse detached scenes by themselves, well and good; but at a regular rehearsal they should go straight through the pieces.

Even on the regular boards evils have occurred from the system of detached rehearsing. G. F. Cooke, and if I recollect rightly, Kemble, when performing in the ‘Gamester,’ transposed an act.

“What shall we do?” asked the latter.

“Take no notice,” responded Cooke, “we’ll give them the missing act.”

Happily the transposition of the scenes was not noticed by the audience.

At private theatricals, the prompter should have a list of ‘properties’ and of the scenes required, with a sharp call-boy at his side ready to fly at his bidding to the respective members of the dramatic corps. Generally speaking, the call-boy is so anxious to witness the performance that, instead of being at his post, he is peering behind a scene to get a glimpse of the actors. Should this occur, the call-boy should be treated as ‘Fag’ treats his victim in the ‘Rivals.’

I now proceed to notice a most important personage, the acting-manager, who under no circumstance ought to take any part in the performance. If he does, he lays himself open to the charge of favouring himself; moreover, he cannot be in two places at once. His duty is to see the plays properly cast, and so to arrange the distribution of parts that no one gets all the plums. There ought to be a give and take understanding that if a man plays a minor character in one piece, and is competent to fill a better in another, he should have it. In making out the programme the acting-manager should select plays in which the characters are fairly divided.

For instance, in 'The School for Scandal,' 'Honeymoon,' 'Rivals,' 'She Stoops to Conquer,' 'Heir-at-Law,' 'Poor Gentleman,' 'Charles the Second,' almost all the parts are good; and such is equally the case with many old farces, 'Raising the Wind,' 'High Life Below Stairs,' 'The Critic,' 'All the World's a Stage,' 'Who's the Dupe,' 'Bombastes Furioso,' 'The Review,' 'The Beehive,' and 'How to Die for Love.' This last-mentioned piece was originally translated from the German farce called 'Blind Geladen.' It was then acted in England as 'How to Die for Love.' It afterwards made its appearance on the Parisian boards, in a new guise, as 'Chargée à Poudre.'

Strange to say, I have seen it performed at Vienna, Paris, and London under its three different titles. The English is the best, as the others proclaim the principal incident to the audience. The scene of the original piece is laid in Germany. The foreign translation of it keeps the scene there, which is a great

improvement, as far as costume is concerned, to another piece taken from the above, called 'Tit for Tat,' where the *venue* is changed to England and English modern dress. The old Baron in a court suit, Captains Thalwick and Blumenfeld in smart hussar uniforms; their bätmen, Trick and Trap, in liveries, and Charlotte in an elegant German costume, quite eclipse the modern dress when the scene is changed to our native land.

The drawback to many modern pieces is that they have been written for particular actors. There are, however, some in which the parts are equally divided, and to which I shall presently refer.

The acting-manager should have unlimited power entrusted to him; in fact, he should be the autocrat of the dramatic community. At rehearsals, he should place himself in front of the stage, book and pencil in hand. When he sees anything essentially wrong, he ought at once to interpose and correct it. If he fancies he can improve the acting of any of his corps by making a suggestion after the rehearsal is over, he should do so in a manner that cannot offend. Indeed, he may bear in mind the truth of the proverb that, "A cup of honey catches more flies than a tun of vinegar," and, with a small dose of "soft sawder," remark, "You did that scene extremely well; perhaps, however, it might be improved by a little more animation or pathos (as the case may be); for Mr. —, Mrs. —, or Miss — used to make a tremendous hit at that very speech."

It is too much the habit of amateurs to go through the rehearsals in a slovenly manner, merely giving

the cues; and when remonstrated with, replying, "Oh! I will be all right at night."

This cannot be too strongly condemned. In such a case, if the *suaviter in modo* of the acting-manager fails, he must proceed to the *fortiter in re*, and tender his resignation sooner than allow any mutiny in the corps.

One or two dress rehearsals are absolutely necessary. Where any of the actors use swords, they should always be by their sides. How often have I seen an unruly weapon dangling between the legs of some unfortunate individual, whose dignity, like that of the Mock Duke in the 'Honeymoon,' is likely to be upset by a refractory sword.

The acting-manager ought, on the night of performance, to be early at his post behind the scenes, seeing that all employed are doing their respective duties. He can cheer a nervous novice, speak comfort to a trembling tyro, compliment an old stager.

The above are labours of love. The more onerous duties are to see that the stage carpenters attend to the change of scenes, to take care that no unnecessary delay takes place.

When costumes are required, it is advisable to have some one from the costumier's to assist in dressing the performers, also some one from the perruquier's to arrange the wigs, beards, and capillary ornaments, and to rouge and paint the several artists.

CHAPTER III.

LIST OF PLAYS AND FARCES SUITABLE FOR AMATEURS—
THEATRICALS AT LOTON PARK, THE SEAT OF SIR BALDWIN
LEIGHTON, M.P.—A STRIKE AMONG THE PROFESSIONAL
LADIES AT LEAMINGTON — AMATEUR PERFORMANCES AT
THAT CELEBRATED SPA.

“All the world's a stage.”

SHAKESPEARE.

AMONG the favourite plays of amateurs may be mentioned, ‘The Rivals,’ ‘London Assurance,’ ‘Plot and Passion,’ ‘Sheep in Wolf's Clothing,’ ‘Helping Hands,’ ‘Delicate Ground,’ ‘Woodcock's Little Game,’ ‘Box and Cox,’ ‘A Happy Pair,’ ‘Little Toddlekins,’ and ‘Betsy Baker.’ Good as all the above are, they have been acted over and over again. I should therefore strongly advise less hackneyed pieces; and here I may remark that I consider it highly desirable, if two plays are performed, that one should be *en costume*, the other in modern dress. To illustrate my views, I lay before the readers several programmes:—

1. ‘The Honeymoon,’ in three acts; the parts of

Rolando and Zamora omitted,—eight males and two females; Spanish costume: with 'Whitebait at Greenwich,'—three males and two females; modern dress.

2. 'Charles the Second,'—four males and two females; English costume, A.D. 1660: with 'To Oblige Benson,'—three males and two females; modern dress.

3. 'School for Scandal,'—ten males and four females; Court dress costume: with 'Boots at the Swan,'—five males and three females; modern dress.

4. 'She Stoops to Conquer,'—ten males and three females; Court dress costume: with 'The Two Bonnycastles,'—three males and three females; modern dress.

5. 'The Ladies' Battle,'—three males and two females; French costume, A.D. 1814: with 'Done on Both Sides,'—three males and two females; modern dress.

6. 'Creatures of Impulse,'—five males and four females; Alsatian costume: with 'Dearest Mamma,'—four males and three females; modern dress.

7. 'Naval Engagements,'—three males, two females; modern dress: with 'A Thumping Legacy,'—seven males and one female; Corsican costume.

8. 'Day After the Wedding,'—three males and two females; modern dress: with 'The Critic,'—eight males and two females; old English temp. Elizabeth, and Spanish costumes.

9. 'Captain of the Watch,'—four males and two females; foreign costume: with 'Slasher and Crasher,'—five males and two females; modern dress.

10. 'Angel of the Attic,'—two males and one female; foreign costume: with 'Twice Killed,'—five males and three females; modern dress.

11. 'A Comical Countess,'—three males and one female; French court costume: with 'Lend me Five Shillings,'—five males and two females; modern dress.

12 'Loan of a Lover,'—five males and two females; Swiss costume: with 'Perfection,'—three males and two females; modern dress.

13. 'The Dowager,'—three males and three females; foreign costume: with 'An Ugly Customer,'—three males and three females; modern dress.

14. 'Youthful Queen,'—three males and two females; foreign costume: with 'Poor Pillicoddy,'—two males and three females; modern dress.

15. 'Rough Diamond,'—four males and two females; modern dress: with 'A Husband to Order,'—four males and three females; foreign costume.

16. 'Katherine and Petruchio,'—ten males and three females; Venetian costume: with 'A Regular Fix,'—six males, four females; modern dress.

17. 'Heir-at-Law,' in three acts;—eight males and three females; old English costume: with 'Fish

out of Water,'—five males and three females; modern dress.

18. 'Charles XII,'—seven males and two females; Swedish costume: with 'The Review,'—six males and two females; modern dress.

19. 'The Jacobite,'—three males and three females; old English costume: with 'A Roland for an Oliver,'—five males and three females; modern dress.

20 'Follies of a Night,'—six males and two females; foreign costume: with 'Raising the Wind,'—four males and two females; modern dress.

21. 'Faint Heart never won Fair Lady,'—six males and two females; foreign costume: with the 'Area Belle,'—three males and two females; modern dress.

22. 'A Wonderful Woman,'—five males and three females; French court costume: with 'The Mayor of Garratt,'—six males and two females; modern dress. (This farce requires refining.)

23. 'The Prisoner of War,'—ten males and five females; foreign costume: with 'Ici on parle Français,'—three males and four females; modern dress.

24. 'Don Cæsar de Bazan,'—eight males and two females; Spanish costume: with 'The Weathercock,'—six males and two females; modern dress.

25. 'Still Water Runs Deep,'—eight males and two females; modern dress: with 'How to Die for

Love,'—five males and one female; Austrian military costume.

I have in a previous chapter referred to 'How to Die for Love,' which was published by Chapple in 1816, and is now I believe out of print. A copy is in my possession which I shall be happy to have written out for any amateur company requiring it. The "tag," taken from an intended prologue, runs as follows :—

To be spoken by Charlotte.

"'To die for love!' the ladies will exclaim;
 'There's no such thing,' the farce must have a name.
 That men have died, there needs no ghost to prove,
 And worms have eaten them, but not for love!
 But now our author has found out a way
 That if you are to die for love you may,
 Nay, start not, sirs, nor look thus at a dead-lock,
 Here, though we die for love, we live for wedlock."

At a strictly private performance, where money is not taken at the doors, or tickets sold, I strongly recommend Robertson's dramas, especially 'School,' 'Ours,' and 'Caste.' I witnessed the representation of 'School' at Sir Baldwyn Leighton's, Loton Park, and 'Ours' at Lord Onslow's, Clandon Park, and I never was present at a more successful evening's entertainment. Every character was admirably well sustained, the scenery was most appropriate, and every detail carried out with a precision that would have done credit to a metropolitan theatre.

The expense of acting any one of the above plays,

where money is taken, is considerable. In addition to the programmes already given, I may add the following plays as well suited to amateurs:—‘The Rent Day,’ ‘The Wreck Ashore,’ ‘Romantic Ideas,’ ‘The Spitalfield’s Weaver,’ ‘Luke the Labourer,’ ‘House or the Home,’ ‘London Assurance,’ ‘Money,’ ‘Wife’s Secret,’ ‘New Men and Old Acres,’ ‘Game of Speculation,’ ‘Not a Bad Judge,’ ‘Lancers,’ ‘Follies of a Day,’ ‘Masks and Faces,’ ‘A Quiet Family,’ ‘Our Wife,’ ‘Goose with the Golden Eggs,’ ‘Bonny Fish-wife,’ ‘Happiest Day of my Life,’ ‘Game of Romps,’ ‘Two in the Morning,’ ‘Irish Tutor,’ ‘The Liar,’ ‘Teddy the Tiler,’ ‘Intrigue,’ now called ‘A Day at an Inn,’ ‘Milliner’s Holiday,’ ‘Lady and Devil,’ ‘The Waterman,’ ‘High Life Below Stairs,’ ‘Rendezvous,’ ‘A Blighted Being,’ ‘Wandering Minstrel,’ ‘Did you ever send your Wife to Camberwell?’ ‘Bombastes Furioso’ (refined).

Although Bombastes has been greatly hackneyed, it always goes off well, and can be made the vehicle for “gag” and topical song. I was once guilty of perpetrating the former in the following lines, at a period when the Liberals were in office. The scene took place between Fusbos and a character I introduced, Scrubinda the fair, who lives by the scouring of pots, in Dyot Street, Bloomsbury Square:—

Fusbos. A minister am I.

Scrubinda. What, Chancellor of the Exchequer?

Fusbos. No.

He’s *high* in office, alone in name he’s *Lowe*,

I play my *Card-well*.

Scrubinda. He's a trump card.

Fusbos. In politics

We win by honours, not by shuffling tricks.

We're *Bright* and light—our fleet, the pride of ocean,
Will ne'er be stranded on the land of *Goschen*.

We *Forster* education.

Scrubinda. How your talk bewilders!

Fusbos. We'll win a *Derby* yet, with *Flying Childers*!

Scrubinda. Don't soar too high, or I will bet a tizzy,
You'll tumble down. Oh! what a chance—

Fusbos. For Dizzy."

I may here remark, that the appearance of many an amateur has been spoilt by appearing with huge capillary ornaments. In plays of the time of Louis XIV., Charles II., or in military uniforms, moustachios are all very well, but, as a rule, all actors should be closely shaved. What can appear more ridiculous than to see Sir Peter Teazle, Young Marlow, Bob Acres, Old Hardcastle, Tony Lumpkin, My Lord Duke, or Doctor Pangloss, with a well-trimmed moustachio or a flowing beard. Ladies should always wear powder or white wigs when representing characters, the scenes of which are laid in the reign of George I., George II., and the early part of the third of that name. A Lady Teazle in a rich brocaded petticoat should not appear in a modern head-dress. Young ladies who condescend to play the parts of matrons should not mind making themselves look older than their daughters. *En revanche*, for young ladies playing old parts I have witnessed middle-aged ladies playing juvenile characters.

The hiring of dresses is rather an expensive affair, but by a little tact and bargaining they may be had at a reasonable price, especially so as no one costumier can monopolise the theatrical market. I have known the price originally asked reduced to one-half, under the threat that the hirer would go to a rival establishment. The allusion to dresses reminds me of an incident that took place when I was manager of some private theatricals at Leamington. A young friend of mine, Mr. Chad, eldest son of the late Sir Charles Chad, who was about to act the part of the Merry Monarch in Howard Payne's 'Charles the Second,' consulted me about a dress. I recommended him to Simmons, of Tavistock Street, to whom he addressed the following letter :—

"I wish you to send me the correct dresses for Charles the Second. I am 5 ft. 10 ins., and of perfect symmetry."

To show how difficult it is to get a company together, I will mention an incident that occurred at Leamington, which may prove of use to those equally ambitious of fretting their hour upon the boards. The above-mentioned Chad came and urged me to assist him in getting up a series of amateur performances in the spacious ball-room at Leamington; it was then (with the library) rented by a son of the great William Robert Elliston.

"I can hire scenes from the Warwick Theatre, and can procure the services of the ladies attached to that company."

"So far, so good," I replied ; " but who is going to join you, and what pieces do you propose getting up ? "

"I'm bent," he replied, " upon acting Doctor Ollapod in ' The Poor Gentleman.' I'm letter-perfect in the part. You must be the manager, and I leave the selection of the farce to you."

" ' The Poor Gentleman ' is rather a full piece," I continued. " How many amateurs can you reckon upon ? "

" Three besides myself," was the answer.

" If it were possible to treble the parts," I proceeded, " you could not do it."

" I've spoken to one or two more," he added ; " but they are very shilly-shally. Advise me what's best to be done ? "

" Your only chance," I said, " is to announce, through the columns of the local papers, that during the winter, amateur performances will take place at the assembly rooms in aid of the charitable institutions of the town, under the patronage of several persons of distinction ; for I understand you have been promised support by the leaders of *ton*."

Chad jumped at the idea. The advertisement appeared, and in less than two days I received more applications than I had characters to assign to these volunteer performers.

Aided by Elliston, a very pretty theatre was erected in the assembly rooms, and all went well until a few days before the opening night, when two of the ladies from the Warwick Theatre threatened a " Strike." As usual, it was caused by professional

jealousy as to the casting of characters in 'The Poor Gentleman' and 'The Review.'

No sooner was I informed of the above than I ordered my horse and rode off to Coventry, where the Penleys, whom I had known at Brussels, Valenciennes, and Windsor, were acting. I mentioned the circumstance to the manager, Penley, who at once agreed to get us out of our difficulties, by allowing the ladies of his company to go over to Leamington for the night or for any number of nights that their services might be required.

Returning to the Spa, I proceeded to the assembly rooms, where a rehearsal was going on, the two rebellious ladies sitting in the green-room taking no part in it. Calling the company together, I said I regretted to find that some misunderstanding had arisen, which had caused an unpleasant feeling; that, previous to the engagement, I had informed the ladies what characters they were to undertake.

Here I was interrupted by the lady who was to perform Miss Lucretia Mac Tab, who said that, in taking that part, for which she was much too young, she fully expected to perform that of the juvenile lady in the after-piece, and that however painful it was to her to throw up her engagement at so late a period, and thus put an end to the performance—

"Your pardon," I said, after many attempts to check the volubility of this lady, "I have provided against that. Mr. Penley, of the Coventry Theatre, whom I saw about an hour ago, has kindly promised to assist us in a case of emergency. Therefore, any

lady who thinks herself aggrieved can at once throw up her engagement."

I need scarcely add that the "Strike" was put an end to, and, from that moment, the utmost harmony prevailed.

Chad, who acted Caleb Quotem, had a song in which the following line occurred, "Physick the Pope." At rehearsal, I told him that, as there were a great many distinguished Roman Catholic families residing at Leamington with whom I and others of the *corps dramatique* were intimately acquainted, and, above all, on public grounds, he must omit the line and introduce one I had substituted.

Unfortunately, at night, he forgot his promise, and, with a stress on the words, uttered the obnoxious line. He afterwards expressed his regret that, through exuberance of spirits, he had been led to commit what, on reflection, he considered to be an egregious error and a grave offence.

Eugene Rimmel, of the Strand, furnishes scented programmes at a fair price, as I can vouch for. When getting up an entertainment at a fashionable watering-place, I found that Rimmel's charges for a thousand scented bills was half the amount the local printers proposed for unscented ones. To support the trade of the town, the country printer (*malgré moi*) got the order, to the detriment of the funds of the charity for which the amateurs acted.

CHAPTER IV.

EPILOGUES AND OCCASIONAL ADDRESSES—EPILOGUE TO BE
SPOKEN BY LADY TEAZLE—AN ADDRESS BY A LADY IN THE
CHARACTER OF A FEMALE VOLUNTEER.

Dick Dowlas. "Custom exacts (and who denies her sway?
An epilogue to every five act play."

Dr. Pangloss. You speak it, then; and do not mouth it; come!
But "be not too tame neither"—Shakespeare—Hum!

Daniel Dowlas. Od rabbit it! best leave these logs alone.

Dr. Pangloss. Epi—

Daniel Dowlas. Well *Epilogs*.

Deborah Dowlas. They're all the tone.

Zekiel Homespun. What be the *Eplogue* you be talking on?

Dr. Pangloss. *Eni et Aoyos*; *vide* Lexicon.

GEORGE COLMAN.

After a somewhat long experience as manager of amateur performances, I have come to the conclusion that occasional addresses, epilogues, "tags," topical songs, and what are termed "gags," add much to the evening's entertainment. Occasional addresses include two classes, the sentimental and the comic,

and here let me commence with a specimen of the former, to be spoken by a gentleman :—

“I know not why, but time, methinks, has pass’d
 More fleet than usual since we parted last.
 It seems but like a dream of yesternight,
 Whose charm still hangs with fond delaying light ;
 And ere the memory lose one glowing hue
 Of former joys, we come to kindle new.
 Thus ever may the flying moments haste,
 With trackless foot, along life’s dreary waste ;
 But deeply print and lingeringly move
 Whene’er they reach the sunny spots we love.
 Oh, yes ! whatever is our gay career,
 Let this be still the solstice of the year,
 Where Pleasure’s sun shall at its height remain,
 And slowly sink tow’rds level life again.”

T. MOORE.

EPILOGUE.

“ Grave Prologue must not make his formal bow ;
 More playful Epilogue salutes you now.
 Sententious prologues dictate rules for sense ;
 But lighter epilogues with rules dispense,
 And free from dull restraint and critic laws,
 Aim but at cheerfulness—and your applause.
 Let gravity put on what mask it will,
 The taste of mankind’s to be merry still.
 With meaner motives, meaner minds engage ;
 Be’t ours to cultivate a polished stage ;
 Where each bright impulse aids the scenic art,
 Where worth expands, and virtue fires the heart,
 Where wit turns moralist, and folly flies
 From the quick glance of Humour’s piercing eyes.
 Then hail our drama, kind and classic measure,
 Our nurse of genius, and our mine of pleasure.”

Here may follow some complimentary lines to the

performers, and an allusion to the piece; for example, if 'School' was acted :—

" Judge us, I pray thee, by that golden rule—
Do as you'd be done by—patronize our ' School.' "

On the last night of a series of performances, the following farewell address may be spoken. I have filled up the names with those of popular amateurs, but they can be changed locally to equally deserving artists :—

Enter Stage-Manager and Prompter.

Stage-Manager.

" Thus far, thus well, but are things quite in vogue,
Without a prologue or an epilogue ?

Prompter.

Let's try the ladies—

Stage-Manager.

They will ne'er be able
Midst all the chaos and the din of Babel ;
Besides, already in each part has beauty,
Audience, and actor well performed its duty.
To speak it I could manage ; but to write it—
That is the question—Leighton will indite it.
Full oft doth he with master-hand portray
The fleeting follies of the various day,
And earn entranced applause ; yet would his verse
Lose half its point, did not himself rehearse.

Enter SIR BALDWIN LEIGHTON.

Stage-Manager.

I was about to call you, as our poet ;
You've ' done the state some service,' and they know it.
You must address the audience. Quick ! proceed !

Sir Baldwyn.

I'll do my best.

Stage-Manager.

You can't do more.

Sir Baldwyn.

Agreed.

Haply some future visitor may say,
 'Twas here, the muse Thalia held her sway.
 Here graceful Sebright, in her beauty's hey-day,
 Played that most difficult of parts, the Lady.
 Since Farren bade adieu, ye critics tell,
 Who, who perform'd the pleasing task so well?
 And a *Young* siren pour'd her warblings here,
 The seraph notes still vibrate on the ear;
 Here Monckton fair, with nature feeling charm'd,
 And won the wisest, and the coldest warm'd.
 And Wrottesley, crown'd with laurels, flings the light
 Of setting radiance on our closing night.
 You, too, our patrons never sued in vain,
 For kindness critic censure to restrain;
 You fann'd each hope, and silenced every fear,
 And cheer'd with Beauty's smile, and still more flattering
 tear.
 Oh, while this breath I draw, my grateful mind,
 Shall cherish all, those scenes have left behind;
 Full oft shall fancy bring them to my view,
 And memory, lingering, half their joys renew."

A clever topical song well sung adds greatly to an evening's entertainment; it enables the writer not alone to touch upon the topics of the day, but gives him a favourable opportunity of referring to the programme of the evening, paying a passing compliment to the members of the *corps dramatique*, and the host and hostess. A medley, in my opinion, is best calculated for a topical song. The following address may be spoken in the character of a female Volunteer :—

Enter reading a Newspaper.

“Rumours of War arouse my native land ;
 ’Tis time we women take the thing in hand.
 Thus in my country’s cause I now appear,
 A bold smart dashing rifle Volunteer.
 Let but the foe approach, at valour’s call
 I’ll lower soon the proudest of them all.
 Try but my mettle, place me in the van,
 And post me, if I don’t bring down my man.
 Armed *cap à pied*, though vizor hide our charms,
 We’ll fight and conquer ’gainst the world in arms.
 Oh ! how the artillery of our eyes would maul ’em,
 And our masked batteries, too, how they would gall’em !
 No foe ’gainst such a force dare take the field,
 For, woman-like, we’d rather die than yield.
 In Britain’s cause, ye patriot fair arise,
 Exert the influence of your sparkling eyes ;
 On valiant merit deign alone to smile,
 And vindicate the glory of our isle ;
 To no base recreant coward yield your charms,
 Disband the lover who deserts his arms,
 So shall you fire each hero to his duty,
 And British rights be saved by British Beauty.”

The costume of the Female Volunteer may be almost similar to that of a *Vivandière*.

The following prologue was written for a religious play published at Berlin in 1541, and which was recently represented by the members of the Berlin Historical Society on the occasion of a festivity held in commemoration of the Association’s foundation day. Those who understand the German language will fully appreciate the brevity, independence, and defiance of the critic :—

" So Jemand nicht wird gefallen das,
 Derselbe wird mir dies bleiben lasz,
 Und selbst etwas schreiben
 Und lasz mich ungetadelt hier.
 Ich habs gemacht wie mirs gefallen,
 Dems nicht gefällt der lasz es bleiben ;
 Was gehet mich Dasselbe an ?
 Ich hab hiermit mein Bestes gethan ;
 Ein Andere mag auch thun so wie er mag,
 Gottes Ehr ist hier gewesen mein Ziel."

Few authors of the present day would have the
 courage to preface their works with such a prologue.
 I give a free translation :—

" He who is not pleased with this, let him let it
 alone, and compose something for himself, and leave
 me here unblamed. I have written it in the manner
 that pleased myself; he who does not like it, had
 better have it suited to his taste. What care I? I
 have hereby done my best, another may do as well.
 To honour God has been my purpose ! "

The metre of the above quoted German lines, written
 more than two centuries ago, is the same observed
 throughout the whole of the five-act play.

Where a play ends with a common-place " tag," a
 few pointed lines referring to the piece itself may be
 added with advantage. For example, what can be
 more absurd than the finale to that most hackneyed of
 all burlesques, ' Bombastes Furioso,'

" It were better far, thus to banish sorrow,
 And, if some folks please, we'll die again to-morrow."

Especially absurd when there is no idea of repeating

the performance. Instead of the above, I should recommend a medley by all the characters. The last time this burlesque was acted at Lady Stradbroke's, under my management, I introduced the following; I need hardly add, before death deprived France of one of her greatest men—Thiers:—

DISTAFINA.

“ My *tears* will flow
 For thee you know,
 Nay, do not look askance,
 For well a day
 The *Thiers* they say
 Was once the rage in France.”

Air,—“ After the Opera's Over.”

KING.

“ After the uproar is over
 We all may with safety regale;
 This is like living in clover,
 No longer my fate I bewail.”

Before I conclude my remarks upon Private Theatricals, there are two points to which I would especially call the attention of managers, namely, upon no account to permit any one, except the actors themselves, to be present at rehearsals. It interferes with the business, distracts the attention of those engaged, leads to premature criticism, and takes away from the interest of the evening's performance. Another point is, never to keep the audience waiting; people are apt to get cross if, after hurrying over their dinners, they have to sit ten minutes or a quarter of an hour

before the curtain rises. "Good digestion" does not always "wait on appetite," and any one suffering from indigestion is apt to prove a captious critic during that *mauvais quart d'heure* which precedes the performance.

The same strict attention to punctuality ought to be carried out between the acts, also between the play and the afterpiece, for nothing damps the ardour of an audience more than unnecessary delay. At some amateur performances refreshments have been handed round at the termination of the first piece, or they have been served in another room. This I consider to be highly objectionable, as it prolongs the evening's entertainment; moreover, with the prospect of a supper after the performance, there is no occasion for such an interruption.

With regard to epilogues, I have often wondered that any amateur lady who performs the character of Lady Teazle, does not speak the epilogue written for the 'School for Scandal,' by G. Colman, Esq. As it is not, I believe, generally known, I transcribe it:—

"I who was late so volatile and gay,
Like a trade wind, must now blow all one way.
Bend all my cares, my studies, and my vows,
To one old rusty weathercock—my spouse;
'So wills our virtuous bard! the pybald Bayes,
Of crying epilogue and laughing plays.'
Old bachelors, who marry smart young wives,
Learn from our play to regulate your lives!
Each bring his dear to town—all faults upon her—
London will prove the very source of honour;
Plung'd fairly in, like a cold bath, it serves
When principles relax, to brace the nerves.

Such is my case—and yet I must deplore
 That the gay dream of dissipation's o'er ;
 And say, ye fair, was ever lively wife,
 Born with a genius for the highest life,
 Like me, untimely wither'd in her bloom.
 Like me, condemned to such a dismal doom ?
Save money—when I just know how to *waste* it !
Leave London—just as I begin to taste it !
 Must I then watch the early crowing cock ?
 The melancholy ticking of a clock ?
 In the lone rustic hall for ever pounded,
 With dogs, cats, rats, and squalling brats surrounded
 With humble Curates can I now retire
 (While good Sir Peter boozes with the Squire)
 And at backgammon mortify my soul,
 That pants for loo, or flutters at a vole ?
 'Seven's the main !' dear sound ! that must expire,
 Lost at hot cockles round a Christmas fire !
 The transient hour of fashion too soon spent,
 'Farewell the tranquil mind, farewell content ;
 Farewell the *plumed* head—the cushioned *tête*,
 That takes the cushion from its proper seat ;
 The spirit stirring drum ! card drum I mean—
 Spadille, odd trick, pam, basto, king, and queen !
 And you, ye knockers, that with brazen throat,
 The welcome visitor's approach denote.
 Farewell ! all *quality* of high renown,
 Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious town.
 Farewell ! your revels I partake no more,
 And Lady Teazle's occupation's o'er.'
 All this I told our bard—he smil'd and said 'twas clear,
 I ought to play deep tragedy next year.
 Meanwhile he drew wise morals from his play,
 And in these solemn periods stalked away :—
 'Blest were the fair, like you her faults who stopt,
 And closed her follies when the curtain dropt !
 No more in vice, or error to engage,
 Or play the fool at large on life's great stage.' ''

The lines I have marked with inverted commas may be omitted, and whist, bezique, écarté, blind hookey, vingt-un, introduced instead of the old-fashioned games of spadille, pam, and basto.

The following occasional address was written shortly after the period when Covent Garden Theatre was converted into an Opera House. It will be seen that little attention is paid to dates, as the introduction of horses at Drury Lane Theatre took place long before dramatic performances ceased at the rival establishment :—

“ Muse o’er the glories of the bygone scene,
 Where stately Siddons—soul inspiring Kean—
 Majestic Kemble held their potent spell ;
 ‘ Thou last of all the Romans, fare thee well ! ’
 Plaintive O’Neill ; Jordan, fair Nature’s child,
 In long link’d sweetness tuned her wood notes wild.
 Thy temples, too, profaned by song and dance,
 ‘ With throats from Italy, and feet from France,’
 I censure not the aid of foreign art,
 In tuneful strains, which captivate the heart.
 Impassioned Norma—proud Assyria’s Queen—
 Gentle Boleyna—stern Lucretia’s mien,
 Delight our senses. Though, alas ! they doom
 Two cherished muses to an early tomb,
 Cull other *laurels* for Apollo’s praise—
 Leave Covent *Garden* to its native *bays*.
 Shade, too, of Drury ! rise, redeem the past,
 And let thy steeds in *stalls* not *parts* be cast ;
 Nor turn to sawdust and equestrian name
 Those boards where Garrick earned his matchless fame.
 ‘ A horse ! a horse ! ’ let Richard cry in vain ;
 Nor yield him fifty from Franconi’s train.
 Let not proud ‘ Harry ’ urge his courser free,
 And ‘ Sister Anne ’ true mounted warriors see.

Or let the circus banner be unfurled
'Ig-noble horsemanship to witch the world,'
Mounted on Pegasus, can you refuse
To dub thyself sole temple of the *news*.
But there are those in this degenerate age,
Whose sunny smiles revive the drooping stage ;
Who offer homage to dramatic fame,
And nobly foster Shakespeare's honoured name.
Hail to Victoria! Daughter of the Isles,
The love of millions, who State care beguiles
With scenes from Avon's bard—long may she sway
O'er loyal hearts—long, long may we obey."

At the period I wrote the above, her Majesty and the late lamented Prince Consort were conspicuous for their support of the Drama, both in Windsor Castle and in London. The Queen's sad bereavement is deeply felt by the theatrical profession at large, who mourn over the cause that deprives them of her Majesty's gracious presence. Happily the Prince and Princess of Wales have proved themselves noble patrons of the stage.

CHAPTER V.

LIGHTING AN AMATEUR THEATRE—TABLEAUX AND CHARADES.

"Choose a Tableau from Millais—the costume artistic,
Or a smart written Charade, 'Come riddle me ree,'
But the amateur artist is so egotistic
That he'll strike if not placed at the top of the tree."

W. P. L.

"Les tableaux vivants furent en usage en France depuis la fin du règne de Charles V. jusqu'à François 1er inclusivement."

V. FOURNEL.

WITH regard' to lighting an amateur drawing-room theatre, I strongly recommend wax candles instead of gas; there is often an escape of the latter, especially when it is merely introduced for the night. Wax lights, placed in clay with a board lined with tin, the front covered with red baize, will give sufficient light, and answer every purpose. Of course, where a regular theatre has been erected, and the pipes properly laid down, gas may with safety be introduced. In order to prevent accidents, a strong wire should be placed across the stage about two

feet from the lights, and about the same height, which will protect the ladies' dresses from catching fire.

Tableaux vivants, when the subjects are artistically selected and characteristically represented, form a very delightful evening's amusement. To carry them out, a curtain divided in half and drawn from the centre must be placed across the room, and at some distance behind it a frame covered with light gauze must be erected. A large gilt picture-frame is best suited for the purpose; in the absence of that, an imitation one may be substituted. Of course, the selection of subjects must depend greatly upon the personal appearance of those who are to take part in them.

A blonde cannot well represent the Jewish maiden Rebecca in 'Ivanhoe'; a brunette would be out of character as the fair 'Maid of Perth'; a young lady with a *nez retroussé*, however well she might look as the pert abigail Lucy in the 'Rivals,' would scarcely give effect to 'Cleopatra'; a fairy-like form would not give an idea of Lady Macbeth, nor would a stately figure suit a Titania; a man of five feet eight would be a poor representative of Richard with the Lion Heart; a portly individual would be better adapted for Falstaff than the love-sick Romeo; a youth with a snub nose would make a miserable looking Coriolanus; and a *ci-devant jeune homme* could not by any process be transformed into the gay and gallant Lothario.

Assuming that there is a good company to select from, I recommend the following subjects: — 'The

Black Brunswicker,' by Millais, 'David Rizzio and Mary Queen of Scots,' 'Queen Katherine appealing to Henry VIII,' 'The Rent Day,' 'Earl of Leicester' and 'Amy Robsart' ('Kenilworth'), 'Romeo and Juliet at the balcony,' 'Portia addressing the Venetian Senate,' 'Reading the Will,' 'The May Day Queen,' 'Ellen Douglas,' 'Malcolm Graeme and James Fitzjames':—

"Then gently drew the glittering band,
And laid the clasp on Ellen's hand."

'Robin Hood, Little John, Friar Tuck, and Maid Marian,' 'Angiolina' and the 'Doge of Venice,' 'Marino Faliero,' 'Manfred and the Witch of the Alps.'

Appropriate music should be played previous to the drawing of the curtain, and during the time the tableaux are represented.

For example, C. Dibdin's touching melody 'Adieu, adieu, my only life, my honour calls me from thee,' or Moore's exquisite ballad, 'Go where Glory waits thee,' would be well in keeping with the Black Brunswicker,—the 'Lament of Mary Stuart' would be applicable to the Interview between Rizzio and the Ill-fated Queen of Scotland,—'Our Life is all chequered' or '*Priez pour elle*' would be well adapted to Katherine of Arragon's Appeal to Henry VIII. in the Hall of Blackfriars,—as would 'Desolate is the Dwelling' to the Rent Day,—'There was a Simple Maiden' would be characteristic of Amy Robsart in her Interview with the lordly Leicester,—the 'Power of Love' and 'Fair shines the Moonlight,'

could be introduced in the balcony scene of *Romeo and Juliet*,—Gordigiani's 'Compassione, miei Signori' would tell Portia's tale,—'Sad, weary hearted' and 'In dark ashy weeds' would add to the effect of Reading the Will,—'The May Queen' and 'Then to the Maypole haste away' would be appropriate to the Queen of the May,—as would the 'Blue Bells of Scotland' to the scene from the *Lady of the Lake*,—'Robin Hood, his merry men, Friar Tuck, and Maid Marian' could not be better welcomed than by 'Foresters, sound the cheerful Horn,' or 'It was a Friar of Orders Grey,'—'The Gondolier' would well suit the 'Doge of Venice,'—the Witches' chorus from 'Macbeth' might be changed from Dunsinane to the Alps, for Manfred's Address to the Witch,—and 'Young Lochinvar' might be played during the scene at Holyrood Palace.

Many other subjects may be selected, for instance the Screen scene from the 'School for Scandal,' air 'Here's to the Maiden of blushing fifteen';—'Artaxerxes' and 'Mandane,' air 'In Infancy our hopes and fears'; 'Fenella kneeling at the feet of Peveril' ('Peveril of the Peak'). For two children, a boy and a girl, a very pretty *tableau* may be formed from the above novel, when Julian Peveril brandishes his weapon in the defence of his little sister Alice as boldly as though he himself had been an Abencerrage of Grenada,—air, 'Come if you dare.'

Rowena and Rebecca ('Ivanhoe') "No, lady," answered Rebecca, "I may not change the faith of my fathers like a garment unsuited to the climate in which I seek to dwell,"—air 'Were my bosom as

false as thou deem'st it to be' (BYRON'S 'Hebrew Melodies.')

Another striking *tableau* may be taken from 'A Legend of Montrose,' 'Monteith,' 'Allan McAulay,' and 'Annot Lyle,' 'One little maiden alone who smiled upon Allan's drawn dirk, escaped his vengeance upon my (Monteith's) earnest entreaty. She was brought to the castle and here bred up under the name of Annot Lyle—the most beautiful little fairy certainly that ever danced upon a heath by moonlight,'—air,

"She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes."

BYRON'S 'Hebrew Melodies.'

Charades, when well represented, form an excellent amusement; I would warn all concerned in them never to undertake extemporaneous dialogue. The first step is to select a word of two or three syllables, suited to the capacities of those who are to take part in the representation, and then cast the characters.

Let us assume that "Farewell" is the word. For the first syllable—fare—the meeting of Roderick Dhu and the Knight of Snowdown would be appropriate, the music playing 'Hail to the chief who in triumph advances!'

Roderick Dhu. Thy name and purpose! Saxon,
stand!

Fitzjames. A stranger.

Roderick. What dost thou require ?

Fitzjames. Rest and a guide, and food and fire ;

My life's beset, my path is lost,

The gale has chill'd my limbs with frost.

Roderick. Art thou a friend to Roderick ?

Fitzjames. No.

Roderick. Then darest not call thyself a foe ?

Fitzjames. I dare to him, and all the band

He brings to aid his murderous hand.

The dialogue to be carried on until Roderick exclaims :—

Roderick. Enough, enough, sit down and share

A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare.

For the second syllable—*well*—Frank Tyrrell's interview with Meg Dods at the New Inn or Hotel at "St. Ronan's Well," while for the whole word Conrad's parting with Medora will suffice :—

Conrad. My own Medora ! sure thy song is sad.

Medora. In Conrad's absence wouldst thou have it glad ;

Without thine ear to listen to my lay !

Still must my song, my thoughts, my soul betray.

Dialogue to be continued till—

"But now the moments bring,
The time of parting with redoubled wing.
The why, the where, what boots it now to tell?
Since all must end in that wild word, *farewell*."

Air 'I have a silent sorrow here.'

Love-lock is also a good word. The balcony scene from 'Romeo and Juliet' will form the first syllable. It may be curtailed so as to end with the lines—

ROMEO.

"Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books,
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks!"

For the second syllable, Shylock and Jessica.
Shylock locks his house-door:—

SHYLOCK.

"Lock up my door—Jessica, go in;
Perhaps I will return immediately;
Do as I bid you.
Shut doors after you; 'fast bind, fast find,'
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind."

[*Exit.*

JESSICA.

"Farewell; and if my future be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost."

For the whole word—Lovelock—we must turn to Pope. Scene, a tea-table, Lord ——, Sir Plume, Belinda, and others. "For, lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd." A black page in an Eastern dress handing round

"Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes;)"

Lord —, standing behind Belinda, cuts off a lock of her hair, exclaiming,

“ Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
 Io triumphe—the glorious prize is mine:”

Belinda screams with terror, Lord — continues:—

“ While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
 Or in a coach and six the British fair ;
 As long as Atalantis shall be read,
 Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed ;
 While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
 When num'rous wax lights in bright order blaze ;
 While nymphs take treats or assignations give,
 So long my honour, name, and praise shall live.
 What time would spare, from steel receives its date,
 And monuments, like men, submit to fate.
 Steel could the labour of the gods destroy,
 And strike to dust the imperial tow'rs of Troy.
 Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
 And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
 What wonder then, fair nymph, thy hair should feel
 The conq'ring force of unresisted steel ? ”

Costume, 1711, time of Queen Anne.

Lawsuit is another good word. For the first syllable, Act iv. Scene i. of the ‘ Merchant of Venice.’ Characters: Duke of Venice, Antonio, Gratiano, Bassanio, Shylock, Nerissa, and Portia.

Shylock. I crave the *law*, the penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Second syllable — *suit* — from ‘ Katherine and Petruchio,’ Act ii. Scene i.

Characters: Petruchio, Baptista, Grumio, Tranio, and Katherine; costume, Venetian.

The trial scene in 'Pickwick' will form the whole word *Lawsuit*.

Characters: Mr. Justice Stareleigh; Serjeants Buzfuz and Snubbins; Messrs. Skimpin and Plunkey, junior barristers; Messrs. Dodson and Fogg; Mr. Pickwick; Mesdames Bardell, Clappins, and Sanders; Master Bardell.

Air 'The charge is prepared, the lawyers are met,' from the 'Beggars' Opera.'

Innovation is a good word. For the first syllable (spelling not being attended to in charades) I should select the scene at the Three Jolly Pigeons, from Goldsmith's 'She Stoops to Conquer.'

The dialogue is most amusing, especially that of Mat Muggins, who says that, "Although he is obligated to dance a bear, he never does it but to the genteelest tunes, 'Water Parted' and the Minuet in 'Ariadne.'"

The song, 'Let Schoolmasters puzzle their brains,' from the above comedy may also be introduced.

For *ovation*, a hustings may be improvised, and the popular candidate for Ratborough, Mr. Hampden Stubbs, may appeal to the constituency for their votes. As a Radical, he may quote "Wilkes and Liberty—talk of the purse-proud aristocracy, the heartless oligarchy, Englishmen's rights," somewhat to the following effect:—

"You have now, brother freemen, a glorious opportunity of prevailing over the arbitrary dictates of men in power—of defeating the fatal effects of

corrupt influence, and of emancipating yourselves from the tyrannical thralldom of those who would trample upon the most sacred privileges of free-born Englishmen! Yes, fellow-countrymen! like the burning cross of Malise,

‘Vick Alpine’s summons to his clan,’

the patriotic flame of reform will pass through the island, and an army of free men spring up, unequalled in the history of the world!

‘When flits the cross from man to man.

* * * * *

Burst be the ear that fails to heed!

Palsied the foot that shuns to speed!’

“I see a gleam of sunshine; the spark of liberty ascends—let us fan the flame! Can any man imagine that this borough is concerned only in the event? No, brother electors! your country is concerned, her eyes are upon you! Nations have their eyes upon Ratborough! Is this then a time to look unconcernedly on an event of the most vital importance? An event which may probably be the crisis of the nation’s fate! If then you have any regard for the welfare of your country—if any regard for yourselves or families—any concern for your civil or religious rights—any love for the world’s domestic hearths, now is the time to convince Europe—aye, Asia, Africa, the crucible of slaves—America, that land of liberty, that we dare be free; that we will not truckle to those in power, or bend our knee to our country’s tyrants. Freemen of Ratborough,

let us have the proud satisfaction of being the glorious means of putting a check to principles and practices the most destructive to human society."

Here the mob must shout, "Down with Corruption, Old England and Freedom. Hurrah for the Blues!"

Then one of the mob may sing (to the air of 'Bonnetts of Blue') :—

"Hampden Stubbs, then we'll still be with you;
Intruders, we bid you adieu!
Our Hampden's the man, who has wisdom to scan,
And sever the false from the true;
For Ratborough, hip, hip, hurrah!
And for Hampden her advocate true!
The law we'll obey; it is Freedom's best stay,
So now raise the banner of blue."

Mob: "Down with the Tories. No Grindlaw! [agent to Lord Glendower, the aristocratic candidate]. Who fed the poor on bone soup? No skilly! Who refused to subscribe to the hospital? Why, Grindlaw."

Here Mr. Grindlaw steps forward: "Gentlemen—what I give, or ever have given is *nothing to nobody*."

At this a whole pack of electioneering artillery, cabbage stalks, imitation bricks and eggs, must be thrown at Mr. Grindlaw's head.

Mr. Pennicoate, a radical tailor, next addresses the meeting. "Gentlemen, liberty and freedom are the birthrights of every Englishman; and liberty, gentlemen, is nothing without the concomitancy of

freedom. But, gentlemen, what is liberty, what is freedom, when both can be controlled by power? Liberty, gentlemen, is a plant—”

“And so is a cabbage,” replies an unwashed artificer, who, suiting the action to the word, hurls a fine specimen of the vegetable of the drumhead species at the head of the worthy Tailor Brutus.

“Cut the thread of your discourse, Snip. No shreds and patches. No remnants. No tenth part of a man,” shouted one of the Orange party. “Why you ain’t got a single *shred* of honest fame to *patch* or cover the gross deformities of your private and public character.”

“Who’s turned his coat?” shouted another.

“We want good men—none of your measures.”

The banners about the hustings of the Liberal candidate should be inscribed: “Stubbs and Independence,” “Vote for Stubbs, the poor man’s Friend!” “Ratborough’s pride and England’s glory.” “Hampden Stubbs.” Those of the Conservative candidate: “Church and State.”

Lord Glendower, the Conservative candidate, may then address the constituency amidst the shouts of the Orange party—“Brother Freeholders! do not be led away by the appeal to the passions of my honourable opponent; despite his bold undaunted manner, his unequalled volubility, his energetic style, and what he is pleased to term his attempt to rescue this borough from its degrading servility, I would warn you to beware of one, who under the mask of friendship, and the cloak of great zeal for their country’s welfare, would artfully avail himself of

your suffrages, and by your own precipitated assistance procure your own undoing. Mr. Hampden Stubbs has pledged himself to vote for the reduction of the standing army and navy; the total abolition of the House of Lords, and Bishoprics, for the disestablishment of the Church, for universal suffrage, for the repeal of the union, for an entire whitewashing of the national debt and pension list, for the abolition of all taxes; in short, to use an American phrase, he wishes to go the whole hog. No army, no navy, no lords, no bishops, no church, no debt, no taxes. Let every elector, then, solemnly and candidly judge for himself (laying aside all personal prejudice and favour) whether the principles of the Liberals, as they designate themselves, are not calculated to introduce anarchy and confusion, and until they have convinced us that they are friends to, and zealous supporters of, the religion and liberties of their country, under the present happy establishment—I call upon you to support the Conservative cause by returning me to represent this borough in parliament, notwithstanding all that spirited envy or wanton malice have done to lessen my popularity and defame my reputation.”

Loud cheers from the Orange party. Here a man in the crowd of the “Blues” must shout out,

“I say, my Lord, does your mother know you’re out?”

“Yes, my good fellow, and at the close of the poll she’ll find me *in*!”

Shouts from the two mobs.

For the whole word In-novation:—

Enter Jack Trivet a mail coachman, Dick Axle a Guard, and Jem Spoke an ostler. Scene Hounslow.

JACK TRIVET.

"Hail, Hounslow! primest town upon the road,
Where coaching once, in all its glory showed,
Where careful drivers might be always found,
Ready when ostlers called to 'bring 'em round.'

JEM SPOKE.

Ah! them was times, ere railroads came in force,
When every mile of ground maintained its horse;
Coach after coach then rattled briskly by,
'Live and let Live' was then the wholesome cry.

DICK AXLE.

The Member rattling up at slapping pace,
To ease his conscience—or secure a place—
The maiden flying from a guardian's rage,
In Hymen's 'Union' venturing a stage—
These knew no more of anxious fear or doubt,
When Jem the ostler cried, 'the first turn out.'

JACK TRIVET.

Once, Hounslow, there was many a gallant team,
The dragsman's pride, the helpers fruitful theme;
How dashing they swept up to the well-known door,
Where rest awaited when their task was o'er;
Or, sleek of coat, and deck'd with trappings gay,
Bounding they met the labour of the day.
Landlord and whip gazed on the thriving trade,
And dreamt of fortunes soon and surely made,
For then alike both house and coach fill'd well,
'And all went merry as a marriage bell.'

DICK AXLE.

Once it was thus—another age appears,
And Hounslow's smiles, alas! are turn'd to tears,

No more is heard the mellow-winding horn,
 Waking the drowsy slumbers of the morn ;
 No spicy 'change' now waits for the down mail,
 For woe is me ! the Bristol's on the rail—
 No longer now is heard the busy din,
 In the full yard that marks the prosperous inn ;
 Unheard is now the watching Jem Spoke call,
 The only 'pair' is weary of the stall.

JEM SPOKE.

Silent the joke of 'boots,' ne'er known to fail,
 The keeper's whistle, and the postboy's tale.
 No waiter now bestirs him for the nonce,
 To answer fifty summonses at once ;
 E'en Bessy's self, so long the bar's fair boast,
 The cook-maid's envy, and the 'bagman's' toast,
 Whose winning smile was so well known to fame,
 That for a ray each traveller duly came,—
 E'en she—so hopeless—Hounslow is thy case—
 Hath packed her traps and bolted from her place.

Jack Trivet, Dick Axle, Jem Spoke, speak together.

'Tis past !

JACK TRIVET.

And now succeeds, the general doom
 Of landlord, barmaid, waiters, ostlers, groom ;
 The coachman's glories have for ever set.

JEM SPOKE.

And 'boots' has got a place—in the Gazette."

Horn-pipe is not a bad word, and can easily be represented :—

First Syllable. *Horn*—Scene a coach dinner at the Red Lion, Swindelborough. I give fictitious names. Passengers alighting from the coach—some dripping wet, others shivering with cold—waiters

bustling about — landlord and landlady bowing obsequiously.

Coachman. Ladies and gents, twenty minutes allowed.

First Passenger. Waiter! waiter! help me off with my coat, it's dripping; wring it well out.

Witty Passenger. Dripping? take it to the cook; it's her perquisite.

Lady Passenger. Wring—I've been ringing the bell for the last two minutes; bring me a glass of hot brandy-and-water. I'm nearly frozen to death.

After a time, when the process of uncloaking is over, the travellers sit down to dinner.

Testy Passenger. Waiter! Waiter—

Waiter. I'm coming, Sir.

Testy Passenger. Coming? I call that going. This scalding soup is merely stained with hot water.

Second Lady Passenger. This boiled mutton is quite underdone.

Third Passenger. Yes, and the potatoes are hot without and hard within.

Enter Coachman.

Coachman. Please remember the coachman, I go no further.

Third Lady Passenger. I'm sure I shall not forget you, or the disgraceful reckless manner in which you galloped the last mile over the heath.

Witty Traveller. Waiter, do you call this ale? it's downright swipes:—

“And much I fear the ‘heavy wet’ and gales,
Have brought us ‘watery bier,’ and ‘bitter ails.’”

(Horn is blown outside. Enter the Guard.)

Guard. Coach at the door. Horses is put to.
Must keep time. My reputation's at stake.

Witty Traveller. That's satisfactory—it may be truly
said,

Your reputation in your face is—red.

Enter Landlord, Landlady, Waiter, Chambermaid,
Ostler, Boots, all vociferous for payment and gra-
tuities.

Waiter. Dinner and ale three shillings, please to
remember the waiter.

Chambermaid. I've aired your cloak nicely, mem.

Ostler. I have placed some straw on your seat, sir;
kept it nice and dry.

Boots. Let me help you on, sir, with your coat;
its been by the kitchen fire.

Passenger. So I see by the hole burnt in it.

The passengers hastily leave the room, when the
Landlord exclaims, "There's a brandy-and-water
and a pint of stout going away without paying."
(Horn again heard.)

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

For the second syllable. *Pipe*—the first scene of
'Bombastes Furioso' will be applicable — Interior of
the Palace of Utopia.

King Artaxominous, King of Utopia.

Fusbos, Minister of State.

General Bombastes.

Courtiers, Attendants, "*Trio Tekeli.*"

First Attendant. What will your Majesty please to wear ?

Or blue, green, red, black, white or brown ?

Second Attendant. D'ye choose to look at the bill of fare ? [*showing long bill.*]

King. Get out of my sight, or I'll knock you down.

Second Attendant. Here is soup, fish, or goose, or duck, or fowl, or pigeons, pig, or hare.

First Attendant. Or blue, or green, or red, or black, or white or brown !

What will your Majesty, etc ?

King. Get out of my sight, etc.

[*Exeunt Attendants R. and L.*]

Enter Fusbos L., and kneels to the King.

Fusbos. Hail, Artaxominous, ycleped the great !

I come, an humble pillar of the State,
Pregnant with news—but ere that news
I tell,

First let me hope your Majesty is well.

King. Rise, learned Fusbos ! rise my friend, and know,

We are but middling—that is just, so so !

Fusbos. Only so so. Oh ! monstrous doleful thing.

Is it the mulligrubs affects the king ?

Or, dropping poisons in the cup of joy,
Do the blue devils your repose annoy ?

King. Nor mulligrubs, nor devils blue are here,
But yet we feel ourselves uncommon queer.

Fusbos. Yes, I perceive it in that vacant eye,
The vest unbuttoned, and the wig awry ?

King. Last night, when undisturb'd by State
 affairs,
 Moist'ning our clay, and puffing off our
 cares,
 Oft the replenish'd goblet did we drain,
 And drank and smoked, and smoked and
 drank again ;
 Such was the case, our very actions such,
 Until at length we got a drop too much ;
 But the fresh bowl each sick'ning pain
 subdues,
 Then sit, my Fusbos sit, and tell thy news.

Fusbos. (*sits left side of table*) General Bombastes,
 whose resistless force
 Alone exceeds by far a brewer's horse,
 Returns victorious, bringing mines of
 wealth !

King. Does he by jingo, then we'll drink his health !
 (*Drum and fife heard without.*)

Fusbos. But hark ! with loud acclaim, the fife and
 drum
 Announce your army near—behold they
 come !

Enter Bombastes R. attended by one drummer, one
 fifer, and two soldiers, all very materially differing in
 size. They march round the stage, and back to it.

Bombastes. Meet me this evening at the Barley Mow,
 I'll bring your pay—you see I'm busy
 now.

Begone, brave army ; don't kick up a
 row.

[*Exeunt Soldiers, R.*

[*To the King.*] Thrash'd are your foes—this watch
and silken string

Worn by their chief, I as a trophy
bring.

I knock'd him down, then snatched
it from his fob ;

“ Watch, watch,” cried he, when I
had done the job.

“ My watch is gone,” says he ; says
I “ just so,

Stop where you are—watches were
made to go.

King. For which we dub you Duke of Strombello.

[Bombastes kneels, the King dubs him with a pipe,
and then presents the bowl.]

Bombastes. (*rises*) Honours so great have all my
toils repaid,

My Liege and Fusbos, here's “ Success to
trade.”

King. Well said, Bombastes ! since thy mighty blows
Have given a quietus to our foes ;
Now shall our farmers gather in their crops,
And busy tradesmen mind their crowded shops.
The deadly havoc of war's hatchet cease ;
Now shall we smoke the calumet of peace.
I shall smoke short cut—you smoke what
you please.

Bombastes. Whate'er your Majesty shall deign to
name,

Short cut or long to me is all the same.

Bombastes and Fusbos. In short, so long as we your
favours claim,

Short cut or long to us is all the same.

King. Thanks, gen'rous friends ! now list while I impart

How firm you're lock'd and bolted in my heart ;

So long as this *here* pouch a pipe contains,
Or a full glass in that there bowl remains,
To you an equal portion shall belong ;
This do I swear, and now let's have a song.

Fusbos. My Liege shall be obeyed.

[advances and attempts to sing.]

Bombastes.

Fusbos, give place ;

You know you hav'nt got a singing face,
Here nature smiling gave the winning
grace.

Song—

[Here a topical or any other song may be introduced, and if Bombastes cannot sing, Fusbos may take his place.]

End of song. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Whole word—"Hornpipe."

A blind fiddler and a group of sailors ; their wives and sweethearts clinging round Ben Backstay, a one-legged or one-armed "tar," who is looking through a telescope.

Dolly Mayblossom. Can you make out whether my Tom's in the boat !

Kitty Transom. And my Will !

Nancy Haulyard. And my Ned !

Polly. And my Jack Binnacle

Ben Backstay. All I can make out is that all hands are unbending the sails, and the captain's gig is being manned.

All the females together exclaim, "Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"

Ben Backstay. The jolly boat's just shoved off; look out, lasses, they're pulling as if for their lives.

(Shouts without.)

Enter Tom Truelove, Will Transom, Ned Haulyard, who embrace their wives and sweethearts.

Ben Backstay. And now let's have a song.

[Here any of the above may introduce, 'Farewell, my trim built Wherry,' 'Poor Jack' 'The Jolly young Waterman' 'Tom Bowling,' 'The Sailor's Journal' 'Comely Ned' 'The Standing Toast' 'Peter Pulhall's Medley,' 'The Storm' or 'The Bay of Biscay O!' All the above are to be found in Charles Dibdin's Naval and National Songs.]

After the song grog is handed round, when Ned Haulyard sings or recites the following lines:—

"We tars are all for fun and glee,
A hornpipe was my notion;
Time was I'd dance with any he
That sails the salt sea ocean.
I'd tip the roll, the slide, the reel,
Back, forward, in the middle;
And roast the pig, and toe and heel,
All going with the fiddle.
But one day told a shot to ram,
To chase the foe advancing
A splinter queer'd my larboard gam,
And quickly spoilt my dancing."

(Here in parenthesis let me remark, that Dibdin's expression "roasting the pig" may be the origin of going the whole hog.)

Nancy. Oh! do try, Ned; your dancing won my heart.

Ben Backstay. Here, Ned, "splice the main brace."
[*gives him a glass of grog*] Nothing like flip to set you a-going. Your timbers seem pretty sound again.

Ned Haulyard. Well, I'll try. Strike up, you land lubber of a scraper.

The fiddler plays the Sailor's Hornpipe, which Ned dances. At the end of it, headed by Ben Backstay, who leads Nancy Haulyard forward, all form couples and dance an English country dance.

CHAPTER VI.

AMATEUR PERFORMANCES AT WYNNSTAY—THE PIC-NIC SOCIETY—
WARGRAVE THEATRICALS—CELEBRATED AMATEURS—ARTHUR
CECIL—THE HONOURABLE LADY SEBRIGHT—HER DRAMATIC
POWERS—A MODERN THRACIAN HUNTRESS—

“Qualis equos Threïssa fatigat,
Harpalyce, volumcremque fugâ pervetitur Eburum.”—

TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA—TO RIDE.

“Elle a du trait, de la verve,
Une voix agréable, et elle
Sait lancer le mot à l'effet.”

“WHILE every species of intellectual amusement is fairly recognised by journalists,” so writes the editor of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, “as legitimate and praiseworthy, we see no reason why our third- or fourth-rate dramatic critics should never visit an amateur theatrical performance without sneering at it as presumptuous and silly, or violently denouncing it as utterly contemptible. If the amateur Richard or Macbeth does fly at game above the reach of any but the most practised and experienced professional man, he has been unwise, and is, therefore,

duly laughed at and chaffed by his friends, but he has done nothing deserving that outburst of irrepressible scorn and anger, in printer's type, with which his ambitious efforts are so commonly rewarded in some of our contemporaries; and in nine cases out of ten, his laudable and earnest, if unavailing, desire to please his critics results in satisfaction, and usually serves some worthy end in supporting charities or educational institutions. It would be interesting to have a statistical account of real good done in this way by the numerous amateur performances throughout the country.

"Everybody believes he can act until he tries to act, and, consequently, many ludicrous failures are frequently seen at exhibitions of private or semi-private theatricals; but, on the other hand, we have some amateurs whose acting stands on a level with the best of our professional celebrities, and many who equal those who for years have lived by the exercise of their art, and have been criticised from a much lower standard of excellence than that whereby the amateur is commonly tested. Among the former is the Honourable Lady Sebright. In 'Celebrities I Have Known,' first series, Lord William Lennox gives a graphic description of private theatricals of bygone days, at Richmond House, London, Blenheim, Wynnstay, Woburn Abbey, Cheltenham, Gloucester, etc., and of more modern ones at Clandon Park, Loton Park, Belhus, and Boscombe."

The amateur performances at Wynnstay, the seat of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, were of a kind to

deserve the highest praise. They were worthy the honourable owner of the place; they served to keep up English hospitality to the greatest degree, and in an histrionic point of view they were faultless. The pieces selected were good standard English plays and farces, and the performers, both female and male, were truly excellent. The principal pieces acted were 'The Constant Couple,' 'Cymbeline,' 'The Clandestine Marriage,' 'Henry IV.' (second part), 'Macbeth,' 'Twelfth Night,' 'The Inconstant,' 'The Winter's Tale,' 'As You Like It,' 'The Tempest.' The afterpieces included 'The Devil upon Two Sticks,' 'The Author,' 'The Spanish Barber,' 'The Son-in-Law,' 'All the World's a Stage,' 'The Devil to Pay,' 'The Man of Quality,' 'Barnaby Rattle,' 'Cross Purposes,' 'Who's the Dupe?' It would puzzle the amateurs of the present day, clever as some of them are, to get up many of the above pieces.

Perhaps the most famous of these old theatrical societies was that which appeared in one of the 'By-the-Bye' articles in the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, the celebrated Pic-Nic Society, in which Lady Albina Buckinghamshire was once the mighty mover and founder. We insert, as curious, a copy of one of the play-bills drawn up by its Honorary Secretary, Colonel Greville.

This Evening
Will be performed
THE GENTLEMAN AUTHOR;
or, the Bedlamites.

Dramatis Personæ :

Duke of Dilly	Mr. Greville.
Mr. Discord	Mr. Carleton.
Mr. Lyrick	Mr. Methven.
Dubois	Mr. Angelo.
Mr. Caper	Mr. Ogherti.
Mr. Contest	Mr. Snowden.
Waiter	Mr. Walsh Porter.
Cabry	Mr. Le Texier, Jun.

A BALLET by Mr. Giroux's Pupils.

To be followed by

CADET—FRENCH PROVERB.

Mr. Simond	Mr. De Montmorenci.
Madam Simond	Mr. Le Texier.
Du Commerce	Mr. D'Ignoron.
Cadet	Mr. Ogherti.
Dubois	Mr. Nugent.

Epilogue on Pic Nic.

When the Proverbs are ended, supper will be served in the rooms above stairs and in the boxes. After which, or before, as the company please, will be a Dance.

Not less famous were the Wargrave theatricals, which so stirred the heart of fashion when "George the Third was king," wherein that once famous amateur actor, the wildly eccentric Lord Barrymore, imbibed his penchant for the drama. So famous did his dissipated, rollicking lordship's theatrical entertainments become, that, in 1778, the Prince of Wales and other royal personages used to visit the handsome theatre he had built for their accommodation. The pieces which were selected on these occasions were chiefly comedies and farces, and the crowded audiences were composed of the principal families of the neighbourhood, with visitors from all parts of the country, not excluding London.

In 1810, there were some famous theatrical performances by distinguished amateurs at Kilkenny. Here Miss O'Neill, afterwards Lady Becher, Miss Stevens, the present Dowager Countess of Essex, Thomas Moore, and others formed the *Corps Dramatique*.

"Poeta nascitur, non fit," is an old and true axiom; the same may be said of amateur acting; all the study in the world will not produce any effect upon certain persons who aspire to histrionic honours, while others at once take kindly to it, and shed a lustre on the stage. Few amateur actors have proved successful on the regular boards; among the exceptions—I speak of the past, not of the present—I know but of four: Captain Prescott of the Royal Artillery, who under the *nom du théâtre* of Warde, represented some of Shakespeare's characters in tragedy very well; Frederick Yates, of the Commissariat Department,

who was good in tragedy, comedy, farce, and melodrama; Benson Hill, of the Royal Engineers, who was an admirable representative of Frenchmen, and Cole, of the 21st Fusiliers, who under the name of Calcraft was a refined and classical actor. He wrote the 'Life and Times of Charles Kean.' I once asked Cole why he had selected the name of Calcraft, and he told me that when about to appear at Rochester Theatre, John Calcraft, Esq., afterwards Paymaster of the Forces, was canvassing that town and neighbourhood, he therefore thought Calcraft would prove a popular name. At the present moment there are some amateur *artistes* on the regular boards who are great favourites with the public; I would make honourable mention of their names did I not fear to pass over some, for my list is far from complete. I must however refer to one, albeit it may lay me open to the charge of egotism, as I believe I was the first to discover his talents; at a performance of the 'Rivals,' at the Bijou Theatre in her Majesty's Opera House, Haymarket, the youth that played Fag's victim, who has only to utter a few words, and then to be kicked off the stage, spoke so well, and acted so feelingly that I at once stamped him as an actor. My predictions were verified. He is now unquestionably the best character actor on the stage. I refer to Arthur Cecil—I give his fame name.

With respect to ladies (in what is termed society), it was not supposed to be the correct thing for them to appear except in a drawing-room performance; latterly a change has taken place, and many have

appeared on the boards of regular theatres when the object was to aid some charity.

In the drama, or as a truly talented histrionic *artiste*, Lady Sebright stands conspicuously forward among those amateurs, Mrs. George Wrottesley, Mrs. Monckton, and others to whom I shall presently refer and who could stand the test — perhaps the only test that can be applied—namely, that they could command a salaried engagement at a regular theatre.

A lively expression of the several sentiments and passions is undoubtedly the perfection of acting, as well as of music and poetry, and this qualification Lady Sebright possesses to the highest degree. Of her it may be truly said:—

“Her smile is by a thousand smiles repaid
Her art is nature, govern'd by its laws.”

Lady Sebright has acted constantly in London and in many country towns and houses both in French and English, high comedy being her principal *rôle*. Her greatest successes were achieved in *Lady Teazle* in the ‘School for Scandal,’ *Pauline* in ‘Delicate Ground,’ *Tilda* in ‘Helping Hands.’ In French pieces her triumphs have been in ‘*Le Cheval Blanc*,’ ‘*La Postscription*,’ ‘*On ne badine pas avec L’Amour*,’ ‘*Pattes de Mouche*,’ etc., She also has on various occasions been equally successful in low comedy, especially in ‘*A Husband in Clover*,’ ‘*The Area Belle*,’ etc. Lady Sebright possesses every requisite for an actress, a pleasing manner, a most intelligent countenance, a graceful figure, a musical voice, and

an archness and *naïveté* most bewitching. In high comedy I should compare her acting to the celebrated Mademoiselle Mars; in lighter pieces to that of the charming Dejazet; and in farce to Mrs. Keeley.

"The Honourable Olivia Amy Douglas," I quote from the Peerage (commonly called the Human Stud Book), "youngest daughter of Lord Castletown, was married on the 27th of March, 1865, to Sir John Gage Saunders Sebright, Bart., of Besford, County of Worcester. Sir John is a magistrate for Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire, and was High Sheriff in 1874. By birth and marriage, Lady Sebright is connected with the families of Dartray, Powerscourt, Dunmore, Doneraile, Lyveden, and Leinster."

It is not, however, of her noble lineage and connections I would speak; it is the talents which nature has bestowed on her. In addition to her histrionic powers, Lady Sebright is a perfect linguist, with conversational powers of the highest order. She is, moreover, a graceful player at croquet and lawn tennis, and a most daring and splendid horsewoman. With Lord Portman's hounds last season, she and her son, a lad of five years of age, were always in the first flight. In fact, Lady Sebright is a female Crichton, great in all she undertakes.

CHAPTER VII.

THE HONOURABLE MRS. WROTTESELEY—A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER
AND A SOLDIER'S WIFE—HER TALENT AS AN AUTHORESS—
HER FATHER, FIELD-MARSHAL SIR JOHN BURGOYNE, HIS
MILITARY CAREER—LOVE OF THE DRAMA—MACHINIST,
STAGE MANAGER, AND PROMPTER—TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO—
MRS. WROTTESELEY AS AN ACTRESS—'LOAN OF A LOVER'—
'MRS. MALAPROP'—'BETSY BAKER.'

"Dotée d'une sensibilité exquise, d'un organe expressif, cette artiste célèbre immortalisa sa vie par les rôles de *Biddy Nuts*, et de *Betsy Baker*. *Lady Bab Blazon*, *Mrs. Carver*, *Pauline*, *Mrs. Malaprop* l'élevèrent sur le trône d'une autre gloire ; c'était vraiment l'actrice de la nature. Elle savait toujours faire rire et pleurer quand elle le voulait."

V. FOURNEL.

To point out or dwell upon the merits of Mrs. George Wrottesley as a dramatic artist would be as superfluous as to attempt to whiten ivory with milk, to send coals to Newcastle, owls to Athens, fish to the Hellespont, gold to California, clouds to the ploughed field, a farthing to pay off the national debt, or to teach an eagle to fly, a dolphin to swim, a lark to soar in the air, or a nightingale to "warble its wood notes wild" in some sequestered glade. So

strong is the "ruling passion" in this lady that she has literally acted from her infancy, and is now the most deservedly popular amateur of the day. In addition to her histrionic powers, Mrs. Wrottesley sings a little in the comic line, has written many clever *vers de société*, and articles for the magazines; moreover, she has witnessed a great deal of campaigning life in Turkey (not in the Crimea) as her husband, Colonel Wrottesley, of the Royal Engineers, was invalided home from Varna, and she has seen a good deal of the world, having, when unmarried, accompanied her father, the late Field-Marshal Sir John Burgoyne, everywhere; and since her marriage been a constant attendant on her husband at home and abroad. Mrs. Wrottesley cannot boast of being a horsewoman, but she has been up in a balloon, and she afterwards wrote an account of her aerial trip for 'Bentley's Magazine.'

The superabundant merits of Mrs. Wrottesley in all characters of comedy, operetta, and farce are so universally acknowledged, that it would be superfluous to say that every part she undertakes she plays well. As Pauline in 'Delicate Ground,' she gives some fine touches of genuine feeling; as Lady Gay Spanker in 'London Assurance,' she is spirited and lively; as Gertrude in the 'Loan of a Lover,' and as Lisette in the 'Swiss Cottage,' her archness of feature, her peculiar *naïveté*, and her vocal talents in singing the simple music of these operettas are conspicuous; as Mrs. Malaprop in the 'Rivals,' instead of caricaturing, or laying stress on the way in which this would-be erudite lady delivers the Mala-

propisms, and what is usually termed clipping the Queen's English, Mrs. Wrottesley utters them as if she were perfectly unconscious of any *lapsus linguæ*.

In 'Woodcock's little Game' her Mrs. Carver is faultless, as is her Lady Bab Blazon in the 'Queensberry Fête,' her Betsy Baker in the farce of that name, her Biddy Nuts in the 'Dream at Sea,' and her Amanthis in 'Little Toddlekins;' in such parts she convulses the audience with shouts of laughter that would burst the belt of an anchorite. So correct, however, is this great favourite of Thalia, that she never suffers her delineation of humorous characters to degenerate into vulgarism, nor permits herself to sacrifice her judgment at the shrine of the upper gallery. Her richness of humour is ever free from that unnatural buffoonery with which we have too often seen such characters tainted, even in the hands of some of the most popular actresses. By the above *rôles* it will be seen that Mrs. Wrottesley possesses more versatility of talent than falls to the lot of most artists; her acting exhibits in every character she undertakes the conceptions of an educated and discriminating mind, combining intense pathos, unflagging spirits, great vivacity, refined humour, and that ease and animation which would be creditable to any performer on the regular boards.

Amateur theatricals are very different now from what they were in my early days, as the following incident will prove. I could quote many, but will at present content myself with one. A brother of mine, and a few young Westminster school friends,

were anxious during the Christmas holidays of 1810 to display our histrionic powers, and we prevailed upon my parents to allow us to get up an amateur performance in a large room in Dublin Castle. Our ambition was to appear in tragedy, so we selected Rowe's somewhat lachrymose play of 'Jane Shore,' and a popular afterpiece of the day. One morning, Wellesley, then secretary for Ireland, afterwards Duke of Wellington, entered the room during a rehearsal, while I as Lord Hastings was ranting away, pleading the cause of "Shore's unhappy wife." He remained a few minutes—a very few minutes, but as he was about to leave the room, he remarked to my mother, that he feared the laughter of the audience would be so excited by the tragedy, that they would not have a smile left for the farce.

This remark, though not very encouraging, we felt might be true, so we compromised the affair by substituting scenes from the 'Lady of the Lake' and 'Douglas,' condensed into three acts. The eventful night arrived. In the scenes from Walter Scott, I am bound to say we were far from perfect in the words; indeed, Sheridan's remark was painfully applicable to us, for that celebrated orator and dramatist being asked whom he liked best at an amateur performance, replied, "The prompter, for I saw less and heard more of him than any one else." Of the scenes from 'Douglas,' in which I appeared as Young Norval, I will merely say that in the last act, where the blood of Douglas flows through the treachery of the foe to his house, my death was hailed

with cheers, whether from the fine conception I had of the part, or the delight of the audience in not seeing me again, must ever remain a mystery, except in the breasts of those who were spectators on that occasion. Indeed, for many years people went to an amateur performance with the idea that it would be bad enough to provoke a smile. Times are changed, and not a few amateurs could hold their own on the regular boards.

I have digressed. To return to my subject, Mrs. Wrottesley's *répertoire* is as follows :—Mrs. Malaprop in the 'Rivals'; Lady Gay Spanker, 'London Assurance'; Biddy Nuts, 'Dream at Sea'; Mrs. Carver, 'Woodcock's Little Game'; Honour Bright, 'Through Fire and Water'; Pauline, 'Delicate Ground'; Gertrude, 'Loan of a Lover'; Margery, 'Rough Diamond'; Minnie, 'Somebody Else'; Laura Wyndham, 'A Handsome Husband'; Natz Tieck, 'Swiss Cottage'; Lisette, 'Swiss Cottage'; Betsy Baker, 'Betsy Baker'; Medea, 'Golden Fleece'; Mrs. Honeybun, 'Contested Election'; Amanthis, 'Little Toddlekins'; Mrs. Pontifex, 'Naval Engagements'; Katryn, 'Captain of the Watch'; Duchesse de Torrenueva, 'Faint Heart never Won Fair Lady'; Madame Rogueingrain, 'Romantic Idea'; Lady Bab Blazon, 'Queensberry Fête'; Lucretia Buzzard, 'Whitebait at Greenwich.' Besides these, the following pieces were adapted from the French for Mrs. Wrottesley, and she was the original actress of the parts in English :—Empress Elizabeth in the 'Empress of Russia,' adapted from '*Un Changement de Maris*,' by Captain

Leicester Vernon ; Lady Glenmorris, 'School for Coquettes,' adapted from '*La Marquise Senneterre*,' by Palgrave Simpson ; Lydia, 'A Husband in Clover,' adapted from '*Un Mari dans du Coton*,' by Mr. Herman Merivale.

CHAPTER VIII.

MRS. MONCKTON—R. B. PEAKE—AMATEURS AND ACTORS—MRS.
MONCKTON'S DRAMATIC POWERS—LINES ON MRS. POPE.

“ And she has smiles before unknown ;
Smiles that with motion of their own
Do sink, and fall, and rise ;
That circle round with endless play,
And ever, as they pass away,
Are hidden in her eyes.”

R. B. PEAKE, for many years treasurer of the Theatre Royal English Opera, and a clever farce writer, was unusually severe on amateurs, to whom, in one of his most successful pieces, he thus refers : O. P. Bustle, a professional manager, engaged to attend some private theatricals, speaks as follows :—“ I shall shortly have the pleasure of introducing you to my employers—liberal patrons, but barbarous murderers of the drama. We, who know something of the matter, must laugh at private performers. As Garrick observed, one easily sees when the amateurs are acting, that there is not an *actor* among them.”

Wing, a country actor, thus replies, “ Very true, Mr. Bustle, and 'twould be hard, indeed, if the

children of Thespis, whose lives have been devoted to the laborious study of their profession, could be suddenly eclipsed by any new made votary of the buskin, who may choose to 'strut and fret' his hour—no his minute—on the stage, and then, to the great satisfaction of his friends, be heard no more."

Buskin—"If, indeed, these stage-struck heroes would divert their attention to cultivate the art, and patronise it in the professors, as in the days of the good old school, some advantage might be derived by the public from their efforts."

The above was written in the year 1818, since which period amateurs have "cultivated the art," and have devoted much of their time to the "laborious study of their unprofessional profession." If I wanted an example I should find it in Mrs. Monckton. That this lady was born to flourish on the amateur boards, as she would have done on the regular stage, the various qualities of her mind and person evidently prove. Of the latter, we have only to say that her face is handsome and highly expressive; her voice is full of musical sweetness; and her eyes possess a fire and vivacity equally suited to the dignity of serious characters, or the joyousness of lighter parts. This lady has a good figure, a form finely moulded, combining the grace and elegance of *une dame de société*. In respect to the former quality, Mrs. Monckton must have, in early life, felt that she had that within which seldom fails to reward its possessors, viz., a consciousness of talent, with a determination to cultivate it by every act of assiduous and unremitting attention. It is difficult to say whether

her *forte* lies in the graver and pathetic characters, such as Lady Eveline in the 'Wife's Secret,' Madame de Fontanges in 'Plot and Passion,' Anne Carew in 'A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing,' or in the higher walks of comedy, such as Lady Gay Spanker in 'London Assurance,' Miss Hardcastle in 'She Stoops to Conquer,' or the Countess d'Autreval in the 'Ladies' Battle,' for she is equally great in both. In fact, every part this lady undertakes she plays well. The roundness and precision of her voice enables her to excel in all the varieties of recitation, and she combines the ease and elegance of Miss Farren (afterwards Countess of Derby) with the rich natural humour of Mrs. Jordan.

The forcible manner of Mrs. Monckton in the 'Wife's Secret' and Anne Carew (two of her greatest triumphs) can never be effaced from the minds of those who had the good fortune to witness those performances; the easy, lady-like deportment, the graceful action in high comedy, can only be exceeded by the vivacity she throws into such a part as Miss Hardcastle. Mrs. Monckton's power of study is favourable to her genius, for in no instance does she require the aid of the prompter. Her anxiety to do justice to every part she undertakes is truly praiseworthy; her first object appears to be to get at the author's meaning, and then to embody it truthfully at rehearsals, instead of following the example of many who "walk" through their parts, saying "they will act it at night." Mrs. Monckton pays every attention, not alone to the words entrusted to her, but to the most minute "business." Her greatest praise

may be summed up in the remark of a gentleman in the boxes on Mrs. Pope's first appearance. In the fulness of his heart he exclaimed, "That must be good acting, because it is so little like acting." Of Mrs. Pope (formerly Miss Young) O'Keeffe writes:—

"My 'Amaranth,' * oh! well bestow'd, on thee,
And like that flower my bay unfading be;
While it adorned thee, well it was repaid,
Thou gav'st it beauty, colour, light, and shade;
My honour'd wreath receiv'd from thee such grace,
Thy heaven-tun'd accent, motion, person, face,
Grateful as odours in the summer gale,
Thy lady-friend and gentle Torrendel.†
From gratitude, had she dispensing powers,
My muse each year would strew thy grave with flowers."

It is interesting to add that Mrs. Monckton is so far a genuine amateur, that she has never had the good fortune of a lesson in either elocution or gesture.

* Lady Amaranth in 'Wild Oats.'

† Lady Torrendel in 'Life's Vagaries.'

CHAPTER IX.

MRS. MARCH, NÉE VIRGINIA GABRIEL—HER TALENT AS A COM-
POSER AND PIANISTE — HER INDEFATIGABLE INDUSTRY—
HER OPERETTAS AND SONGS—MR. MARCH, HIS LITERARY
AND DRAMATIC POWERS—‘NOS INTIMES ’—MRS. MARCH’S
AFTERNOON RÉUNIONS—PRINCE PONIATOWSKI.

“Meteor, sudden, short thy course,
Shedding light, tho’ swiftly flying:
Muse of melody thy nurse,
Swan-like sweet, tho’ warbling, dying.”

IN every house, in every concert-room, where music, more especially vocal music, is welcome, the name of Virginia Gabriel has long been and must long remain a household word. Who has not been invigorated by the stirring melody of ‘Cleansing Fires,’ charmed by the measures of ‘Where Sparrows Build,’ enlivened by the animated strains of ‘Message of the Wind,’ touched by the sadder music of ‘My Lost Darling,’ who has not been haunted by the insinuating tones of ‘Only,’ ‘Far Away in the West,’ ‘Weary,’ ‘In the Gloaming,’ or who has not admired those exquisite cantatas ‘Dreamland’ and ‘Evangeline’?

In addition to the above, and many other songs, Mrs. March has composed the music for the following operettas:—‘Lost and Found,’ ‘Shepherd of Cournouilles,’ ‘The Rainy Day,’ ‘Widows Bewitched,’ ‘Who’s the Heir?’ ‘Grass Widows,’ ‘Follies of the Night,’ an opera not yet produced, libretto by Planché.

The above-mentioned operettas, which have earned a world-wide fame, are exquisite for grace of diction, for beauty, for imagery, for melody, for a refined and ideal pathos, intermingled with livelier strains. They are gems for the drawing-room, and admirable as such; nay more, they would prove attractive at any theatre devoted to English music.

Mrs. March is the daughter of General Gabriel and wife of George March, Superintendent of the Trinity Department, Foreign Office. He is the author of the libretto of the greater part of Mrs. March’s operettas, and distinguished himself greatly in dramatic circles by his admirable adaptation of ‘Nos Intimes’ (a perilous, albeit a most successful, undertaking), entitled ‘Our Friends,’ acted by Mademoiselle Beatrice and her talented company during the last six years.

Mrs. March is not alone a most popular composer, but a first-rate pianiste. Her early musical education was in the “Land of Song,” Italy. Her subsequent instructor, Herr Molique. Well may he be proud of his pupil.

Some of our best operatic and dramatic amateur performances have been got up by Mr. and Mrs. March. Upon such occasions, this truly “Happy

Pair" are indefatigable in their exertions, not only to ensure success on the stage, but to attend to the comfort of those friends, and their name is "Legion," who come within the circle of their acquaintances.

Since writing the above, death has deprived society of one of its most brilliant and talented members.

Of Mrs. March, it may be truly said—

"Light be the turf above thee,
Friend of my earliest days.
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise."

Peace to her manes !

CHAPTER X.

MISS HARRIET YOUNG—SINGERS SELDOM GOOD ACTRESSES—
'VOX ET PRETEREA NIHIL'—EXCEPTIONS TO THE RULE—
MISS YOUNG A STRIKING INSTANCE—HER PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS, AND MUSICAL COMPOSITIONS.

"Be music mine, hereditary claim,
Foundation laid, on that I built my fame,
Idle I was not, but with care improved,
Eager to top the science which I loved;
Result not disappointed, but fulfilled,
And I was hail'd of song the favourite child."

O'KEEFE.

AMATEUR theatricals, like other institutions, have had their rise and fall. As I have already said, the performances at Richmond House, London, Wynnstay, Blenheim, Dublin, and Kilkenny were faultless. At the above places the best tragedies, comedies, operas, and farces were acted in a manner that would have done credit to the regular boards. Then followed an interregnum; ladies no longer thinking it the correct thing to take part in the mimic scene, the field was left open to gentlemen. At Cheltenham, Gloucester, and Tewkesbury, an amateur *corps dramatique* under

the late Earl Fitzhardinge, aided by professional actors and actresses, got up some excellent performances, and in all the garrison towns abroad the military donned the sock and buskin. Generally speaking, the gallant officers could alone furnish two or three good actors, "le reste," as Corneille writes "ne vaut pas l'honneur d'être nommé." The 'Honeymoon,' 'John Bull,' 'The Wonder,' 'Douglas,' 'Heir-at-law,' 'Speed the Plough,' 'The Poor Gentleman,' 'Raising the Wind,' 'Mayor of Garratt,' 'Bombastes Furioso,' 'High Life Below Stairs,' 'The Review,' 'All the World's a Stage,' were the stock pieces.

In England, Ireland, and Scotland, no officer was allowed to appear on the boards of a public théâtre, even under the cloak of charity. Upon many occasions the audience went to the theatre, when amateurs acted, more to laugh than to be edified. When a late M.P. appeared at Salisbury as Richard the Third, and Caleb Quotem in the 'Review,' the tragedy was turned into a screaming farce, and the farce into a tragedy, through the lugubrious tones of the aspirant for histrionic fame. If good actors were scarce, good singers were much more so; and here I am reminded of an amateur lady, who, fancying herself a first-rate vocalist, introduced ballads into every character she undertook, perfectly inappropriate to the subject, and far from applicable to the sentiment.

Thus, as the proud Spanish lady, Juliana in the 'Honeymoon,' she would introduce 'Sweet Jenny Jones,' or 'Jock o'Hazledean;' as Lady Teazle she

would, after her quarrel scene with Sir Peter, exclaim, "The thought of my once happy humble home reminds me of my *pupular* ballad [so she pronounced it] of 'Robin Adair ;'" and as Lydia Languish in the 'Rivals,' after expressing her disappointment that after all there was to be no sentimental elopement, no becoming disguise, no amiable ladder of ropes, no four horses, no conscious moon, no Scotch parson, no paragraphs in the papers, she would warble forth 'The Minstrel Boy.'

The above lady had a happy way of getting an encore. After finishing her song, she would retire to the back of the stage, and with her hands behind her commence clapping them gently, this generally induced the audience to follow up the applause.

It is an admitted fact that few professional singers are clever actresses, the majority possess the "*vox et preterea nihil*;" and in amateurs it is almost impossible to find a lady who unites vocal and dramatic talent. According to the criticisms which appeared in the London and provincial journals when 'Creatures of Impulse' was performed at Henham, the seat of the Earl and Countess of Stradbroke, the singing and acting—though I say it as should not—of Lady William Lennox (herself a composer) as Pipette was highly praised; and Miss Harriet Young is another instance of a happy combination of two of the sister Muses. I may add a third, as this lady is composer of some of the prettiest songs of the day. No one can rank higher as a singing actress than Miss Harriet Young. She has performed

with great *éclat* as Lucy Morton in 'Court Favour.' Her Maud in the 'Wife's Secret' was thoroughly successful, while her versatility of talent was proved by her admirable delineation of Mrs. Honeyton in the 'Happy Pair.' This lady has sung in all Mrs. March's (Virginia Gabriel's) operettas with the exception of two, and her exertions added considerably to the *furor* with which the 'Shepherd of Cournailles' was received. Miss Young sang with the late talented Prince Poniatowski, the only time that lamented nobleman appeared in London as a vocalist. Perhaps her greatest triumph was in Randegger's operetta of the 'Rival Beauties,' in which she acted and sang the part of Alice Lynn in a manner that stamped her as the best singing *artiste* of the day. Miss Young's principal songs, all of which are great favourites in the drawing- and concert-rooms, are 'Lullaby,' 'La Mirabella,' and a French duet, 'S'il est un charmant gazon.' 'Lullaby' has been highly successful in the concert-room, Miss Edith Wynne having sung it repeatedly with the most brilliant success; her fine mezzo-soprano voice being well suited to do justice to this lovely ballad.

Here I must do justice to another fair amateur vocalist, Miss Mitchel, now Mrs. Langley, who, as Lady Edith Castleton in the 'Rival Beauties,' added much to the success of the operetta by her beautiful singing and exquisite voice.

In conclusion, Miss Harriet Young possesses every qualification for the stage, a pleasing joyous look, a graceful manner, an arch smile, and a voice thoroughly

melodious both in singing and acting. Moreover, her enunciation is so clear that every word of her song can be heard; which is more than can be said of many professional and unprofessional vocalists.

CHAPTER XI.

MISS MIDDLEMASS—MILITARY AMATEUR PERFORMANCES—LAUGHABLE SCENE AT QUEBEC—GARRISON THEATRICALS—MISS MIDDLEMASS AT THE DOME, BRIGHTON—MR. BOOTH'S LIBERALITY—WOOLWICH THEATRICALS, 'EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR,' PERFORMED BY LITERATI BEFORE HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA—LORD MELBOURNE NOT IN HIS—HUMOUR.

"Elle disait son rôle d'un ton doux, mélodieux, sans effort, sans fatigue, et surtout sans aucun de ces hoquets convulsifs qui déchirent les oreilles délicates. Je m'écriai, 'Voilà une véritable *Lady Macbeth*!' 'Comment pouvez-vous dire cela? Il n'y a point d'art dans sa déclamation.' Eh! Messieurs, c'est précisément parce qu'il n'y a point d'art que je l'aime tant: *Lady Macbeth* pouvait être toute semblable à cette actrice, et surtout elle devait parler avec cette simplicité. Si elle avait mis de l'art dans ces gestes et dans son langage, je me serais enfui—"

M. DE. VAUBLANC.

IN the early part of the present century, amateur theatricals were got up in almost every garrison town, in our colonies, to enliven the monotony of winter quarters; and good as the performances generally were, as far as the actors were concerned, there was always a dreadful dearth of female talent. Ladies could scarcely be persuaded to take a part in a drawing-

room entertainment; to appear on the public boards was never dreamt of. The result was, that beardless ensigns had to appear in female attire. At the Theatre Mont St. Martin, a château which the late Duke of Wellington rented near his head-quarters at Cambray, in 1816, during the occupation of France by the allied armies, the late Lord Arthur Hill, afterwards Lord Sandys, appeared as Miss Bridget Pumpkin, and the late Lord Howden as Kitty Sprightly, in 'All the World's a Stage;' and the late Sir Henry Barnard, of Crimean renown, also appeared there as Emily in 'The Beehive.' Occasionally, abroad, professional actresses could be engaged, and when the late Field-Marshal Sir John Fitzgerald, at that time commanding a battalion of the 60th rifles, and myself, were joint managers of the Quebec garrison theatricals, we were fortunate enough to secure the aid of three professional ladies. A few untoward instances attended our winter theatrical campaign, among them the following:—

Upon the occasion of my playing Jeremy Diddler in 'Raising the Wind' on the opening night, in my anxiety to make the most of the part, I arranged with a friend, who had a splendid voice, to sing a verse of 'The Beautiful Maid' from behind the scene, in which I had caused a small slit to be made. The situation is, when Diddler and his friends are seated at the festive board, and he addresses the ballad alternately to the old spinster, Miss Laurelia Durable, and the younger lady Peggy. As Lewis, the original Jeremy could not what is termed "turn a tune," and as few, if any, have possessed vocal abilities, the song

is always omitted ; but I had a soul above difficulties, and procured a vocal substitute. The scene was disclosed, my seat was at the head of the table, close to the aperture ; no stage properties of the usual theatrical banquet graced the board, but sparkling champagne, cakes, and fruit were spread before us. Suiting the action to the word, with open mouth, hand to my heart, and imitating as well as I could the gestures of the inimitable Braham, I pretended to sing the first verse of the ballad. So admirably well was it executed that an enthusiastic encore followed, and bowing to the audience with all the airs and graces of a successful singer, I awaited for my friendly voice to repeat the air, for that extraordinary present fashion of substituting a new song when the old one has been specially called for, did not then exist.

In vain I looked about me ; no friendly voice was at hand, I then began to sneeze, to cough, to fidget, in hopes of gaining time, when to my dismay I heard the prompter shout, "Run up to the dressing-room, tell Mr. Tolfrey the song's encored." Fearing that my friend might have left the house, or gone in front, and as the audience—especially a party of Americans in the pit—were becoming very obstreperous, I felt my only chance of restoring quiet was to address them, after—and a long way after, I fear—the style of the great Robert William Elliston, whom I had often listened to in England with surprise and pleasure under similar circumstances.

Leaving my seat, advancing to the footlights, and bowing respectfully, I claimed a hearing. "Silence,"

"Shame," "Turn them out," and sundry other expressions and sounds were heard, including that sibilant so "unpleasing to an actor's ear." After a time I obtained silence. "Ladies and gentlemen," I exclaimed, "it must ever be the first, the most fervent wish of a performer, whether professional or unprofessional, to please his kind (pronounced ke-ind) friends, and an encore to a vocalist makes him feel with Othello, that 'his soul hath her content so absolute, that not another comfort like to this succeeds in unknown fate,' but ladies and gentlemen, there are occasions, and this I regret to say is one, where the power to please depends not on the will. During the last few minutes, and while your generous applause rung in my ears, I have entirely lost my voice." "Brayvo!" "Hurrah!" from some friendly non-commissioned officers in the pit. "Excuse me then," I continued, "and extend to me that indulgence which an enlightened British, Canadian, and American," a strong stress on American—"public, never refuses to those who, in the mimic scene of the drama, or amidst the stern realities of life, claim their sympathy, their encouragement, and their support."

A hearty cheer from the sterner sex, and the tapping of fans from the gentler greeted this appeal, and I resumed my seat.

"How exquisitely Mr. Diddler sings!" improvised Miss Laurelia Durable, amidst another shout of applause; then to my great consternation, my friend, who had been summoned for the encore, and who had not from his distant position heard one word I had uttered, commenced the words "When absent from

her." Nothing then was left me except to appear as if I had recovered my voice, and with a few contortions, as if suffering from pain, I continued my dumb show. It proved a perfect success.

The above incident will give an idea of what amateur theatricals were some sixty years ago, when audiences went more to laugh at the actors than to enjoy a rational entertainment. In these days the case is very different; we have among amateurs many who could do credit to the regular boards, and if I required a proof of what I have asserted, I should find it, not only in those whom I have already noticed, but in the subject now before me.

Miss Middlemass ranks high as a novelist; as a writer of fiction she has rarely been excelled by any living author, and as an amateur her histrionic powers entitle her to a prominent position in the Thespian Temple of Fame. Unquestionably Miss Middlemass's best *rôle* is Marie de Fontanges in 'Plot and Passion.' In sensibility she is indeed "for tenderness formed." In the affairs of the heart she touches nearer than any performer I know of. Her *répertoire* includes Lady Aubrey Glenmorris in 'School for Coquettes'; Helen in 'Silver Lining,' Lucette in 'Aunt's Advice,' Lady Helen in 'House and Home,' Esther in 'Caste,' Josephine in 'A Husband to Order,' Pauline in 'Delicate Ground,' etc. Miss Middlemass made her *début* at the Pavilion, Brighton, in a scene from 'King John,' and she subsequently appeared as Lady Macbeth in the Dome of the above-mentioned Pavilion, in both of which characters Miss Middlemass dis-

played great dramatic power, allied with intense feeling and complete absence of exaggeration.


The performance at the Dome was got up under my superintendence, and was in aid of the funds of a charitable institution in which my sister, the late Lady Jane Peel, had taken the deepest interest. It was at first proposed that the entertainment should be given in a room at the Pavilion, and that it should consist of songs and recitations. To this I objected, feeling that it would be looked upon in the light of a penny-reading on an extended scale, though of higher price. Such readings being then rather at a discount. As we looked for support from the clergy, and from that class of persons who denounce dramatic performances, a play was out of the question. It then occurred to me, that by giving scenes from one of Shakespeare's plays, and from one of our best comedies, without dresses and scenery, the objection might be got over. I therefore suggested scenes from 'Macbeth' and 'She Stoops to Conquer,' to conclude with a miscellaneous concert and recitations. This was agreed to; I then pointed out that little or no profit could be made if the performance took place in a comparatively small-room, and recommended the Dome.

After a few objections, made by those who feared they would not be audible in so huge a building, my proposition was carried. The parts were cast, Locke's music was arranged for the organ, rehearsals took place, songs and recitations were selected, and the performance proved a great success, the receipts

amounting to upwards of a hundred and sixty pounds.

Here I must record an act of liberality on the part of a Brighton tradesman. As our *corps dramatique*, including their *chaperons*, consisted of about fifteen persons, I requested Mr. Booth to send refreshments to what I may term our green-room, consisting of sandwiches, cakes, biscuits, oranges, port, sherry, and seltzer water. "Upon this occasion," I added "let it be more substantial than ornamental." The order was attended to; a most liberal collation was provided, and, as many friends came from the front to congratulate us on our success, the number of recipients of this good cheer was considerably increased.

Next morning I called on Mr. Booth, with fear and trembling, for I felt that the amount would be a great drain on our receipts: "I call to ask what are we indebted to you? If you will forward the account, it shall be settled at once."—"You owe me nothing. You must look upon the amount as my donation to the charity." To resume: Miss Middlemass has never acted in a theatre, her attention latterly has been turned to recitation before large drawing-room audiences; her most successful efforts have been, 'Eugene Aram's Dream' (Hood), a poem of Hamilton Aide's called 'Lost and Found,' selections from Tennyson's works, as well as scenes from plays, Pauline in the 'Lady of Lyons,' and Beatrice in 'Much ado about Nothing,' etc. etc. In all that Miss Middlemass undertakes, whether in acting or reciting, she exhibits the conceptions of an educated



and discriminating mind, marked by the influence of a rich and cultivated taste. Her novels include, 'Lil,' 'Wild Georgie,' 'Baiting the Trap,' and 'Mr. Dorillion,' all of which have been most highly praised by the best critics of the day.

To confirm what I have said of amateurs acting, I give the following criticisms from a popular and largely circulated newspaper, the *Court Journal*:—

"An amateur performance took place at the theatre in the Royal Artillery Recreation Rooms, Woolwich, on Wednesday, the 31st of January, 1877, when every place in the house was crammed. The attraction was Tom Taylor's and A. W. Dubourg's comedy of 'New Men and Old Acres,' the three principal ladies' parts being supported by a trio whose talents cannot be surpassed on the regular boards. We give their names, according to their precedence in rank. The Honourable Lady Sebright, Honourable Mrs. Wrottesley, and Mrs. Monckton. The undertaking was a bold one for amateurs, inasmuch as it is a very full piece, requiring talent of no mean order in every part; but the *corps dramatique*, under the able management of E. Bingham, Esq., Royal Artillery, were fully justified in their selection, as the result, which was a perfect success, proved. Marmaduke Vavasour, Esq., so cleverly represented at the Royal Court Theatre, by the spirited lessee and manager, Mr. Hare, was entrusted to E. M. Flint, Esq., R.A., and an admirable performance it was; certainly no amateur, and few professionals, could have done more justice to it. His exertions were duly appreciated and rewarded. Samuel Brown requires a

steady good actor, and Captain Newall, R.A., fully came up to that mark ; there is a justness of discrimination about this gentleman which is very obvious in everything he undertakes. He gave the utmost importance to the character, which taken as a whole was artistic. His scenes with Lilian, in which he was ably supported by Lady Sebright, drew down bursts of applause. Captain S. de Lacy-Lacy acted the self-made man Mr. Bunter, extremely well ; his entire performance was highly creditable to him as an actor of taste and discernment. E. Bingham, Esq., was an admirable representative of Berthold Blasenbalg, the whimsical conceit of which character he gave with a drollery that drew forth universal laughter. The part is an up-hill one, and requires a good actor to do justice to it. G. R. Spencer, Esq., R.A., looked and acted the part of Bertie Fitzurse, in a manner that few professionals could come up to. He was natural, easy, and gentlemanlike. F. O. Barrington Foote, Esq., R.A., gave an importance to the character of the lawyer Secker, that could not be exceeded. It was a highly finished artistic performance ; in one word, faultless. G. N. Simpson, Esq., R.A., as the butler was inimitable ; and W. N. Lloyd, Esq., R.A., made much of a very small part. Mrs. Monckton gave that interest to Lady Matilda Vavasour, with which she has the power of investing any character she undertakes. Her acting exhibited throughout the whole of the play the conception of a discriminating mind, for every part of it was perfect. Her appearance, air, voice, and manner are greatly

in her favour, her enunciation is distinct, and her delivery uncommonly graceful.

“If there was a drawback, it was that she looked too young for the part. Lady Sebright as Lilian Vane was faultless. The lighter scenes were given with great vivacity, and in the more serious ones she displayed some fine touches of genuine feeling. As Mrs. Bunter, although the part is far beneath her powers, Mrs. Wrottesley was all that could be desired, and her efforts were most liberally rewarded. The classical correctness of this favoured and favourite daughter of the Comic Muse never suffers her to farcify her parts. We have seen actors—aye, and actresses too—preferring what, in theatrical phraseology, is called “gag” to the unrestrained expression of their own natural humour. Mrs. Pope, as Fanny Buster, went through her scenes with ease and spirit, and well merited the applause she met with. The theatre itself is one of the most convenient and handsome buildings we ever saw; the scenery is extremely good, that of the second act of ‘New Men and Old Acres,’ painted by an officer of the Royal Artillery, is a perfect gem. The band of the regiment, under the direction of Mr. Smyth, performed a selection of music from the works of the most eminent composers during the evening.”

Another critic, on the performance at the Opera Comique, thus writes:—

“When amateurs quit the drawing-room and appear on the regular boards before a paying audience, they lay themselves open to criticism, and few could pass through the ordeal without censure; such, how-

ever, was not the case last Saturday at the Opera Comique, when 'A Comical Countess,' 'Art and Love,' and 'Tears' were acted to an overflowing audience. 'A Comical Countess,' when first brought out, was supported by Charles Mathews and Miss Talbot, and it is one of the most difficult pieces we know of to do justice to. The Chevalier de Vittrac was one of Charles Mathews' happiest delineations, and Miss Talbot looked the Countess to perfection. For unprofessionals to undertake such parts was a bold step, but the result proved that they were quite equal to the occasion. Mr. Bingham, of the Royal Artillery, who performed the part of the Chevalier, is a lively, agreeable, gentleman-like, animated actor, never 'overstepping the modesty of nature,' ever gay, humorous, whimsical, and at the same time elegant. His natural exuberance of spirits was well adapted to the character which he sustained with the greatest effect. Captain S. de Lacy-Lacy gave more importance to the Baron de Borgence than we have ever seen before; he is an actor of sterling powers, rich and unctuous, with an overflowing humour which pours out involuntarily. His Bob Acres, on a previous occasion, was as perfect as art and strong conception can render it. Lady Sebright as the Countess, and as Mabel in 'Tears,' fully merited the applause she received. Of her it may be truly said, as it were of Mrs. Jordan, 'her face, her tones were irresistible; her smile had the effect of sunshine, and her laugh did one good to hear it. She was all gaiety, openness, and good nature. She acted in fine animal spirits, and gave the utmost pleasure, because she had the greatest

spirit of enjoyment in herself. In 'Art and Love' Mrs. Monckton's performance was faultless. In figure, features, expression, in the delicate humour of the lighter points, and the exquisite pathos of the serious passages, the portrait was one in which the most exceptionous caviler would have been taxed to discover a defective feature, or suggest an improvement. She was ably supported by Mr. Arthur Schwabe as Harry, whose performance was most elegant and finished, commanding universal praise. Mr. G. Palgrave Simpson completely electrified the audience as Jackson. Few performers possess such versatility; for he can melt the heart with pathos, or stimulate mirth with keen humour. As an instance of homely pathos, his acting of the last scene was perfect. The concluding piece, 'Tears,' went off admirably well, owing to the spirited acting of Mrs. Monckton and Lady Sebright as Kate and Mabel, while the talented author Mr. Bolton Rowe, we give his *nom de plume*, was all that could be wished for. Mr. Dundas Gardiner, as Jean the French waiter, added not a little to the success of the *comédietta*. His manner and pronunciation reminded one of a real Parisian *garçon*. Last, not least, we approach Captain Arthur Gooch. His drollery was thoroughly legitimate, no grimace, no mountebank tricks, but genuine *vis comica*. Heraclitus could not have witnessed his performance of Gerard Vivian without being moved to laughter, while the actor himself would have remained imperturbable. His great excellence lay in the ease and apparent unconsciousness of effort with which he convulsed the audience. There was no hard straining, or

deep delving for a joke, which came up by reluctant instalments, and produced a consumptive, half-strangled laugh, dying in its own echo. The image is somewhat laboured, like the humour it deprecates. In conclusion, we must compliment Mr. Maclain (late of the Carabineers), who acted as manager of the amateur company, and Mr. Spencer, of the Royal Artillery, who came on as a servant, the latter being an excellent *jeune premier*, as he proved himself in 'New Men and Old Acres,' at the Artillery Theatre, Woolwich. The amateurs were indebted to Mr. H. Souter, stage manager; Herr Meyer Lutz, musical director; and Mr. W. H. Griffiths, acting manager, for their valuable aid."

One of the best amateur performances that I ever witnessed took place in 1845. It was honoured with the presence of Prince Albert, and a brilliant assemblage. The play selected was Ben Jonson's comedy of 'Every Man in his Humour,' and as the caste is a literary curiosity, I give it:—

Kitely	Mr. Forster.
Knowell	Mr. Mayhew.
Captain Bobadil	Mr. Charles Dickens.
Brainworm	Mr. Mark Lemon.
Edward Knowell	Mr. Frederic Dickens.
Downright	Mr. D. Costello.
Master Stephen	Mr. Douglas Jerrold.
Master Matthew	Mr. Leech.
Thomas Cash	Mr. A. Dickens.
Oliver Cob	Mr. Leigh.
Justice Clement	Mr. Frank Stone.

Roger Formal	Mr. Evans.
William	Mr. A'Beckett.
James	Mr. W. Jerrold.
Dame Kitley	} By Professional Ladies.
Mrs. Bridget	
Tib	

The success was complete, every character was well represented, and the comedy was sustained with a degree of spirit and intelligence not often attained on the regular boards. Where all were good, it may be invidious to select any one for especial praise, still I cannot refrain from saying that Charles Dickens's Captain Bobadil was a masterly performance. He assumed the swagger of the "Paul's man" with an ease that belonged to a stage veteran, rather than to an amateur. The perfect change he brought over the whole bearing and manner of the character after the beating, the substitution of a miserable-looking, sneaking wretch for a gallant and reckless boaster, was evidently the result of a most profound study and acute discernment.

It is strange, that although a general love and appreciation of dramatic performances pervades almost all classes, there are some to whom sitting out a play is a bore of the greatest magnitude, a practical illustration of which I experienced on the night in question. Next to me, in the stalls, sat the late Lord Melbourne, who, during a great portion of the evening was fast asleep; at the conclusion of the play, during the time the amateurs were receiving their well-merited reward of praise from all parts of the house, his lordship remarked, "'Every Man in his Humour,'

judging from what I feel, it ought to be 'Every Man in a Bad Humour.' "

On the 3rd of January, 1846, the above-mentioned distinguished *litterati* represented Fletcher's comedy, 'The Elder Brother,' at the St. James's Theatre, for the benefit of Miss Kelly. Forster, as Charles, the Elder Brother; Charles Dickens as Eustace, the younger; Mark Lemon as the uncle; and Douglas Jerrold as the servant Andrew, deserved the applause they received. In the farce of 'Comfortable Lodgings,' Charles Dickens, as Sir Hippington Miff, proved himself a perfect *farçeur*. The other characters were admirably sustained by Mark Lemon, Forster, Stone, Leach, George Cruikshank, and Wells. In emulation of the authors, the artists got up a representation on behalf of the Artists' Benevolent Fund, which met with great success. Morton's comedy of 'The School of Reform,' 'A Day Well Spent,' and 'Bombastes Furioso,' formed the programme of the evening, in which all the characters were capitally delineated.

At Cromwell House, Mrs. Freake has been particularly fortunate in gathering round her almost all the distinguished amateurs, dramatic and vocal, of the day. It was here that poor Charles Dickens appeared for the last time in public, as the getter-up of a drama, in which his daughter took a prominent part. Here, too, some of the best amateur concerts and oratorios have taken place; and recently an allegory, written by the hostess, attracted a large and fashionable audience, who showed by their applause how much they appreciated the piece itself, and the talent of those engaged in it.

Allegory has been a favourite mode of composition in all countries and ages, and has been recommended as affording the fittest available means of giving a lively and intelligible representation of certain subjects or notions.

Of all poets who have dealt in allegories, our own Spencer is the greatest. No other has ever produced so vast a number of those vivified idealities.

The object of allegory is to be simple and natural, and to endow it with a spirit of life and air of actual existence. Such is the case with a charming Christmas Allegory written by Mrs. Freake, and performed with the greatest success at Bank Lodge and Cromwell House.

The music, adapted from old English airs, is most characteristic, the poetry is graceful and sparkling, and the allusions to the duties of all during the festive season are pointed out in a truly Christian spirit.

The scene represents a grove by moonlight, the effect of which was very appropriate and picturesque. The programme was as follows :—

A CHRISTMAS ALLEGORY.

King Christmas	Mr. Brandram.
Jester	Mr. Dundas Gardiner.
Will-o'-the-Wisp	Mr. C. Colnaghi.
Father Time	Mrs. Brandram.
Old Year	Mrs. F. Coplestone.
New Year	Mrs. C. Clowes.

Snowdrop (her Attendant) . Miss Studwell.
Hoarfrost Miss A. Wright.
Snow Miss F. Graham.

At the Pianoforte—Mr. F. Collier.

Costumier—Mr. Nathan, Tichborne Street.

Of the performance it may be truly said that Mrs. Brandram, as Old Time, was a most excellent and interesting impersonation of our *soi-disant* enemy. Her voice, her delivery, her acting were thoroughly artistic.

Mrs. F. Copplestone, as Old Year, acted her rôle in a manner that would have done credit to a professional *artiste*. Her voice is clear, her articulation distinct, and her ease and manner faultless.

As New Year, Mrs. Charles Clowes looked and performed her part to admiration. It was a bright and sunny delineation; in short, a "Happier New Year" could not be imagined or wished for.

Miss Studwell was a graceful and interesting attendant. Miss A. Wright was equally successful as Hoarfrost, and proved that, by attention and study, a minor part may be rendered a prominent one. Her duet was beautifully sung. Both these young ladies merited the applause they met with.

To disagreeable people the ill-natured satirical saying is usually, "You are as welcome as snow in harvest." Of Miss F. Graham we would say, in quite a widely-different spirit, that her Snow would be welcome all the year round. This young lady is a thorough musician, and her notes were admirably suited to the airs she took part in.

Of Mr. Brandram we need say little. As one of the best elocutionists and amateur performers of the day, he fully kept up his well-earned histrionic character. There is one especial merit this gentleman possesses, namely, that of always being letter-perfect, and of taking as much pains with comparatively small parts as he would if called upon to delineate the greatest creations of Shakspeare.

Mr. Dundas Gardiner was an excellent Jester, and a man must be a clever man to do justice to such a character. His splendid voice appeared to very great advantage in the concerted pieces allotted him. We think Mr. Gardiner would make a hit on the regular boards as Touchstone, for he possesses high dramatic powers.

As Will-o'-the-Wisp, Mr. Colnaghi was all that could be desired. He sang and acted with the most exuberant spirits, and his pantomimic action was as artistic as his delivery of the lines.

The whole of the music, notably the Carol, was splendidly executed, and no small credit is due to Mr. F. Collier for his efficient services.

The dances were truly characteristic, and brought us back to the days when England was "Merrie England." In our "mind's eye" we fancied that good old knight Sir Roger de Coverley was amongst us.

I have now spoken of the talented artists engaged in this allegory; but what would their acting have been if the subject itself had not been well treated, and, therefore, to Mrs. Freake the highest meed of praise must be given. In this allegory the

writer has added another leaf to her literary and dramatic wreath.

There can be no doubt that, with intense study, application, and perseverance, even an amateur can become a first-rate actor. As an instance of what painstaking will effect, Fanny Kemble (I give her maiden name), in her work on the United States, records an example in the perseverance with which her father, Charles Kemble, studied the character of Hamlet; and thus, like Irving in our day, made it a finished performance. From the following criticism in the 'New Monthly Magazine,' I find that, in early life, Charles Kemble was notoriously a bad actor:—

"In the year 1791, Charles Kemble made his first appearance as Malcolm in 'Macbeth;' and the audience laughed very heartily when he exclaimed, 'Oh! by whom?' on hearing the account of his father's murder. Charles Kemble was then said to be eighteen. I think he was no more."

CHAPTER XII.

MRS. BERENS—ERRORS OF THOSE WHO, IN STUDYING TRAGEDY
BECOME BEWILDERED BY ITS TOILS—MRS. BERENS AS A
TRAGEDIAN AND A COMEDIAN—HER JUVENILE PRODIGY
AS PRINCE ARTHUR.

“Trop heureux le génie, ornement de la Scène,
Qui, formé par Thalée ou cher à Melpomène,
Egayant, à son choix, ou tourmentant les cœurs,
Fait éclater le rire ou empêcher les pleurs.”

JACQUES DELILLE.

MANY aspirants for theatrical fame select tragedy for their *début*. Studying it in their closets, they acquire its lofty and inflated tone, its high and vehement expression, its forced and striking attitudes, and thus the early studies of every tragedian necessarily become toils in which the mind is bewildered, and from which it afterwards requires a strong judgment or a skilful master to extricate it. In many cases half their future lives have to be employed in correcting the errors of their outset, for the natural simplicity of the voice is sacrificed to emphasis; the easy deportment of the limbs overstrained by action; to start, to glare, to swell the voice beyond its pitch is their idea of passion, and passion is the idol of their worship.

The great end of speech, to convey meaning by words, is totally overlooked, and time alone convinces them of the useful truth, that to articulate is their first duty. Happily, Mrs. Berens has steered clear of the above drawbacks. In her acting we find touches of genuine feeling, free from rant and declamation; her voice is flexible and sweet, capable of all the charms of modulation, musical, and impressive. The management of her figure is graceful; with such accomplishments she would make a valuable performer on the stage; but as there are few tragedians among amateurs, and as tragedies are not very palatable to amateur audiences, Mrs. Berens has not had an opportunity of displaying those high histrionic powers which she possesses to an eminent degree, and which (her figure, eye, features, and expressive action) are admirably well suited to delineate the most striking Shakesperian impersonations. We have seen this lady rehearse scenes in which the most intense passion is developed; here she was stately, grand, impressive; in parts such as Juliet and Desdemona, Mrs. Berens portrays that feminine grace, purity, delicacy, and depth of feeling which Shakespeare has so lavishly bestowed on his heroines. Of her recent amateur performances the press has spoken most favourably, as the following extracts will show:—

“Mrs. Berens as Juliet, in ‘Rose d’Amour,’ performed the part with an ease and animation which would have been creditable to any experienced professional *artiste*; it was throughout a spirited, lively, and interesting piece of acting. This lady possesses every requisite for the stage—a handsome expressive face, a

fine figure, a clear musical voice. Quite certain are we, that if instead of the Juliet of 'Rose d'Amour' she had appeared as Capulet's daughter, she would have created a *furor*, for, in the performance under notice, all the lighter scenes were given with great vivacity, and in the more serious ones she exhibited fine touches of genuine feeling."

Another extract will suffice:—" 'A Happy Pair' was extremely well acted by Mrs. Berens and Captain Hare. Mrs. Berens's acting throughout was extremely good, and we fairly give her credit for being as fine an amateur as we have ever seen."

Another critique on the above performance runs as follows:—"Mrs. Berens put before the audience one of the finest pieces of amateur acting we have seen for a long time. It was wonderfully natural, easy, and to the life. The tearful reproach conveyed in the words 'Why did you marry me?' in real life would never have elicited the answer, 'Well, to oblige you,' if given in the manner which Mrs. Berens asked it—at least, we fancy not. Perhaps the happiest hit in the piece—at all events, it brought down the house—was when the volatile young wife lights a cigarette as she throws back in her husband's face the reason he had given for the marriage. Ladies, taken as a rule, are about as natural in attempting to smoke as in throwing stones. This comparison could not apply in this case. It was accomplished with an ease and gracefulness that the late Mademoiselle Dejaset, whose smoking of a cigarette some four or five years ago took London by storm, would not have ignored. The fairer portion of the audience were wonderfully

pleased with a little retort, which we give for the benefit of our lady readers. As husbands will, sometimes, the gentleman of the piece ordered his wife to hold her tongue. The reply was, 'Pardon me, but that is not in the marriage service.'"

Among Mrs. Berens's many successes, perhaps the greatest have been her *Madame de Fontanges*, in 'Plot and Passion'; *Meg*, in 'Meg's Diversion'; *Lady Amaranthe Allwell*, in 'School for Coquettes'; *Lucille*, in 'Booby the Third,' translated from the French; *Mrs. Honeyton*, in 'A Happy Pair'; and *Juliet*, in Mr. George March's exquisite piece, 'Rose d'Amour.'" Of Mrs. Berens's acting it may be truly said, in the lines of Fletcher:—

"When she spake,
Sweet words, like dropping honey, she did shed;
And 'twixt the pearls and rubies softly brake
A silver sound, that heavenly music seemed to make."

Nor are Shakespeare's words less appropriate:—

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low; an excellent thing in woman."

Mrs. Berens's histrionic talent seems to have descended to her child, for this young lady, at the early age of seven, sang two songs and recited the scene with Hubert, from 'King John,' in a manner that elicited the greatest applause. A more wonderful juvenile performance was never seen.

CHAPTER XIII.

AMATEUR PERFORMANCE—DUBLIN CASTLE—SENSATIONAL LEAP—
WELLINGTON—WESTMINSTER SCHOOL—THE ROD, THE SIEVE
THROUGH WHICH (ACCORDING TO DR. BUSBY) EVERY BOY
SHOULD GO—PRIVATE THEATRICALS IN BYGONE DAYS AT
RICHMOND AND WINTERSLOW HOUSES—SIR FRANCIS DE-
LAVAL.

“Clear laughter shrill from childish throats, on older lips a
smile,
At mimic scenes that for the hour life’s lurking care be-
guile;
For who so stern can look around upon the tiers on tiers
Of happy faces, but must need recall again the years
Of his own childhood, when to him was *real* each bright
scene;
Each pantomimic jest true wit, each tinselled fay a queen;
Illusions that, alas! too soon must fade and vanish fast;
But bright and pure and innocent and joyous while they
last!”

‘At the Pantomime,’ by ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

I HAVE already said that amateur plays are very
differently got up at the present time to what
they were in bygone days. The performers
were seldom, if ever, perfect in their parts, the
slightest mistake would set them off in a

horse-laugh—why such an equine term should be applied to boisterous merriment, I know not,—and no attention whatever was paid to the *mise en scène*.

Well do I remember a performance that took place at Dublin Castle, some sixty-five years ago, when my father was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, which was attended by the Viceregal Court, Wellington, (then Sir Arthur Wellesley) at that time Secretary for Ireland, and the *élite* of Dublin.

Our playbills announced — there were no programmes on scented paper in those days—scenes from the “Lady of the Lake,” and a grand Christmas pantomime entitled ‘Harlequin and Mother Goose,’ altered and curtailed from the celebrated pantomime of that name, recently performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, London.

Temporary scenery was erected, dresses were ordered, and everything went off well during the rehearsals, until unfortunately a day before the performance was to take place, our nimble harlequin sprained his ankle in taking a leap.

To act a comic pantomime without the spangled hero, would be like performing ‘Hamlet’ without the Prince of Denmark, and to find a substitute at so short a notice was most difficult.

An Irish youth, a regular “broth of a boy,” as he was called at college, volunteered to take the part “barring the leaps,” as he did not wish to sprain his ankle; and we gladly accepted his services. Losing no time in ordering a spangled suit, and having my motley garb as clown made so loose that I

could easily put it on and off, I made up my mind to double the part as far as the leaps were concerned.

I then drilled the volunteer into the work required of him, which was to throw himself into graceful attitudes, and belabour me with his wand, while I, as clown, was employed in stealing sausages, pilfering legs of mutton, and knocking every one down who came in my way, according to the approved plan of Christmas entertainments.

The pantomime went off well until towards the end, when an untoward event occurred. The feat of the evening was a leap through a large painted transparent clock, through which I was to take the double leap. When the scene came on, I, as clown, took the leap amidst shouts of applause; then succeeded sundry attempts of the pantaloon to follow me, which were to be continued until I had changed my dress, and appeared as harlequin.

In the meantime, through the magic influence of columbine's wand, the clock had ascended; and when I took what would now be termed the sensational leap, the applause was immense. Elated with success, I was again transforming myself into clown, when the event occurred to which I have alluded. Our temporary scene shifter, in removing the clock, did not give me sufficient time, and when he drew it off, a scene presented itself that baffles description.

In one corner sat the volunteer enjoying that schoolboy's treat, a glass of wine and some cake,

while I, in the other, half clown and half harlequin, my attendant assisting in the transformation, was indulging in the less aristocratic luxury of a pint of Dublin stout, out of a pewter pot.

At first the audience thought it was part of the pantomime, but the sudden descent of the green curtain too plainly told the tale. At supper I was highly complimented for my double leap, especially by Sir Arthur Wellesley, who, turning to my mother, said,

"You ought to send William to Astley's or Sadler's Wells."

"I hope better things for him," she replied. "He looks forward to getting a commission in the army, and we trust to your good offices."

"Well, well, I'll see what can be done, there's plenty of time," responded Wellesley. No further allusion was made to the subject; it was not, however, forgotten by the Secretary, although it did not produce any result until he had long left behind him the pleasant scenes of his Irish official duties, and had commenced his grand career in the Peninsular.

I pass over a few years; when one morning I was called up by Doctor Cary, then head master of Westminster school, and "conscience which makes cowards of us all," gave me a pang, for it reminded me that on the previous day, I had been out of bounds, a crime always attended with punishment when discovered.

Doctor Cary was a strict disciplinarian, and evidently concurred with another pedagogue, who,

when on the subject of education, after a variety of remarks on the absolute necessity of strict and severe punishment in every well ordered school, concluded by saying that he had found by long experience, without a liberal use of the rod it was impossible ever to make boys *smart*. Whether Doctor Cary imbibed the love of flogging from a celebrated predecessor, I know not; but he certainly never "spoilt a child by sparing the rod," and it was said that the system at that time pursued at Westminster was founded on the practice of Doctor Busby, who, for fifty-five years ruled over the destinies of that school with a rod of iron, or more strictly speaking, with one of birch, and who was so notorious for his Spartan discipline that he flogged the boys every Monday morning, because he knew they would deserve it during the week.

On the occasion I refer to, I was wrong in my opinion, for with a kindly smile Dr. Cary showed me the *Gazette*, in which I found myself appointed to a cornetcy in the Royal Horse Guards (Blues), the Duke having recommended me for the first vacancy which occurred after he became colonel of that distinguished corps.

Though rather egotistical, and introducing a little too much of the offensive *I*, I mention the above for two reasons. First, to show what great results spring from trifling causes. To a feat of agility on my part, I was indebted for a cornetcy in the army, and last, not least, because it proves what I have ever since known to be the case, that

Wellington never broke a promise, or forgot a friend.

Let me now turn to Mrs. Hunt Foulston. This lady has a good figure, a face highly expressive, and a voice full of musical sweetness. She is a clever actress, enriched by study as well as nature, with every requisite and endowment for an artist.

Mrs. Foulston has acted at Brighton, Lewes, Shorncliffe, Woolwich, Aldershot, and in London. She has played in the 'Happy Pair'; in the 'Captain of the Watch'; Laura in 'Time Tries All'; Josephine in 'A Husband to Order'; Mrs. Larkins in 'Woodcock's Little Game'; Laura in 'A Handsome Husband'; Lydia Languish in 'The Rivals.' Always letter perfect, ever attentive to the business of the scene, Mrs. Hunt Foulston well merits a place in my gallery of distinguished amateurs, whose portraits adorned the columns of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*.

Private theatricals were formerly the rage in France; in 1780, a performance took place in the Bijou theatre of Trianon, in which the Queen, the Count D'Artois, and the nobles of the court took part. The programme consisted of 'Le Roi et le Fermier,' and 'La Gageure imprévue.' Her Majesty acted the part of Jenny in the first piece, and that of a soubrette in the second. Of her acting it was said, "La reine à qui aucune grâce n'est étrangère, et qui sait les adopter toutes sans perdre jamais celle qui lui est propre."

M. le Comte D'Artois acted the part of a valet in 'Le Roi et le Fermier,' and appeared as a game-keeper in 'La Gageure Imprévue.' M. le Comte de Vaudreuil, one of the best amateurs of the day, appeared as Richard ; Madame la Duchesse de Guiche, daughter of the Countess Jules de Polignac, to whom the words of Horace are applicable, "*Matre pulchrâ, filia pulchrior*," represented Betty ; Madame la Comtesse Diane de Polignac that of the mother ; and the Comte D'Adhémar appeared as the King. The same illustrious *corps dramatique*, represented on another evening, 'On ne s'avise jamais de tout,' and 'Les Fausses Infidélités,' equally strongly cast.

After much research, I find that in England Amateur Performances took place rather more than a century ago, as will be seen by the following address, written by William Whitehead in 1776, and spoken by Sir George Beaumont at the opening of the private theatre at North Acton, Oxfordshire:—

"Sure, some infection hovers in the air !
 For every man and woman is turn'd player !
 No age escapes it—antiquated dames
 And drivelling Romeos breathe fictitious flames ;
 Pale misses antedate love's future force,
 And schoolboy Richards lisp, 'A horse, a horse !'
 No rank escapes it—with a Garrick art,
 Right honourable Hamlets stare and start ;
 And Lady Belvideras everywhere
 Show the starched handkerchief, and squeeze a tear.
 What wonder then, in this theatric age,
 If we too catch the epidemic rage."

The next regulated dramatic performance of nobility and persons of distinction took place at Richmond House, Privy Gardens, in April, 1787, with the comedy of 'The Way to Keep Him.' The following were the *Dramatis Personæ* :

Lovemore	Lord Derby.
Sir Brilliant Fashion . . .	Hon. Mr. Edgecumbe.
Sir Bashful Constant . . .	Major Arabin.
William	Sir Harry Englefield.
Sideboard	Mr. Campbell.
Widow Belmour	Hon. Mrs. Hobart.
Mrs. Lovemore	Hon. Mrs. Damer.
Lady Constant	Miss Campbell.
Muslin	Mrs. Bruce.

This new species of entertainment was frequently repeated ; indeed there was, as there now is, a rage for Amateur Performances, which were often honoured with the presence of their Majesties and the royal family.

Again I find on the 8th of January, 1774, 'The Fair Penitent,' and 'High Life below Stairs,' were performed at Winterslow House, the seat of the Honourable Stephen Fox, on which occasion the principal parts were represented by the Honourable Mr. Fox, Mr. Charles Fox, Lady Mary Fox, Lord Pembroke, Miss Herbert, Sir Thomas Tancred, and the Honourable Mr. Fitzpatrick ; on the following morning that fine seat was consumed by fire.

Edgeworth in his *Memoirs* gives the following description of an amateur play got up at Sir Francis Delaval's:—

“Foote, the author and actor, who possessed a considerable fund of real feeling, Macklin, and all the famous actors of the day, resorted to Sir Francis's. I cannot say that his guests were always ‘unelbowed by a player’; but I can truly assert that none but those who were an honour to the stage, and who were admitted into the best company at other houses, were received at Sir Francis Delaval's. Macklin was our frequent visitor, as he was consulted as to everything that was necessary for the getting up of a play, in which the late Duke of York was to be the principal actor.

“On this occasion, I was requested by Sir Francis, to fit up a theatre in Petty France, near the gate of the Park, and no trouble or expense was spared to render it suitable to the reception of a royal performer. ‘The Fair Penitent’ was the chosen piece, and the parts were cast in the following manner:—

Sciolto	Mr. J. Delaval.
Horatio	Sir F. Delaval.
Altamont	Sir J. Wrottesly.
Lothario	The Duke of York.
Calista	Lady Stanhope.
Lavinia	Lady Mexborough.

“The play was, as to some parts, extremely

well performed. Calista was admirably acted by Lady Stanhope, and Horatio by Sir Francis; Sciolto was very well, and Lothario was as warm, as hasty, and as much in love as the fair Calista could possibly wish."

No mention is made of the acting of the Duke of York. To adopt a phrase from an old popular song, it was probably a case of "York you're wanted."

CHAPTER XIV.

SPORTS—ANCIENT AND MODERN—DELMÉ RADCLIFF'S LINES ON A
FAVOURITE HUNTER—HOMER'S DESCRIPTION OF THE HORSES
OF NEACIDES WEeping AT THE LOSS OF THEIR CHARIOTEER
—CHAUCER ON THE CHASE—THOMPSON'S SEASONS—FISH-
ING.

"Hunting I reckon very good
To brace the nerves, and stir the blood ;

* * * * *
While Spleen lies soft relax'd in bed,
Or o'er coal fires inclines the head,
Hygeia's sons, with hound and horn,
And jovial cry awake the morn.

* * * * *
Then horse and hound fierce joy display,
Exulting at the hark-away,
And in pursuit o'er tainted ground,
From lungs robust field notes resound.

* * * * *
While all their spirits are on wing,
And woods, and hills, and valleys ring."

MATHEW GREEN.

MANY poets of the last and present century, not to go
back to more remote times, have dwelt with enthusiasm
upon the pleasures of the chase. Mathew Green,

who is not generally known, and to whom Johnson churlishly refused a place among the British poets, eulogised it in a poem entitled 'Spleen,' a few lines of which furnish a motto for this chapter ; our own poets have commended the manly recreations of "Merrie England," "Bonnie brave Scotland," "the Emerald Isle," and historical Wales. Burns, the Scottish bard, whose "highest ambition was to sing in his country's service," and of whose poems Pitt declared "that he could think of none since Shakespeare's that had so much the appearance of sweetly coming from nature," thus addressed himself to the members of the Caledonian Hunt, "When you go forth to waken the echoes in the ancient and favourite amusement of your forefathers, may pleasure ever be of your party, and may social joy await your return." What too can exceed the joyous exhilarating, soul-inspiring stanzas of 'My Heart's in the Highlands ;' the pathetic strain in which the Ayrshire ploughboy muses over the sufferings of the wounded hare ; or the beautiful ballad of 'Autumn's pleasant weather' ? Walter Scott's description of the staghunt in the 'Lady of the Lake,' could alone have emanated from one who took an interest in the chase, while his allusion to his "greyhounds true" would lead one to suppose that the great magician of the north was a member of the Swaffham Coursing Club. Another cannie Scot Christopher North, in his 'Noctes Ambrosianæ,' talks in raptures of country life and rural sports, "skating, curling, and grewing" (coursing) ; the account of the latter is so graphic that I must transfer it to these pages :—

"*Tickler*. Were the hares numerous in the forest last season, James ?

Shepherd. Just atween the twa, I gripped about a hunder and forty wi' the grews. I never recollect them rin' stronger, perfec witches and warlochs. What for cam ye never out ?

Tickler. I have given up the sports of the field, too, James ; even angling itself.

Shepherd. Weel, I get fonder and fonder o' growing every season. My heart loops when poosie starts frae the rushes wi' her lang hornlike lugs and cockit fud, the slut, and before she sees the dowgs, keeps ganging rayther leisurely up the knowe, till, catching a glimpse o' Claverse, down drap her lugs a' at once, and, laying her belly to the brae, awa' she flees ; Claverse turning her a thousand times, till, wi' a desperate spang he flings himself on her open-mouthed ; a caterwalling as o' weans greetin' for sook at midnight, and then as husht, and puir poossie dead as a herring."

Goldsmith, of whom one of his biographers says, "he attempted almost every species of composition, and to each gave fresh attractions,"—*Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit*,—gives an animated account of the "bleak Swiss" dragging the "struggling wolf," and "trolling the finny deep" ; nor can anything exceed the truthful yet simple expression which characterises the village pastimes on "Sweet Auburn's" green. In Thomson's 'Perpetual Calendar of Nature,' which for felicity of theme, truth, richness, and variety of scenery takes the highest rank in poetry, I find the author, who was not alone unbounded in tenderness of heart to his own species, but to the brute creation,

bemoaning the inhuman practice of confining the warblers of the grove within the compass of a narrow cage, relating the barbarities and glories of the chase, and dwelling with rapture on the sports of the ice. In our days we have noble and gallant sportsmen, who have evinced their love for the brute creation, as the following lines, written by the late Earl Fitzhardinge, on a favourite dog, will prove :—

Louis, died December 17th, 1854.

“ No cold philosophy, no cynic sneer,
Checks the unhidden and the honest tear ;
What little difference, and how short a span,
Betwixt thy instinct, and the mind of man ! ”

Another stone at Berkeley Castle bears the following inscription :—

Poor Jerry, born May, 1827, died December 6th,
1842.

“ My grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death.”

In the garden of Hitchin Priory, the seat of the late Frederick Delmé Radcliffe, Esq., appears the following lines on a favourite hunter, written by the popular owner of the Priory :—

June, 1835.

“ Guardsman and other noble steeds,
Have died the death, and had their deeds
Recorded o'er and o'er.
And now thine hour has come at last,
Brave Inniakilling thou has past.
Where they have passed before.

Thou too shalt live in fame renowned,
 For hunter never followed hound,
 More honest, stout, or willing.
 And when I look upon thy grave,
 As often I shall wish to have
 Thine equal, Inniskilling."

Pope, who delineated in poetry what Walton did in prose, brings fish and fishing vividly before our eyes ; nor is he less felicitous when describing the "whirring pheasant" on an October morning, falling before the unerring aim of the sportsman. Somerville's 'Chase' stands unrivalled as a poem, and were it reduced to prose would be remarkable as possessing every information connected with the kennel, the hounds, and the game they hunt, and which for practical information has not been surpassed by Delmé Radcliffe, or Vyner. Gay has minutely described the materials necessary for "framing the little animal," and imitating nature in the artificial fly. Milton of bygone days tells us how

"Young and old came forth to play,
 On a sunshine holiday,"

while Longfellow must have had out-door amusements in his mind when he thus tersely wrote the following lines :—

"Gentle Spring in sunshine clad,
 Well dost thou thy power display ;
 For winter maketh the light heart sad,
 And thou, thou makest the sad heart gay."

Sheridan Knowles gives the most inspiring account

of the delights of fox-hunting in one of his popular plays. In addition to those I have named, I find Wotton, Coleridge, Humphry Davy, Paley, Tobin, and others writing in favour of our national sports.

Again, what can be more beautiful than the following passage in Homer (*Iliad*, book xvii. lines 424-442), where in the description of the horses of *Æacides* weeping at the loss of their charioteer, who had fallen beneath Hector's fury, much exquisite fine feeling is displayed. So warm is the affection of these animals that they refuse to move either for blows or entreaties, but stand, like pillars, at a grave, over the body of their master, their heads drooping down, tears flowing from their eyes, and their manes disordered :—

“ Meantime, at distance from the scene of blood,
The pensive steeds of great Achilles stood ;
Their godlike master slain before their eyes,
They wept, and shared in human miseries.
In vain Automedon now shakes the rein,
Now plies the lash, and soothes and threats in vain ;
Nor to the fight nor Hellespont they go,
Restive they stood, and obstinate in woe ;
Still as a tombstone, never to be moved,
On some good man or woman unreprieved
Lay its eternal weight ; or fix'd as stands
A marble courser by the sculptors hands,
Placed on the hero's grave. Along their face,
The big round drops coursed down with silent pace,
Conglobing on the dust. Their manes, that late
Circled their arched necks, and waved in state,
Trail'd on the dust beneath the yoke were spread,
And prone to earth was hung their languished head.”

The great father of English poetry, Chaucer, thus describes Sir Thopis, a doughty swain,

“He coude hunt at the wilde dere,
And ride on hawking for the rivere
With grey goshawk on hande;
Thereto he was a good archere,
Of wrestling was thar none his pere,
Ther ony ram shuld stonde.”

I doubt much whether any more graphic description of a stag hunt was ever produced than the following one from Thomson's ‘Seasons’ :—

“The stag too, singled from the herd, where long
He rang'd, the branching monarch of the shades,
Before the tempest drives—At first, in speed
He, sprightly, puts his faith ; and, rous'd by fear,
Gives all his swift aerial soul to flight.
Against the breeze he darts, that way the more,
To leave the lessening murderous cry behind !
Deception short ! Though fleeter than the winds
Blown o'er the keen air'd mountain by the north,
He bursts the thickets, glances through the glades,
And plunges deep into the wildest wood ;
If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track,
Hot-steaming, up behind him come again
Th' inhuman rout, and from the shady depth
Expel him, circling thro' his every shift.
He sweeps the forest oft, and sobbing sees
The glades mild opening to the golden day ;
Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends
He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.
Oft in the full descending flood he tries
To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides ;
Oft seeks the herd ; the watchful herd, alarmed,
With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.

What shall he do? His once so vivid nerves,
 So full of buoyant spirit, now no more
 Inspire the course; but fainting breathless toil,
 Sick, seizes on his heart; he stands at bay,
 And puts his last weak refuge in despair,
 The big round tears run down his dappled face;
 He groans in anguish; while the growling pack,
 Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,
 And mark his beauteous chequered sides with gore.

Upon the subject of deer-stalking the Reverend James White, who ranks high among the modern dramatic poets, thus writes. I quote from his tragedy of the Earl of Gowrie:—

GOWRIE.

“Why went you not
 To hunt the deer on th’ Ochil hills to-day?”

JAMES.

I went, sweet cousin,—and I killed a buck,
 Antlered as if the forest of Bræmar
 Had lent him two young oaks to be his horns.
 You never saw a fatter. Look, cousin,
 His legs were like an ox’s. He would weigh
 Against two swine.”

And here I cannot refrain from laying before my readers some very spirited lines by the Honble. T. H. Liddel, which I believe are not as universally known as they merit to be:—

1.

“Awake and be stirring—the daylight’s appearing,
 The wind’s in the south, and the mountains are clearing;
 A thousand wild deer in the forest are feeding,
 And many a hart before night shall be bleeding.

2.

"Make ready both rifles, the old and the new,—
And sharpen the edge of the rusted skene-dhu !
Let your telescopes gleam in the bright rising sun ;
We'll have need of them all ere the day's work be done.

* * * * *

3.

"Now brace up your sinews, give play to your lungs,
Keep open your eyes, and keep silent your tongues ;
And follow with caution and stealthily tread
The forester's footsteps wherever they lead.

4.

"Here pause for a moment, while on yonder slope,
He surveys all around with his clear telescope :
By heavens ! he sees them—just under the hill
The pride of the forest lie browsing and still.

* * * * *

5.

"See the herd is alarm'd, and over the height
The leading hinds have advanc'd into sight :
Hold ! hold then your hand till the antlers appear,
For the heaviest harts are still in the rear.

6.

"Crack, crack ! go the rifles,—for either shot
A noble hart bleeding sinks down on the spot ;
The third ball has miss'd him,—but the hindmost stag
Was struck by the fourth as he topped the crag.

7.

"Uncouple the lurchers ! right onward they fly,
With out-stretching limb, and with fire-flashing eye.
On the track of his blood they are winging their way ;
They gain on his traces,—he stands nobly at bay !

* * * * *

8.

"Thine heart's blood is streaming, thy vigour gone by,
 Thy fleet foot is palsied, and glazed is thine eye:
 The last hard convulsion of death has come o'er thee,—
 Magnificent creature! who would not deplore thee?"

9.

"Cair-na-Minghie has rung to the rifle's first crack,
 And the heights of Cairn-chlamain shall echo it back;
 Glen Croince's wild caverns the yelling shall hear
 Of the blood-hound that ran down the fugitive deer."

The above lines remind me of some very beautiful ones, written on the moors. The name of the author does not at this moment occur to me, but he is evidently the "*poeta nascitur non fit*," and moreover he must be a thorough good sportsman:—

"The moors! the moors! the joyous moors!
 When autumn displays her golden stores:
 When the morning's breath
 Blow across the heath,
 And the fern waves wide
 On the mountain's side,
 'Tis gladness to ride
 At the peep of dawn o'er the dewy moors!
 For the sportsmen have mounted the topmost crags,
 And the fleet dogs bound o'er the mossy hags,
 And the mist clears off, as the lagging sun
 With his first ray gleams on the glancing sun,
 And the startled grouse, and the blackcock spring
 At the well-known report on whirring wing."

What a contrast is there between a day on the Scottish Moors, and a modern battue in some of the well-preserved and tamely-stocked-for-the-day

coverts in England ! However, I will not dwell upon this subject, but merely offer a few remarks upon the difference of expense of a day's sporting now and in that of former times. Before detonating guns were introduced, all the lover of the trigger had to provide was a flint and steel gun, a flask of powder, some pellets, and a bag of shot. Now, he must have at least two breechloaders, and a large supply of copper-caps and cartridges.

This leads me to offer a few words with respect to the most abused system of paying other people's servants, more especially indoor servants. Generally speaking, the person that does the most work at a country house during the visiting season is the cook, and he or she (as the case may be) never receives a penny ; the same may be said of the "odd man," who probably does the boot and shoe cleaning work, and to whom a trifle would be a great boon. It is, however, as to out-door servants that I wish to confine my remarks ; the helper in the stable, who has extra work in cleaning a horse after a day's hunting, does not, to adopt his phraseology, ever see "the colour of the rider's money," and often an under-keeper does not participate in the largesse extended to the head keeper. Not that I think the system of feeing the latter ought to be abolished ; for although it is extremely unpleasant to have to put your hand into your pocket, and a five pound note into his, thus rewarding those who are considered to be amply remunerated for their services, it is a custom that usually produces a favourable result. The keeper would, as a matter of course, do his duty to his

master and his friends, but there would be no incentive to extra exertions, and when we consider the laborious and dangerous life of a keeper, who is not only exposed to all weathers, but also subject to the murderous attacks of poachers, and whose mind, as well as body, is harassed with the responsibility attached to his situation, a small gratuity ought not to be grudged. The sum total at the end of the season will probably not be felt by the donor, while to the recipient it will not alone be the means of furnishing him or his family with many a comfort during the inclement season, but will act as a stimulant to further exertion. It too often happens that some rich men "spoil the market" by giving very large sums, thus making the smaller donor look mean in the eyes of the receiver.

I now turn to fly-fishing and angling, a subject which many of our poets have treated most felicitously, and will commence with Smollett's lines in his ode to Leven Water :—

" Pure stream . . .

* * * * *

No torrents stain thy limpid source ;
 No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
 That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
 With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread ;
 While lightly pois'd the scaly brood,
 In myriads cleave thy crystal flood ;
 The springing trout in speckled pride ;
 The salmon, monarch of the tide ;
 The ruthless pike, intent on war ;
 The silver eel and mottled par."

The par is a small fish, not unlike the smelt, which it rivals in delicacy and flavour.

Again, Coquet Dale claims a poet's attention :—

“Now through the trees, there comes a breeze,
The pool the gale is curling ;
Beneath the beam, the glitterin' stream
Is o'er the pebbles purling.
We're no' the sort, to lose our sport,
Because the stream rins clearly ;
But throw the line, 'far aff an' fine,'
And tak' the mornin' airly.

The gleg-e-ed trout, we'll pick him out,
Amang the staens fu' deftly ;
Our flies shall fa', the verra snaw,
Can come nae doon sae saftly ;
We'll 'tice them here, we'll 'tice them there,
What though they loup but sparely ?
Wi' a cast of line, 'far aff an' fine,'
All in the mornin' airly.

When floods come down, a callant loon
May catch them wi' a tether ;
And sawmon roe be 'a' the go,'
For gouks in rainy weather ;
But gie to me, the light midge flee,
When streams are rinnin' clearly,
And a cast of line, 'far aff an' fine,'
All in the mornin' airly.”

One more quotation will suffice :—

“Come bring to me my limber gad
I've fished wi' mony a year,
An' let me hae my weel-worn creel,
An' a' my fishing gear ;
The sunbeams glint on Linden Ha',

The breeze comes frae the west,
An' lovely looks the gowden morn,
On the streams that I like best.

O Coquet ; in my youthful days
Thy river sweetly ran,
An' sweetly down thy woody braes,
The bonnie birdies sang.
But streams may rin, an' birds may sing,
Sma' joy they bring to me,
The blithesome strains I dimly hear,
The streams I dimly see."

Little change has taken place between the anglers and flyfishers of our days and those of old Izaak Walton, and a morning and evening on the banks of a well-stored salmon river or a trout stream is as popular as ever ; artificial flies have increased in number and have been brought to a greater state of perfection, and the rods are not as heavy and unwieldy as they used to be. Thanks to the invention of waterproof garments, the flyfisher may wade up to his knees without running the risk of catching cold. Ladies, too, are to be found very expert with the rod, and with alluring baits catching as fine specimens of the finny tribe as they do (without baits) of the sterner sex. Fishing is one of those sports which can be carried on during many months of the year, even in the winter when the weather is temperate and the weeds, which were strong and high before, are drying and falling to the bottom. The rivers are generally low, which is a great advantage, because the fish are more easily found in their harbours. They leave the shallows and sands,

and lodge themselves in pits and the deepest places. A pike is now very firm and fat, having had the benefit of the summer's food ; and if the weather continues open, and not extraordinarily cold, you may take in part of November, which will add much to your sport, because the weeds will be more wasted and rotten ; but if a flood comes in October, or the beginning of November, you may lay aside your tackling for the season ; for great rivers, like great vessels, being long in filling and slowly mounting to their full height, are again long in falling and settling, so that the water will be thick and out of order, unless frost or fair weather comes to clear it. In small brooks and rivulets it is not so ; you may fish in them again within a week or less after the flood. A pike, "firm and fat," is anything but a bad fish if properly dressed with ample stuffing, but a far more delicate fish is the perch, which, when it appears in a "water zuchee" garb at the Ship or Trafalgar taverns, Greenwich, is a dish fit to set before any *gourmet*.

Stoddart describes the perch to be "a simple fish and one easily captured." It was highly esteemed by the Romans, as we are informed by Aristotle, and its praises were sung by Ausonias :

"Nec te delicias mensarum, perca, silebo,
Amnigenos inter pisces dignande marinis !"

Large-sized perch, however, are not so easily provoked to a bite as the small fry, and will frequently despise the worm or maggot so acceptable to their juniors.—To these saucy epicures, no greater delicacy can be presented than a live minnow ; and the

manner of baiting the hook with this lure is extremely simple, although I confess greatly tinged with cruelty. So much so, that I will not describe it, but recommend the follower of old Izaak to content himself with an artificial minnow, which, if it does not produce quite so much sport, is at least free from all objections, and will not lay the angler open to Byron's denunciation :—

“The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, in his gullet,
Should have a hook and a small trout to pull it ;”

A disciple of Izaak Walton's thus writes :—

The best hours of the day to angle.

“From first appearing of the rising sun,
Till nine of clock low under water best ;
The fish will bite, and then from nine till noon,
From noon to four they do refrain and rest.
From four again till Phœbus swift hath run
His daily course and setting in the west ;
But at the flie aloft they use to bite,
All summer long from nine till it be night.”

The writer then proceeds to give “a lesson short, of every want's supply :”—

“Light rod to strike, long line to reach withal,
Strong hook to hold the fish he haps to hit ;
Spare lines and hooks, whatever chance do fall,
Baits quick and dead to bring them to the bit,
Five lead and quills, with corks both great and small,
Knife, file, and thread, and little basket fit,
Plummet to sound the depth of clay and sand,
With pole and net to bring them safe to land.”

Hawking is now a thing of the past, although the Duke of St. Albans, as Grand Falconer, occasionally indulges in it. Hawking was so distinguished an amusement of early times that, in what has been written on the subject of ancient rural diversions, it has often attained the precedence over hunting itself. This amusement was in high perfection before the period of the Norman Conquest. We are told of Edward the Confessor, that every day after having attended Divine Service, he spent a portion of his time either in falconry or hunting; and Harold, his successor, is represented, in the contemporary tapestry of Bayeux, as brought before William of Normandy with his hawk on his hand. The education of a hawk, so as completely to prepare him for the pursuit of his quarry, was an affair of great application and uncommon ingenuity; and the price of a bird, well-trained, and that would acquit himself with credit in every trial, was extremely high. In the reign of James I.—for down to that period the diversion of hawking was still in repute—we read of £1000 being given for a pair of hawks. A hawk was one of the most affecting marks of esteem that one gentleman could by will bequeath to another. This bird was held to be in a manner the symbol of nobility; a man of rank rarely went anywhere, to war, or to church, without a companion of this sort; and nothing was considered more dishonourable to him than to part with his hawk. There is a pathetic tale in Boccaccio of a young nobleman who had sacrificed everything he possessed in pursuit of a haughty dame; and, at length, as the last proof of

his love, resolves to dress his hawk for her dinner. Edward III., when he invaded France, had with him thirty falconers on horseback, who had charge of his hawks, and he took every day the diversion of falconry or hunting. A statute was made in the reign of this monarch, directing that any one who found a hawk, which had been lost by its owner, should carry it to the sheriff, who was to cause a proclamation to be made in all the principal towns in the country, for the purpose of restoring it; if, in four months, no claimant appeared, the hawk was to become the property of the finder if a gentleman, or, if a simple man, of the sheriff; he first paying a reasonable gratuity to the man who brought him.

Froissart, speaking of Edward the Black Prince, tells us, whenever he rode out he was attended by thirty falconers on horseback, sixty couple of strong hounds, as many greyhounds, and that many nobles and others with their dogs and hawks accompanied the Prince.

The Scythians and Tartars have been renowned for their invincible courage, and their devotion to the chase. "The plains of Tartary," I refer to the year 376, thus described by the historian, "are filled with a strong and serviceable breed of horses, which are easily trained for the purposes of war and hunting. The Scythians have ever been celebrated as bold and skilful riders; and constant practice had seated them so firmly on horseback that they were supposed by strangers to perform the ordinary duties of civil life, to eat, to drink, and

even to sleep, without dismounting from their steeds. They excel in the dexterous management of the lance; the long Tartar bow is drawn with a nervous arm; and the weighty arrow is directed to its object with unerring aim, and irresistible force. Those arrows are often pointed against the harmless animals of the desert, which increase and multiply in the absence of their most formidable enemy; the hare, the goat, the roebuck, the fallow deer, the stag, the elk, and the antelope. The vigour and patience, both of the men and horses, are continually exercised by the fatigues of the chase; and the plentiful supply of game contributes to the subsistence, and even luxury, of a Tartar camp. But the exploits of the hunters of Scythia are not confined to the destruction of timid or innoxious beasts; they boldly encounter the angry wild boar when he turns against his pursuers, excite the sluggish courage of the bear, and provoke the fury of the tiger as he slumbers in the thicket. Where there is danger there may be glory; and the mode of hunting, which opens the fairest field to the exertions of valour, may justly be considered as the image and as the school of war. The general hunting matches, the pride and delight of the Tartar princes, compose an instructive exercise for their numerous cavalry. A circle is drawn, of many miles in circumference, to encompass the game of an extensive district; and the troops that form the circle regularly advance towards a common centre; when the captive animals, surrounded on every side, are abandoned to the darts of the hunters. In this march, which fre-

quently continues many days, the cavalry are obliged to climb the hills, to swim the rivers, and to wind through the valleys, without interrupting the prescribed order of their gradual progress. They acquire the habit of directing their eye and their steps to a remote object; of preserving their intervals; of suspending or accelerating their pace, according to the motions of the troops, on their right and left; and of watching and repeating the signals of their leaders. Their leaders study, in this practical school, the most important lessons of the military art; the prompt and accurate judgment of ground, of distance, and of time. To employ against a human enemy the same patience and valour, the same skill and discipline, is the only alteration which is required in real war; and the amusements of the chase serve as a prelude to the conquest of an empire."

From uncivilised, I turn to more polished nations.

The favourite diversions of the Middle Ages, in the intervals of war, were those of hunting and hawking. The former must in all countries be a source of pleasure, but it seems to have been enjoyed in moderation by the Greeks and the Romans. With the northern invaders however, it was rather a predominant appetite than an amusement; it was their pride and their ornament, the theme of their songs, the object of their laws, and the business of their lives. Falconry, unknown as a diversion to the ancients, became from the fourth century an equally delightful occupation. From the Salic, and other barbarous codes of the fifth century to the close of the middle ages in 1495, every age would

furnish testimony to the ruling passion for these two species of chase, or, as they were sometimes called, the mysteries of woods and rivers. A knight seldom stirred from his house without a falcon on his wrist, or a greyhound that followed him, and in the monuments of those who died anywhere but on the field of battle, it is usual to find the greyhound lying at their feet, or the bird upon their wrists. Nor are the tombs of ladies without their falcon; for this diversion, being of less danger and fatigue than the chase, was shared by the female sex. It was impossible to repress the eagerness with which the clergy rushed into these secular amusements. "An Archbishop of York," I quote from Hallam, "in 1321, carried a train of two hundred persons, who were maintained at the expense of the Abbays on his road, and hunted with a pack of hounds from parish to parish. This excessive passion for the sports of the field produced those evils which are apt to result from it—a strenuous idleness, and an oppressive spirit towards the peasantry. The devastation committed under the pretence of destroying wild animals, which had been already protected in their depredations, is noticed by serious authors, and has also been the topic of popular ballads. What effect this must have had on agriculture, it is easy to conjecture. The levelling of forests, the drainage of morasses, and the extirpation of mischievous animals which inhabit them, are the first objects of man's labour in reclaiming the earth to its use; and these were forbidden by a landed aristocracy, whose control over the progress of agricul-

tural improvement was unlimited, and who had not yet learned to sacrifice their pleasures to their avarice. After a time a better state of things set in; the game laws were less stringent, and manly sports were patronized by our rulers."

Here I may be allowed to digress, in order to bring before the reader the prowess of far distant nations.

Von Orlich in his travels in India gives the following spirited description of hunting the antelope with the leopard:—

"On these occasions the leopard is hoodwinked as the falcons are. As soon as the huntsman is near enough to the game the cap is taken off from the leopard, the leader strokes his hands several times over the eyes of the animal, and turns his head towards the antelope. Scarcely does the leopard perceive it, when he immediately springs forward; but, if he does not succeed in overtaking the antelope in two or three leaps, he desists and quietly lies down. His leader again takes him up into the cart and gives him some meat and water to strengthen him. The attempt is then renewed; but if he fails a second time he is quite discouraged, and is unfit for the chase for some days. The antelope possesses so much elasticity that it makes leaps of thirty or forty paces, and therefore easily escapes from the leopard, hence it is indispensable to get as near the game as possible. But, if the leopard succeed in catching the antelope, he leaps upon its back, and clings to it

with his paws; it falls down; he thrusts his fangs in the neck of his hapless victim, and sucks the blood; and then quietly follows his leader."

I cannot conclude this chapter more appropriately than by giving the ages of different animals:—

A bear rarely exceeds twenty years, a dog lives twenty years; a wolf twenty; a fox fourteen or sixteen; lions are long-lived, one named Pompey lived to the age of seventy. The average of cats is fourteen years; a squirrel and hare seven or eight years; rabbits seven. Elephants have been known to live to the great age of four hundred years. When Alexander the Great had conquered one Porus, King of India, he took a great elephant which had fought very valiantly for the king, named him Ajax, and dedicated him to the sun, and let him go with this inscription. "Alexander, the son of Jupiter, had dedicated Ajax to the sun." This elephant was found 354 years after. Pigs have been known to live to the age of thirty years; the rhinoceros to twenty. A horse has been known to live to the age of sixty-two, but averages twenty to twenty-five. Camels sometimes live to the age of one hundred. Stags are long-lived, sheep seldom exceed the age of ten, cows live about fifteen years; Cuvier considers it probable that whales sometimes live to the age of one thousand. The dolphin and porpoise attain the age of thirty. An eagle died at Vienna at the age of one hundred and four years. Ravens have frequently reached the age of one hundred, swans have been known to live three

hundred years; Mr. Mallerton has the skeleton of a swan that attained the age of two hundred and ninety years. Pelicans are long-lived. A tortoise has been known to live to the age of one hundred and seven.

CHAPTER XV.

ANCIENT GAMES, AND PEDESTRIANS—PHILIPPIDES, EUCLIDES—
THE BOY ADDAS—PELONIDES—MODERN PEDESTRIANS—
HENRY V. OF ENGLAND—LEVI WHITEHEAD—CALILE—THE
SHEPHERD—GEORGE GUEST—A FEMALE PEDESTRIAN—
ROBERT BATLY-REED—COLIN M'LEOD—FOSTER POWELL, ETC.
—ARISTOCRATIC FOOT RACES.

“Then again
Achilles other prizes yet proposed,
The rapid runner's meed. He first produc'd
A silver goblet of six measures; Earth
Own'd not its like for elegance of form;
Skilful Sidonian artists had around
Embellish'd it, and o'er the sable deep
Phœnician merchants in Lemno's port
Had borne it, and the boon to Thoas giv'n;
But Jason's son Eunæus, in exchange
For Priam's son Lycaon, had consign'd
The treasure to Patroclus fam'd in arms.
Achilles this, in honour of his friend,
Set forth, the swiftest runner's bright reward,
A huge fat ox he to the second gave,
And half a golden talent to the last.”

HOMER, ILLAD.

THE circus originally was an open area for athletic

sports, with temporary platforms around for spectators, and ultimately became the grandest and most important of the public buildings of ancient Rome. Here were exhibited gladiatorial shows and other athletic feats. Here flocked the idle pleasure-takers of all kinds, and so passionately addicted were the ancient Romans to the sports of the circus that Juvenal has quaintly remarked that *panem et circenses* (doles of bread and shows in the circus) were the only two things they could not dispense with, and all that some classes cared for. Wherever they carried their victorious arms, or founded a city, the earliest public erection set about was a circus, even if only hollowed from the hill-side or thrown up in earth, and no important station was without one. In this country there is one of the kind at Dorchester, another at Silchester, Richborough and other places. Among other exercises was the throwing of the discus, and Ovid fables that Apollo abandoned for a time his divine character to play at this game, with his favourite Hyacinthus; Homer describes the soldiers during the Trojan war amusing themselves with the discus in their hours of relaxation. Their leaders are also narrated to have been adepts at the game and anxious to outshine one another. The discus was a plate of stone or metal, of circular form, about ten or twelve inches in diameter, and used after the manner of quoits. When launched, it assumed a rotatory motion. It required considerable muscular power in the player, who was called *Disco-bolus*, as he who threw it farthest won the game.

The barbarism which always clung to the Roman

character throughout every period of the history of that people, and every phase of their career, is in no instance more repulsive than when disgustingly depicted in their amusements, and few more repulsive amusements were there than the use of the cestus. This formidable weapon consisted of thongs of leather round the hands and arms, worn by boxers for offence and defence, to render their blows more powerful. The cestus was introduced when athletics were generally practised, and the name is Roman. It was a stronger defence than the *trimantes* of the ancient Greeks; the simple thongs of leather were still used occasionally in boxing, and in the exercises of the *Aganistœ*, and were called *Melachai*, because the blows they gave were less formidable than those of the cestus. There were many kinds of cestus, in some the thongs of leather were studded with nails, or loaded with lead or iron; sometimes metal rings surrounded the fist, resembling much the modern quoit, which inflicted the most frightful blows, and were appropriately termed "limb breakers."

At an early period of our country, athletic sports were introduced, among them jousts, riding at the ring, tournaments, shooting with bows and arrows, and wrestling;—and here I may give Roger Ascham's views of what constituted the accomplishments of the complete English gentleman in the sixteenth century, namely :—

"To ride comely, to run fair at the tilt or ring, to play at all weapons, to shoot fair in bow, or surely in gun, to vault lustily, to run, to leap, to wrestle, to

swim, to dance comely, to sing and play on instruments cunningly, to hawk, to hunt, to play at tennis, and all pastimes generally which be joined with labour, used in open place, and in the daylight; containing either some fit exercise for war, or some pleasant pastime for peace; these are not only comely but decent, but also very necessary for a courtly gentleman to use."

Many of the above accomplishments, with additional ones, have been met with in our day. At the Eglington Tournament, the cream of our nobility, aided by the late Emperor of the French, "ran fair at the tilt and ring;" our ladies and their cavaliers "shoot fair in bow;" our sportsmen "shoot surely in game;" our youths "run and leap well," "swim well," "dance comely," "sing and play on instruments cunningly," "hunt and play at tennis." Wrestling is the only one of the accomplishments mentioned by Roger Ascham in which the modern English gentleman neither takes part in, nor patronises; but we have added to the list of national sports polo, a game which requires first-rate horse- or rather pony-manship; cricket, skating, coursing, yachting, boating, and lawn tennis. At all our schools and colleges gymnastic exercises are carried out with the greatest spirit, and there is no place where they have arrived at greater perfection than at the Woolwich Academy. Here the cadets not alone study the art and science of war, make themselves acquainted with the lives of heroes, get familiar with the battles of ancient and modern times, but devote themselves to those national

sports which, to adopt the phrase of the "Iron Duke," render them most efficient not in the "faint but real image of war."

Pedestrianism being an exercise which, with others of an athletic stamp, has lately risen into much notice, an account of extraordinary performances of this kind, both ancient and modern, may not be here out of place.

Philipides, being sent by the Athenians to Sparta to implore the assistance of the Spartans in the Persian war, ran one thousand and sixty furlongs in the space of two days, namely, one hundred and seventy Roman miles.

Euclides was another time sent to the Athenians at Delphos, to desire some of the holy fire from thence; he went and returned on the same day, having measured one hundred and twenty Roman miles.

When Fonteius and Vipsanus were consuls, there was a boy (Martial calls him Addas) who, within the compass of one day, ran seventy-five miles.

Pelonides, the courier or foot-post, according to Pliny, dispatched in nine hours of the day one thousand two hundred furlongs, namely, from Scycione to Elis.

King Henry the Fifth of England was so swift in running that he, with two of his lords, without bow or other engine, could take a wild buck or doe in a large park.

Among the moderns the following instances are remarkable:—

In 1702, John Morgan, a Welshman, for a wager of a hundred guineas, undertook to walk from London

to the Land's End, in Cornwall, and back again (612 miles) in fourteen days, which he accomplished within nine hours of the time allowed him.

In 1709, there was one Levi Whitehead, of Bramham, Yorkshire, who was so noted for his swiftness in running, having won the buck's head for several years at Castle Howard, given by the Earl of Carlisle. He also won the five Queen Anne's guineas, given by William Aisleby, Esq. of Studley, Ripon, beating the then famous Indian, and nine others selected to start against him. In his 22nd year he ran four miles over Bramham Moor in nineteen minutes; and which is still more remarkable, in his ninety-fifth and ninety-sixth years, he frequently walked from Bramham to Tadcaster (full four miles) in an hour. He died in the hundredth year of his age, on the 14th of March, 1787.

About the year 1740, Thomas Calile, lamplighter, was known as a very swift runner; he beat all his competitors with ease, and once ran in the Artillery ground twenty-one miles in two hours.

In 1749, J. Manser, a labouring man, for a wager of £50, ran from Peterborough to Lincoln, a distance of fifty miles, in seven hours and a half. He was allowed ten hours to perform it in.

In 1753, Matzee, an Italian running footman, ran from Hyde Park corner to Windsor in one hour and three-quarters. The bets were 70 guineas to 50 he did not do it in two hours.

Morris, a noted runner, engaged, for a bet of 100 guineas, to run ten miles in fifty-five minutes, which he performed on Richmond Green in half a minute less

than the time. But owing to the great exertion he made, he broke a blood-vessel, and expired in less than an hour.

In 1764, two gentlemen of fortune walked six miles up and down the Mall in St. James's Park, for a wager of 500 guineas. The winner performed it in fifty-five minutes.

In the same year a man walked two miles on Barnet course, for a considerable wager, tied in a four-bushel sack; he was allowed an hour, but performed it in fifty-six minutes.

In 1756, a man, at eight o'clock, went from Bishopsgate and walked to Colchester and back to Bishopsgate by eight o'clock the same evening; the distance 102 miles, and fifteen guineas were betted that he did not do it in fifteen hours.

On February 1st, 1759, George Guest, of Birmingham, who had laid a considerable wager that he walked a thousand miles in twenty-eight days, finished his journey with great ease. It seems as if he had laid by for bets, for in the last two days he had one hundred and six miles to walk, but walked them with so much ease to himself, that to show his agility he walked the last six miles within an hour, though he had full six hours to do it in.

In May, 1760, John Seagrave, aged fifty-two, undertook for a wager of ten guineas to go fifty miles in ten hours on Brighton Level, by walking and running to and fro; which he performed with apparent ease in half an hour less time than was given him.

In the same year, John Smith, commonly called

"The Shepherds' Boy," a remarkable little man, was noted as one of the fleetest runners of the day. He beat most who opposed him, won several cups at the Artillery Ground, and likewise one hundred guineas by running fifteen miles in an hour and twenty-eight minutes on Moulsey Hurst.

In 1761, four Welsh women walked from the foot of Westminster Bridge to the Boot and Crown over Deptford Bridge and back again, in an hour and three-quarters, for a wager of twenty pounds. They were allowed two hours and a half.

In 1763, a Sergeant in the Gloucestershire Militia for a wager of £30 undertook to walk from London to Bristol in twenty hours ; accordingly he set out from London at twelve o'clock at night, and arrived at Bristol thirty five minutes after seven, having performed it with ease in nineteen hours and thirty-five minutes.

In the same year, a race for ten guineas was run on Kennington Common between Thomas Dudley a smith, and Isaac Voitere a noted runner. Dudley was to run a hundred yards in stilts, while the other ran a hundred and twenty yards ; Dudley won with ease.

In 1765, a young woman went from Bleneogo, in Scotland, to within two miles of Newcastle in one day ; the distance is about seventy-two miles.

Robert Batley, of Hatford in Norfolk, was famous in his youth for extraordinary speed in running, and was well known as an old man among the gentlemen at Newmarket as a great walker, having frequently gone from Thetford to London in one day (eighty-one

miles) and back again the next. He died in the 66th year of his age in October, 1785.

In 1765, Mr. Mullins, a watch-case maker in Shoreditch, near fifty years old, walked without shoes and stockings from Shoreditch Church to St. George's Church, in the Borough, and back again, for a wager of six guineas, in the space of forty-six minutes and a half, having had forty allowed him.

In the following year at noon, a clerk to a merchant in Aldgate walked from Whitechapel Church to Hyde Park Corner, which is exactly four miles, in forty-four minutes for a bet of fifty guineas. He was allowed fifty minutes.

In 1770, during the races at Barnet, an elderly man engaged for a wager of five shillings, to run five times round the course (twenty miles) in two hours, which he performed two minutes within the time, though the last four miles he ran with his feet cut terribly; a very liberal subscription was made for him by the gentlemen on the course. And in the same year, James Parrott, a costermonger, ran the length of Old Street, namely, from the Charter House Wall, in Goswell Street, to Shoreditch Church gates, which is a measured mile, in four minutes. Fifteen guineas to five were betted that he did not run the ground in four minutes and a half.

In 1773, Mr. Foster Powell made a deposit of twenty pounds for a wager of one hundred guineas, the condition of which was, that he should begin some Monday in November a journey to York and back again on foot in six days. He accordingly set out on Monday, November the 29th, of that year. The par-

ticulars of this journey, as authenticated by Mr. Powell, are as follows:—

November 29th. Setting out from Hicks' Hall about twenty minutes past twelve o'clock in the morning, I reached Stamford about nine o'clock in the evening . . .	88 miles.
November 30th. Set out from Stamford about five in the morning, reached Doncaster about twelve at night . . .	72 „
December 1st. Departed from Doncaster about five in the morning, reached York at half past two in the afternoon . .	37 „
Left York about six the same afternoon, reached Ferrybridge about ten o'clock that night .	22 „
December 2nd. Left Ferrybridge at five in the morning, reached Grantham about twelve at night	65 „
December 3rd. Set out from Grantham at six in the morning, reached the Cock at Eaton about eleven at night	54 „
December 4th. Left Eaton, the sixth and last day, about four in the morning, and arrived at Hicks' Hall about half past-six in the evening	56 „

Total 394

What rendered this exploit more extraordinary was, that he set out in a very indifferent state of health, being compelled from a pain in his side to wear a strengthening plaster all the way ; his appetite moreover was very indifferent, for his most frequent beverage was either water or small beer ; and the refreshment he most approved of was tea and toast and butter.

In his next two performances he was more unfortunate. The first was in the summer of 1776, he ran a match of a mile on Barham Downs, against Andrew Smith, a famous runner of that time, who beat him. The second was in November, 1778, when he undertook to run two miles, in ten minutes on the Leabridge road, which he lost by only half a minute.

In September, 1787, he offered a wager of twenty-five guineas that he walked from the Falstaff Inn, at Canterbury, to London Bridge and back again, which is one hundred and twenty miles, in twenty-four hours, which being accepted, he set out on the 27th of that month at four o'clock in the afternoon, reached London Bridge at half-past two the next morning, and was again at Canterbury at ten minutes before four in the afternoon.

June the 8th, 1788, he set from Hicks' Hall on his second journey to York and back again, which he performed in five days nineteen hours and a quarter. On the 15th of July following, he undertook for one hundred guineas to walk one hundred miles in twenty-two hours, which he accomplished with ease, and had several minutes to spare ; went from Hyde

Park Corner to the fifty-milestone at Wolverton Hill, on the Bath Road, and back to Hyde Park Corner.

In 1790, he took a bet of twenty guineas to thirteen that he would walk to York and return in five days and eighteen hours. He accomplished the task with one hour and fifty minutes to spare. He was so little fatigued with this journey, that he offered to walk one hundred miles the next day, if any person would make it worth his trouble, by a considerable wager. Soon after this, he exhibited himself in a new light to the public, by being theatrically crowned at Astley's Amphitheatre, in the same manner that Voltaire was at the Comédie Française, in Paris, some years before. The one receiving honour due to his legs, the other to his head.

In November, 1790, he was beat by West, a publican of Windsor, in walking for forty guineas on the Western Road, and soon after failed in attempting to walk from Canterbury to London and back in twenty-four hours, owing to the extreme darkness of the night. On his return over Blackheath, he fell several times, and could not recover the right road. In the following July he started at twelve o'clock from Shoreditch Church to walk to York and back again in five days and fifteen hours, for a wager of thirteen guineas, which he won by an hour and twenty-five minutes. On the 3rd of August, he walked upon the Brighton Road one mile in nine minutes for a wager of fifteen guineas, and run it back again in five minutes and fifty-two seconds. He afterwards received forfeit of Mr. West, who beat

him forty miles in 1790. They had engaged to go four hundred miles together on the Bath road, which was to have taken place in the month of September. When in his fifty-seventh year, he offered to walk six miles in one hour, to run a mile in five minutes and a half, and to go five hundred miles in seven days. He required a bet of one hundred guineas to fifty on the last undertaking, and twenty pounds upon either of the others. Mr. Powell was born in the year 1736 at Horseforth, near Leeds, and being bred to the law, was clerk to an attorney in New Inn, London. While in that capacity he had occasion to go to York with some leases, to which place he went and returned on foot in little more than six days. He afterwards performed several expeditions with great swiftness, particularly from London to Maidenhead Bridge and back in seven hours.

This celebrated pedestrian was about five foot eight inches high, his body was rather slightly made, his legs and thighs were stout and well calculated for the feats he performed.

In 1774, Reed of Hampshire, a noted pedestrian, ran ten miles within an hour at the Artillery Ground; walked one hundred miles in one day at Gosport; and in 1787 and 1791 he walked fifty miles in little more than nine hours on the sands at Weymouth.

In 1775, John Green, for a wager of ten guineas, walked seven miles within the hour, besides eating a cold fowl and drinking a bottle of wine. In the following month a walking match for fifty guineas a side took place on the City Road, between the above-mentioned Green, and Hancock, a butcher. They

were to walk four miles, which Hancock performed in thirty-eight minutes and three seconds, beating his adversary by about twenty yards.

In 1785, William Woolfit, of Fenton, Lincolnshire, who undertook for the trifling wager of a guinea, to walk forty miles for six days together, finished his week's work with seemingly great ease and cheerfulness. When it is known, that he was fifty years of age, that he was not allowed to walk off the common highway, which was a heavy sand, and he was under the necessity of travelling the whole forty miles each day, between the hours of six in the morning and six in the evening, it must be reckoned an extraordinary feat. Had the wager been a shilling less, it would just have amounted to a penny per mile.

In 1786, a foot-race against time was run over the course at Egham by J. York, ostler at the Crown and Mermaid, Windsor. He was to run four miles in twenty-six minutes, which he performed in twenty-four minutes and a half. A few years before he ran the same distance over Reading course in twenty-three minutes and ten seconds.

In 1788, for a bet of thirty guineas, a man set off at six o'clock from Bishopsgate Church to walk to Colchester and back before eight o'clock the following day, which he performed in an hour and a half less time than was allowed him. Distance there and back a hundred and two miles. In the same year a man undertook for a bet of two guineas to go twice round the course at Ipswich, which is four miles, in half an hour. He performed it in twenty-eight minutes and forty seconds.

In the same year, a young man the name of Evans, for a wager of three hundred guineas, ran ten miles at Newmarket in fifty-five minutes and eighteen seconds, to the astonishment of every one who saw him, being so short of stature. The time allowed him to do it in was one hour. The bets on this event did not amount to less than £10,000. Another extraordinary feat took place during the above year; one McHenry, a clogger of Penrith, who was sixty years of age, walked over the race-course at Newcastle fifty miles in thirteen hours for a wager of ten guineas.

On the 10th of February, 1789, Mr. Abraham Fenn of Hadleigh, Suffolk, ran from the Shoulder of Mutton Inn, in that place, to the Fox in Raydon and back again, which is upwards of eight miles, for a wager of fifty pounds. He was allowed an hour to do it in, but performed it in fifty minutes with the greatest ease. Mr. Fenn was fifty years of age.

On the 15th of March, 1789, a gentleman of Edinburgh walked to Glasgow for a considerable bet. He set off from Edinburgh at half past six in the morning, attended by several persons on horseback, who were interested in the wager, and arrived at Whitbourn (21 miles) sixteen minutes before eleven o'clock, stopt there half an hour to breakfast, and arrived at the Saracen's Head, Glasgow, eight minutes past four. By the bet he was allowed twelve, but performed it with ease in nine hours and thirty-eight seconds.

In September of the same year, Mr. John Stuart of Dunkeld, in Scotland, aged eighty, for a wager walked

from thence to London, being four hundred and fifty miles, in four days and six hours, eighteen hours less than what was allowed him.

In July of the above year, a long depending wager of a hundred guineas between Wills, the famous Shropshire sawyer, and several gentlemen connected with the turf, was finally determined. It was that Wills should go over the space of ground of a hundred miles in twenty-one hours and thirty-five minutes, which distance he performed with great ease in an hour less than the specified time. He began his journey at four o'clock in the morning on Blackheath. A space of ground of half a mile in length being measured, he was to walk over it backwards and forwards. Wills appeared not in the slightest degree fatigued when he had finished his journey.

In 1790, Richard West of Old Windsor, aged fifty-two, started from the sign of the Prince of Wales at Windsor, walked to Hyde Park Corner and back again in six hours and forty minutes, winning a considerable wager on the event.

In the autumn of 1790, Colin McLeod, a Scotchman, walked from Inverness to London and back again, and afterwards to the metropolis again. On the eighth of the following October, for a considerable wager, he set out from the Obelisk, at Hyde Park Corner, to the five-milestone, on the Turnham Green Road, and back again in two hours and twenty-three minutes, which was seven minutes less than the time allowed him.

The year 1791 was prolific with pedestrian feats.

In the month of March, a race was run between Mr. West of Windsor, and Mr. Fozard's ostler, for ten guineas aside, six miles on the Hounslow Road, which was won by the latter in thirty-four minutes and five seconds. West was the man who beat Foster Powell already referred to.

In May, Mr. Eyre, of York, who undertook to walk twenty miles a day for three weeks, for a considerable sum, finished his task with much apparent ease.

Aspinal, the famous Pontefract pedestrian, who had undertaken to walk fifty miles in twelve hours, performed the same on Aberford Common in nine hours and fifty-nine minutes. Aspinal, in the same year, walked from York to London and back again in six days. Again in the same year a very young boy, for a trifling wager, ran twice round the City walls of Chester (three miles and a half) in twenty-three minutes; numerous spectators were present who deemed it a very extraordinary pedestrian exploit, particularly as the youth was only twelve years of age.

In July, a gentleman aged seventy-seven years walked from London to Liverpool in four days, which is above fifty miles a day. This gentleman, of the name of Eustace, was distinguished about eleven years previous from walking from Chester to London, at the rate of about fifty miles a day; but as he divided his journey by travelling to Coventry, he went ninety miles the first day.

Another sporting event came off in the same year, when the noted Isleworth meal-man walked five miles within three-quarters of an hour for a wager of fifty

guineas, and though he was seized with an attack of choleric on the road, he had six seconds to spare of the time.

In September, John Hoole, a hairdresser of Twickenham, for a wager ran from the Three Tuns at that place to Hyde Park Corner, ten miles, in one hour and eighteen minutes. Fifteen pounds to ten were betted that he did not do it in an hour and a half, as he was very short in stature and remarkably bandy-legged.

The same day a foot race was run for a prize by four men, in the same ground. They were to run one six-mile heat, which the winner, a countryman, performed in forty-two minutes.

In June, a young man, for a wager of twenty guineas, walked twenty-two miles on the Essex Road. He was allowed four hours and five minutes to perform it in, and did it within five minutes of the time.

In July, Marsden and Morris ran four miles for two hundred guineas, which was performed within twenty-four minutes, and won by the former by a few feet. On the following day a man upwards of sixty years of age, for a wager of fifty guineas, ran from Shoreditch Church to the eight-milestone beyond Edmonton, which he performed in fifty minutes, having an hour allowed him to do the same.

In August, the famous Warrington walker and vaulter performed a second exhibition at the Artillery Ground. He walked fifty miles in ten hours and fifty-one minutes, and vaulted over a horse at the end of every six miles, and twice at the conclusion. He had eleven hours to perform it in.

In September, Pearson, a tailor, who was to walk three hundred miles in Tothill Fields, Westminster, in six days, finished his journey half an hour within the time allowed him. He won three hundred pounds on the event.

In 1793, William Harris, miller of Peterborough, undertook for the trifling bet of two guineas to walk from Peterborough bridge to Wisbeach bridge, and back again (42 miles) in seven hours and a half, which he performed in six hours and fifty-five minutes. After resting twenty-five minutes he returned to Peterborough amidst a crowd of spectators.

In April, 1794, a Jew pedlar, for a wager of twenty-five guineas, went on foot from Hyde Park Corner to Ratcliffe Church, Bristol, in twenty hours.

In the following December, Richard Brown of Peterchurch, in the county of Hereford, who was reputed to be upwards of a hundred years of age, walked to Hereford and returned to Peterchurch, a distance of twenty-four miles, within the space of eight hours.

In January, 1796, a foot-race of four miles was run over Knavesmere, Yorkshire, for a hundred guineas, between John Brown of Kirby Moorside and Abraham Wood from Lancashire, which was won by the former. John Brown ran the ground in twenty-one minutes and thirty-five seconds.

In the October of the same year, a young man of the name of Weller undertook for a wager of three guineas to run one mile on the Banbury Road, in four minutes, which he performed two seconds within the time; and a few days afterwards a relation of

Weller's undertook for a wager of ten guineas to run from Oxford to Woodstock, a distance of nearly eight miles, in fifty-five minutes, which he performed with ease in eight minutes within the time.

The following feat ought not to be omitted.

In January, 1789, during the hard frost, thirteen men brought a wagon laden with a ton of coals from Loughborough, in Leicestershire, to Carlton House, Pall Mall, London, as a present to the Prince of Wales, who gave them twenty guineas as a reward for their labour. They performed their journey of a hundred and eleven miles in eleven days, and drew the wagon all the way without any relief.

Foot-racing has long been encouraged by our nobility as the following instances will prove:—

In 1638, Robert Carey, Earl of Monmouth, won two thousand pounds in bets by walking from London to Berwick (three hundred and thirty nine and a half miles) in twelve days.

Again, on the 13th of April, 1681, the Duke of Norfolk (Henry Howard, born 1628, and died 1683), and another person of honour, having agreed upon a foot-race to be run by an Englishman and another from Brussels to Antwerp and back, they set out at six o'clock in the morning. In their return, one of them fainted by the way, but the Englishman returned by four in the afternoon, being extremely tired and overstrained, so that he voided blood. The Duke and others gave him twenty-five rix dollars.

We presume by the above that the Englishman's opponent was either a "brave Belge" or a ponderous Dutchman.

The walking match with Colonel Thornton and Mr. May, on which several thousands were depending, was performed by the Colonel on Thursday, the 22nd of March, 1787, with great ease. The Colonel started from the first milestone from Beverley, on the York Road, at thirty-seven minutes and a half past five o'clock in the morning, and completed the distance and near a mile over, in one hour and twenty-five minutes within the given time, which was to walk fifty miles in fourteen successive hours. The Colonel walked the last thirty-two miles in Londesborough Gardens, and what was very remarkable, a favourite pointer of the gallant officer attended him the whole distance, and on the completion of the match, immediately indicated his joy by a prodigious bark.

In the month of October, 1791, a sweepstakes of a hundred guineas each was run for on foot, across Kensington Gardens, which was won with great difficulty by Lord Paget. The gentlemen came in in the following order :—

Lord Paget	1
Hon. Mr. Lamb	2
Captain Grosvenor	3
Lord Barrymore	4

The above-mentioned Lord Paget, afterwards became Earl of Uxbridge, and finally Marquis of Anglesey, of Sahagun and Waterloo renown.

On the 12th of March, 1793, was decided a wager, the amount of which by agreement was to be added

to the subscription for the relief of the widows and children of soldiers and seamen. The bet was that the honourable Colonel Como Gordon could not walk five miles on the Uxbridge Road, within the hour; to be walked in the space of a fortnight from the making of the wager. The day after the bet was made Colonel Gordon, attended by persons on horseback, commenced the walk, and walked to the sixth milestone at Ealing in fifty-six minutes and a half, winning with much ease. The first four miles he walked in forty-four minutes, having sixteen minutes for the fifth mile; he then slackened his pace, and walked it in twelve minutes and a half, having three minutes and a half to spare. There were a great many heavy bets depending.

In 1794, Lieutenant Arkwright, of Sir V. Hunt's regiment, for a wager of one hundred guineas, ran six Irish miles in fifty-one minutes and thirty-one seconds. The bet was decided in the front lawn of the Curragh, where a vast concourse of people assembled. He performed it with great ease in the time, although he had an hour for doing it.

Numerous feats might be recorded equally wonderful as many of the above, more especially those that have recently taken place in the Agricultural Hall, Lillie Ground, and other places.

Among eccentric undertakings I give the following. In 1794, Anthony Thorpe, a journeyman baker, at the Artillery Ground, ran a mile tied up in a sack in eleven minutes and a half.

I conclude with a match on the ice, which took place in January, 1763, when a gentleman skated a

mile in forty-seven seconds on the Serpentine River, in Hyde Park, for a wager of fifty guineas. He was allowed one minute.

I ought not to omit mentioning that on the 14th of July, 1811, Thomas Standen, of Salehurst, near Silver Hill Barracks, finished the arduous task, which for a trifling wager he had undertaken, of walking eleven hundred miles in so many successive hours, going one mile only in each hour. Standen was nearly sixty years of age, and his performance outdoes that which Barclay of Ure, after great training, performed at Newmarket.

• Mr. Shadbolt (known as well by the name of Goliath), a publican at Ware, undertook, for a considerable wager, to run and push his cart from Ware to Shoreditch Church, a distance of twenty-one miles, in ten hours, which he performed within the space of six hours and a few seconds without the least appearance of fatigue.

Before I conclude my chapter, I must refer to the prowess and death of a celebrated Yorkshire female pedestrian.

“In October, 1783, died at Romald Kirk, a village in the north of Yorkshire, Mary Wilkinson, aged 109. When young, she walked several times to London in less than four days, though the distance is three hundred and fifty computed miles. When ninety years of age, she with a keg of gin, and a sufficiency of provision buckled to her back, walked from Romald Kirk to London in five days and three hours.”

CHAPTER XVI.

PUGILISM—JACKO MACACCO, THE CHAMPION MONKEY—DOG
FIGHTING—FRANK CONFESSION OF THE LATE LORD
CHANCELLOR BROUGHAM, AS A PARTICIPATOR IN PRACTICAL
JOKES—BOATING—DISTINGUISHED OARSMEN—AQUATIC FEATS
—A WATER PARTY IN 1717—GEORGE THE I. AND HIS
COURT ON THE RIVER—RIDICULOUS WAGER BETWEEN FOUR
WORTHY MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.

IRUS.

“Rise, therefore, or with fists
We must contend, in evil hour for thee.

* * * * *

ULYSSES.

But move me not to box; lest sore incens'd,
Though worn with age, sufficient force I find
To fill thy mouth and bosom with thy blood.

IRUS.

Beware!

For I intend thee mischief, and to dash
With both hands ev'ry grinder from thy gums,
As men untooth a pig pilf'ring the corn.*

* * * * *

* It was a law in Salamis, an island abounding with corn, that
if a swine entered a field and browsed, her teeth should be
knocked out,

Each rais'd his hands on high,
Then stood Ulysses musing and in doubt
Whether to strike him lifeless to the ground
At once, or fell him with a manag'd blow.
To smite with manag'd force, at length he chose
As wisest, lest, betray'd by his own strength,
He should be known. Each rais'd his fist, and each
Assail'd his opposite. Him Irus struck
On the right shoulder; but Laertes' son,
Full on the neck and close beneath his ear,
Smote Irus with a force that snapp'd the bones;
He, spouting through his lips a crimson stream,
With chatt'ring teeth and hideous outcry fell,
And with his heels, recumbent, thump'd the ground.

HOMER, ODYSSEY, Canto xviii.

Moore thus treats of a more modern "mill"—

"As the Frenchman went down
I tipped him a dose of that kind, that when taken
It isn't the stuff, but the *patient* that's shaken."

Of pugilism, which happily is now put down by the strong arm of the law, I will merely say, that in early life George IV., when Prince of Wales, was a staunch patron of the ring, and upon the occasion of his Coronation, eighteen of the most distinguished fighting men of the day, under the command of Jackson, were engaged to guard the external avenues leading to Westminster Hall, and check all unwelcome or designing intruders. The conduct of these men was so praiseworthy that they each received a letter of thanks from the Lord Great Chamberlain. This guard of honour, which included among its numbers Richmond the Black, were dressed

in the costume of pages, both on the day of the august ceremony and the subsequent one, when the hall was thrown open to the public. Nothing could exceed the good humour and forbearance that characterised their proceedings, which I can vouch for, having attended the ceremony as page to Lord Hill.

Many authorities, among them judges of high character and attainments, have written and spoken in favour of that science described by the poet :—

“ *Ingenuas pugni didicisse fideliter artes,
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.*”

Which may thus be translated :—

“ The faithful study of the fistic art,
From mawkish softness guards a Briton's heart.”

But I own I cannot see the fun of two men entering the ring for the express purpose of pommelling one another, breaking ribs, damaging noses, knocking out teeth, and cracking jaws. Although England will rue the day when the fist gives way to the stiletto, and much as every one must wish to preserve that indomitable courage which has characterised our countrymen from the earliest days of our history, I never can admit that prize fights are essentially necessary to keep up that spirit. To settle a quarrel in the true British style, or to give some swaggering bully what Pulci in his ‘*Morgante Maggiore*’ calls, “*un punzone in su la testa,*” anglicè, “a punch on the head,” is far different from train-

ing men to enter the ring for lucre ; and I am fully convinced that the unconquerable prowess of our sailors and soldiers would have been as conspicuous on the boundless ocean, in the burning gorges of the Indian passes, in the pine forests and on the vast lakes of North America, amid the Pyrenean Mountains, in the citron groves and vine clad hills of Portugal and Spain, in the picturesque valleys of France, in the waving cornfields of Belgium, in the pestilential clime of China, on the rugged steppes of the Crimea, in the wild and savage districts of New Zealand,—had no man ever entered the prize ring from the days of Figg and Broughton down to those of Sayers and Heenan.

Wrenching knockers, pulling off bell handles, breaking lamps, smashing chemists' huge coloured bottles, carrying off golden canisters, barbers' poles, red boots, cocked hats, painted sugar loaves, wooden Highlanders, flooring "Charleys" (as the guardians of the night were called), and upsetting their boxes, were the fashion of the days I refer to, and many a man about town, notably the late "Billy Duff," the ex-tenth Hussar, could boast of a well stocked museum of purloined articles.

It appears, however, by a recent publication, 'The Memoirs of the Life and Times of Lord Brougham,' that knocker-wrenching exploits were carried on to a great extent in Edinburgh early in the present century, as will be seen by the following frank confession of the great man himself:—

"One of our constant exploits, after an evening at the Apollo Club, was to parade the streets of the

New Town, and wrench the brass knockers off the doors, or tear out the brass handles of the bells. No such ornaments existed in the Old Town, but the New Town, lately built, abounded in sea-green doors and huge brazen devices, which were more than our youthful hands could resist. The number we bore off must have been prodigious, for I remember a large dark closet in my father's house, of which I kept the key, and which was literally filled with our *spolia opima*. We had no choice but to hoard them, for it is pretty obvious we could not exhibit, or otherwise dispose of them. It was a strange fancy, and must have possessed some extraordinary fascination, for it will scarcely be credited that as late as March, 1803, when we gave a farewell banquet to Horner on his leaving Edinburgh, to settle in London,—we sallied forth to the North Bridge, and there halted in front of Mr. Manderson's, the druggist's, shop, where I, hoisted on the shoulders of the tallest of the company, placed myself on the top of the doorway, held on by the sign, and twisted off the enormous brazen serpent which formed the explanatory announcement of the business that was carried on within. I forget the end of the adventure, but I rather think the City Guard exhibited unusual activity on that occasion, and that we had a hard run for it."

Among other aristocratic amusements was "going the rounds" of London, as it was termed, accompanied by a Bow Street runner or two—the police of that day; visits were paid to the receptacles of vice in St. Giles's, Whitechapel, Lambeth, and

Wapping, where were assembled housebreakers, pick-pockets, male and female beggars, and other sporters on the miseries of human life. On entering these dens of depravity, the word was passed, and the utmost decorum prevailed. As a matter of course, the visitors had to pay their footing by ordering spirits and beer; the fiddlers then struck up a popular tune, and the company commenced *reeling* with more spirit, though rather less etiquette, than is observed at a ball in St. James's. A metamorphosis worthy of a pantomime shortly took place, cripples "tripped it on the light fantastic toe" and the blind were restored to sight in a most miraculous manner. I have already said that the Cyder Cellars, in Maiden Lane, was a place of resort for the idle men about town, where, after the opera or play, a sprinkling of fashionables might be seen. This underground cave—for it was little better—when crowded, was almost unbearable; the smell of tobacco, beer, and steam from the kitchen, producing an odour far from agreeable.

Occasionally visits were paid to gambling houses, both of high and low degree. Happily these infamous nocturnal receptacles for the most abandoned iniquity, these halls of Eblis, where the arch-fiend was wont to hold his horrid rites, and feast on the destruction of his votaries—*Noctes atque dies potet atri januæ Ditis*'—have ceased to exist, and young men are no longer tempted to risk thousands at some aristocratic saloon in the West End; or clerks and shopkeepers to be cheated out of their money by false

dice, marked cards, and mechanical roulette tables, so constructed that by touching a spring, the ball could be kept out of, or rolled into any hole, according to the pleasure of the keeper of the Pandemonium. In order to lure the victims on, splendid suppers were furnished gratuitously at the West End houses ; at less aristocratic ones the victims were plied with cheap champagne and fiery brandy.

There never was a period when the manly sports of "Merrie England" were carried on with greater spirit than at the present, and a comparison between those of the reign of Victoria and those of her royal grandfather, the third George, would entirely substantiate my assertion. The cruel pastimes that were then indulged in, and patronised by royalty, nobility, gentry, and the *oi polloi* are extinct. Bull, badger, and bear baiting, are no longer tolerated ; cock-fighting is not as formerly unblushingly carried on ; pugilism, which was once in high favour and honoured by the presence of crowned heads, is a thing of the past ; and dog-fighting only now takes place at some low sporting tavern in town and country. Duck Lane, Orchard Street, Westminster (long since swept and garnished, and named anew), was the site of the old cockpit, where the above brutal amusement was carried on ; here, in addition to the above, a celebrated African monkey, Jacko Macacco, showed his prowess by conquering some of the stoutest breed of dogs this country could boast of. At first the feats of Jacko were witnessed only by persons of the lowest grade, but as his

victories increased, and fame blew her trumpet louder and louder at every conquest, the curiosity of the higher classes was excited, and the patricians of St. James's, Grosvenor Square, and Mayfair were soon intermingled, in one undistinguished incongruous mass, with the plebeians of Tothill Fields, St. Giles's, Chick Lane, West Smithfield, and the New Cut. The peer and the pick-pocket, the duke and the "duffer," the earl and the housebreaker, the country gentleman and the Whitechapel "cadger," the squire and the dogs-meat man actually elbowing each other.

To prove how highly the cruel sport of cock-fighting was patronised, I have only to refer to the sporting works of five-and-fifty years ago, when I find among others the following public advertisement:—

"We understand, from indisputable authority, that the Earl of Derby continues to fight the main of cocks both at Manchester and Preston races, as hitherto in the race weeks, and that his old favourite feeders and setters (Potter and Fleming) will be found at their post. His lordship still continues his admiration of the fancy, and has expressed his intention of witnessing the sport." Other battles were recorded between the gentlemen of Essex and Middlesex for ten guineas a battle, and two hundred guineas the main; and between the gentlemen of Somerset and Norfolk for six guineas a battle, and a hundred guineas the main.

Pugilism, to which I have already referred, was high in favour; the proper use of the boxing-glove

was considered part of a gentleman's education, and the majority of young men were early taught the art of self-defence, the knowledge of which tended to encourage the disgraceful fights that constantly took place in the streets. The Five's Court in St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square; the Tennis Court, Windmill Street, Haymarket; and Dan Mendoza's school, near the Eagle Tavern, City Road, afforded sparring exhibitions for the benefit of all. Byron's "corporeal pastor," Jackson, had an academy, No. 9, Old Bond Street, where he gave lessons in the fistic art to amateurs of the first order.

In by-gone days, the members of the old coaching clubs were conspicuous for their gaudy vehicles, their highly ornamented harness, and for aping the manners and dress of professional coachmen; while those of the present coaching and four-in-hand clubs are conspicuous for neat carriages, plain harness, splendid horses, and gentlemanlike costume. The mail phaeton is seldom now seen in London, it has given way to a handsomer carriage; perhaps, however, the perfection of phaetons are those driven by ladies with duodecimo ponies of perfect shape and symmetry.

The French cabriolet, introduced in the year 1816, was a very convenient carriage; and when lightly built, well hung, with a high-stepping horse, and a tiny "tiger" standing behind, looked very well. Its great advantage was that it saved an extra carriage, for it could be driven in the Park in the day; and at night, with an extra horse, was rendered serviceable in taking its owner to dinner or an even-

ing party ; the head, when well brought forward, serving as a shelter from the pelting, pitiless storm.

Ladies ride much more now than they were wont to do ; and with a habit furnished by Poole, a hat from Heath's, they appear to great advantage. Occasionally good taste is outraged by a fair equestrian appearing in a light-blue or grass-green habit, with an unbecoming head-gear. When *en Amazon*, all ladies should adopt the man's hat, deprived of its high chimney-pot form. If a foreigner wishes to see English life to perfection, he ought to walk in the Park any fine morning, during the week preceding Ascot races, where he will find the best dressed ladies, *à pied et à cheval*, with horses worthy of their riders.

Rowing and sailing on the Thames were formerly favourite pursuits with men of fashion. The late Duke of Beaufort had a four-oared cutter, 'The Fancy,' remarkable for its speed ; the officers of the Guards had an equally fast six-oared wherry, in which they performed the most wonderful aquatic feat on record—that of rowing from Oxford to London, a distance of one hundred and eighteen miles, in fifteen hours and three-quarters, thus winning by fifteen minutes. The crew on that occasion consisted of Captain Short, Honourable J. Westenra, Colonel Standen, Messrs. Douglas, Blane, and Hudson, of the 3rd, now Royal Scots Guards.

The original wager was for £200, but no less a sum than £15,000 changed owners upon this occasion. Another notable event was the four-oared match for

1000 sovereigns between the Harrow and Guards' Club. The gentlemen selected for the first-named club were:—

Mr. Slater (stroke oar), Messrs. Cannon, Bayford, and Osbaldeston; Mitchell, of Strand Lane, (coxswain). For what the watermen called the 'Sodger officers' Club:—Captain Bentinck (stroke oar), Viscount Chetwynd, Lord Douglas, Colonel Hobhouse; Brummell, of Vauxhall (coxswain). After a most determined struggle, in which both crews evinced the greatest pluck and judgment, the Harrow men won by about fifty seconds.

The above was followed by a struggle between the Eton and Westminster scholars for 100 sovereigns. Henry Marquis of Waterford pulled stroke in the Eton boat, and won by many boats' lengths. One more sporting match must be recorded, namely, one for 200 sovereigns between Squire Osbaldeston and Captain Bentinck, of the Guards, the terms being to row a pair of oars from Vauxhall to Kew Bridge, each to have a coxswain. After a severe struggle the gallant Guardsman was declared winner.

A few men about town had half-deckers; the late Lord de Ros having one of the fastest cutters of that day.

Steam had not at that period made its appearance on the Thames, and that noble river was open to all who took delight in aquatic sports. A row or a sail was attainable by all; and it was a most brilliant sight to witness the numerous pleasure-boats, from the wherry to the eight-oared cutter, manned by

noble amateurs, and freighted with well-dressed ladies, or tenanted by the worthy citizen with his wife and family, who, gladly escaping from the dust and heat of the City, enjoyed the fresh breeze on the Thames.

Now mark the difference. It is positively a service of danger to be on the water at all; the numerous steamers dodging in and out, backwards and forwards, tugs, brigs, barques, schooners, cutters, colliers, barges, so entirely take up the whole of the river that a small boat has no chance against this leviathan craft; and a person wishing to have a pleasure trip in any of the rowing or sailing boats that now ply upon the river, must not only run the usual risk of the old saying—of there being only one plank between himself and eternity,—but has the additional chance of being run into by a ‘Red Rover,’ capsized by a ‘Waterman,’ having his knell rung by a ‘Sea Nymph,’ being upset by a ‘Triton,’ fouled by a ‘Fairy,’ swamped by ‘Father Thames’ and his ‘Sons,’ immersed in the river by the ‘Ocean,’ or finding himself “full fathom five”, by the action of an ‘Ariel.’

Now that the Thames is sacrificed to steam, and the fire-flies “have taken possession of the no longer” silent river, a morning sail or evening pull on the water are only to be ranked among the pleasures of memory. Oars and skulls are at a sad discount, and the six, eight, and ten-oared boats, formerly manned by the flower of our no-

bility, have, like poor Tom Bowline, become "sheer hulks."

While upon the subject of the river, I may record a grand aquatic procession that occurred in July, 1717, when George I., accompanied by the Duchess of Newcastle, Madame Kilmansegge, and the Earl of Orkney, went in the evening in an open barge to Chelsea. As they floated up the tide, surrounded by thousands of boats, fifty performers, in a City barge, serenaded his Majesty with the strains of Handel, composed expressly for this occasion, with which he was so enraptured that they were thrice repeated. At eleven o'clock the boats reached Chelsea; there the monarch landed, and proceeding to the mansion of Lady Catherine Jones, daughter of the Earl of Ranelagh, he supped, was entertained by a concert, and returned at two in the morning.

The Princess of Wales frequently hired the common watermen, and glided about the same part of the river; and once honoured a west-country barge with a visit, partaking with the men of their homely fare of salt pork and bread, and distributing a tenfold equivalent of guineas. This honour was so acceptable to the master of the vessel, that he immediately gave her a royal title, and expended a great part of the money in purchasing a splendid cockade, as a distinguishing vane for the mast-head, vowing to renew it when decayed.

In our time we often hear of ridiculous wagers, but they were equally common in the days of our ancestors; among others, I find that four worthy members of parliament threw their hats into the

River Thames, laid a crown each whose hat should first swim to the bridge, and ran along the bank holloaing after them. He that won the prize was in a greater rapture than if he had carried a most important measure through the House of Commons.

CHAPTER XVII.

EXPLOITS OF THE BRITISH RACE-HORSE HIGHFLYER — BAY
MALTON—ROCKINGHAM—HORSE-RACING IN FRANCE, 1771-
1825—GENTLEMEN JOCKEYS—LARGE SWEEPSTAKES—HEAVY
BETTING—MATCH BETWEEN COSSACK AND ENGLISH HORSES
—PRINCE OF WALES, AFTERWARDS GEORGE IV.—EARLY
DINNERS.

“See, the course throng’d with gazers, the sports are begun !
The confusion but hear—‘ I’ll bet you, sir ! ’—‘ Done, done ;’
Ten thousand strange murmurs resound far and near,
Lords, hawkers, and jockies assail the tired ear,
While with neck like a rainbow, erecting his crest,
Pamper’d, prancing, and pleas’d, his head touching his breast,
Scarcely sniffing the air, he’s so proud and elate,
The high-mettled racer first starts for the plate.”

DIBDIN.

“Then peers grew proud in horsemanship to excel,
Newmarket’s glory rose as Britain’s fell.”

POPE.

I COMMENCE this chapter by giving the following
lines, which record the prowess of one of the most
celebrated horses of his day :

Here Lieth
 The perfect and beautiful symmetry
 Of the much lamented
 "Highflyer."
 By whom, and his wonderful offspring,
 The celebrated Tattersall acquired
 A noble fortune,
 But was not ashamed to acknowledge it.
 In gratitude to this famous
 Horse,
 He call'd an elegant mansion he built
 "Highflyer Hall."
 At these extensive demesnes
 It is not unusual for some of the
 Highest characters
 To regale sumptuously,
 When they do the owner the honour
 Of accepting his hospitality.
 A gentleman of the turf,
 Though he has no produce from the above horse,
 Begg leave to send this small tribute
 To his Memory.

Highflyer by King Herod, his dam by Blank, was never beaten except once, nor ever paid forfeit but once. The sums he won and received amounted to 8920 guineas, though he never started after five years old. He was the sire of Rockingham, Delphini, Sir Peter Teazle, Young Highflyer, Skirmisher, Omphale, Balloon, Spadille, etc.

The race-horse of this country is said to excel those of the rest of Europe, or perhaps the whole

world. For supporting a continuance of violent exertions (or what is called bottom in the language of the turf) they are better than the Arabian, the Barb, or the Persian; and for swiftness they will yield the palm to none. The famous horse Childers has been known to move eighty two feet and a half in a second, or nearly a mile in a minute; he has run the course at Newmarket, a little less than four miles, in six minutes and forty seconds.

Bay Malton (by Sampson), the property of the Marquis of Rockingham, in seven prizes won £5900. At York he ran four miles in seven minutes and forty-three and a half seconds, which was seven and a half seconds less time than it was ever done in before over the same course.

Childers (known by the name of 'Flying Childers'), the property of the Duke of Devonshire, was allowed by sportsmen to be the fleetest horse that ever was bred in the world. He started repeatedly at Newmarket against the best horses of his time and was never beaten. The sire of Childers was an Arabian, sent by a gentleman as a present to his brother in England.

Dorimont, belonging to Lord Ossory, won prizes to the amount of £13,363.

Eclipse was allowed to be the fleetest horse that ever ran in England, since the time of Childers. He died February 26th, 1789.

Highflyer was reckoned the best horse of his time in England. The sums he won amounted to near £9000, though he never started after five years old. He was never beaten nor ever paid a forfeit.

Matchem, a horse belonging to W. Fenwick, Esq., was most successful on the turf, and equally so in the celebrity of his progeny. He died February 21st, 1781, in the thirty-third year of his age.

Shark won, besides a cup value 120 guineas and eleven hogsheads of claret, 15,507 guineas in plates, matches, and forfeits.

I now proceed to lay before my readers the prowess of the British race-horse, by which it will be seen that the turf is far different in our time from what it was in bygone days.

In 1520 James IV. of Scotland, with a relay of horses, rode from Stirling by Perth and Aberdeen to Elgin, a distance of 150 measured English miles in one day.

At the races at Maldon in Essex in 1738, three horses started for a ten-pound plate, and they were all three distanced the first heat, according to the rules in horse-racing, without any quibble or equivocation. The first ran on the wrong side of the post, the second wanted weight, and the third fell and broke a fore leg. March 30th, 1752, Mr. Arthur Mervin's b. g. Skew Ball, by the Godolphin Arabian, 8st. 7lb., beat Sir Ralph Gore's g. m. Miss Sportly by Victorious, 9st., for 300 guineas each, four miles over the Curragh at Kildare. Skew Ball ran the four miles in seven minutes and fifty-one seconds. In the following April, a little mare belonging to Mr. Spedding ran twenty times round the five-mile course at the Curragh, in twelve hours and a half, for 100 guineas, h. ft. She was allowed thirteen hours to do it in. The next morning for

another bet of 100 guineas she ran the same ground to a minute. The mare was bought by Mr. Spedding for twopence a pound.

In 1754, at Newmarket, Mr. Daniel Corker's roan mare finished her three hundred mile match for 100 guineas, play or pay, within the time allowed her, which was three times, twenty successive hours, and to be either rode, led, or drove. She was rode and had several hours to spare.

At Swaffham Races a mare of Mr. Tuting's beat a horse of Mr. Dewing's, a sixty mile match for 100 guineas. The winner performed the distance in four hours and twenty minutes.

In August, 1763, the Marquis of Rockingham's horse, 'Bay Malton,' at York, ran four miles in seven minutes and forty-three and a half seconds, which was seven seconds and a half less time than was ever done before. At the Second Spring Meeting at Newmarket in 1788, Lord Barrymore's Rockingham, 8st. 12lb. (ridden by his lordship) beat Sir George Armytage's Stargazer, 8st. 4lb., ridden by L. Jewison, Beacon Course, 300 guineas. Three jockeys were stationed at different parts of the course, to show Lord Barrymore the way, but Rockingham scorned their assistance, and passed them all. He ran away with his lordship, and across the flat, beat Stargazer a full quarter of a mile. The doors of the rubbing-house stables were shut, and every other precaution taken for fear of any accident befalling the noble amateur jockey, but the horse, having run so often over the course, stopped at the winning-post of his own accord.

In bygone days Give-and-Take Plates were much in fashion. They were weight for inches. Twelve inches 5st. with an increase of 7lb. for every inch. Thus, fourteen hands carried 9st., fifteen hands 11st. A Whim Plate was weight for age and weight for inches.

Let me for a moment digress and turn to our continental neighbours.

In 1776 the sport of horse-racing in France may be said to have commenced in earnest, for previous to that we have no records to refer to. In the month of April of the above year, two races came off; the first between the Prince of Nassau and the Marquis of Fenelon, who both rode their own horses. The former lost his race, and was very near losing his life by the indiscretion of one of the spectators. His horse fell, and the Marquis, who was under him, received a violent hurt on his head. The other race was between the Duc de Chartres and the Duc de Lauzun. The Duc de Chartres's horse which had won two former races, was beaten this time by that of the Duc de Lauzun; their grooms rode this match, which was for two hundred Louis d'ors. Their Majesties and great part of the royal family were present on the above occasion.

In March, 1825, a decree in twenty-nine articles, issued by the Minister of the Interior, contained regulations for the horse-races in the different parts of the kingdom of France. It ran as follows:—

“The races are to be in eight districts, namely—Paris, Le Pin (Orne), St. Brieux, Strasburg, Limoge, Aurillac, Bordeaux, and Tarbes. Four prizes are to

be given at each race. There are also to be three royal prizes. The ordinary prizes are from twelve hundred to two thousand francs ; the three royal prizes, three thousand five hundred, five thousand, and six thousand francs. The first of these to be run for at Aurillac, the other two at Paris. The horses must run at the rate of five hundred and fifty, six hundred, and six hundred and fifty *metres* per minute, according to their age. A horse running alone may gain the prize, but he must go over the ground marked out, and at the rate of six hundred and fifty *metres* per minute."

A wonderful change and improvement in French racing has taken place since the above period ; and the meetings now held in France are as superior in every respect to those of the days of Louis Philippe, as the winner of the Grand Prix at Paris is to a third rate "plater."

In 1783, a gentleman at Colchester, for a bet of five hundred guineas, drove a mare of his in a single horse chaise from Colchester to London and back again (102 miles) in sixteen hours. By the conditions of the wager the mare was to go eight miles in the last hour, which she did with apparent ease, and had ten minutes to spare.

On the 21st of February, 1789, Mr. Thompson, horse-dealer of Derby, rode an aged black horse from Burton-on-Trent, on the Lichfield road, ten miles and back again, for a bet of twenty guineas. He was to ride the twenty miles in one hour and three minutes ; but, notwithstanding it continued to rain for some time after he started and that he rode up-

wards of eleven stone, he won the wager, and had nearly two minutes and a half to spare. The horse lived only four hours after the race, though every effort was used to preserve the animal's life.

During the Northampton Races, 1791, a race took place between Mr. Benton's bay pony Teetotum, and a black pony, at two four-mile heats. This was a most extraordinary performance, for the highest of them, the black pony, was only thirteen hands two and a half inches, and the other barely thirteen hands; they ran the first four miles, carrying fourteen stone each, in twelve minutes, and the second in thirteen and a half minutes. The odds were eight and ten to one on the black pony, who won by about half a length. The winner had been in constant keep for two years, the other had been but three weeks from grass.

At Machynlleth races, in 1791, the £50 purse was won by Dr. Evans's horse, 'I'm quick,' beating Mr. Lloyd's ch. m. 'Stop till I come,' and Mr. Vincent Evans's horse 'I'm done for.' The above reminds me of a curious name the leviathan of the turf of his day, the late Lord George Bentinck, gave to one of his race horses, 'I'll stop a while says Slow.'

During the October Meeting at Newmarket, in 1792, the following match took place:—Duke of Bedford's Dragon by Woodpecker, rode by his Grace, beat Sir John Lade's Clifden, rode by himself. 15st. each. Beacon Course. Three hundred guineas. 3 to 1 and 5 to 2 on Dragon.

Heavy betting has not been confined to the present day, albeit there has been some desperate "plunging."

In 1793, Lord Grosvenor offered to run Lilliput, a three-year-old, against any of the same age in the Duke of Bedford's stud, for ten thousand guineas. His Grace declined the match.

In 1793, Mr. Delmé, Jun., rode to London on one horse from Colnbrook, in something less than forty-four minutes; the distance is seventeen miles, and the bet, which was very considerable, depended upon the riding it in three-quarters of an hour.

Kelso Races, October 24th, 1793—

His Majesty's Plate of one hundred guineas, given to the Caledonian Hunt, free for any horse carrying 12st.; four-mile heats :

Mr. Wray's b. g. Grog	.	.	.	2	1	3	1
Mr. Robertson's Tickle Toby	.	.	.	3	2	1	2
Mr. Adam's Gustavus	.	.	.	1	3	2	3

The following circumstance occurred during the Stamford Races, in 1793:—In running a second heat one of the riders was in such a situation, that to save his life, he was obliged to pass on the wrong side of the post. This circumstance being sufficiently attested, the heat was adjudged to be run over again, and this rider won the third heat, though not the race. This decision was completely at variance with one of the rules of racing then in existence. "Horses running on the wrong side of the post, and not turning back, are distanced."

"October 4th, 1794—

On Saturday last a match for one hundred guineas,

p. p., was run over the race course at Ennis, between Mr. McCraith's Taffy and Mr. Hallam's Bustler, the best of one five-mile heat, which was won by the former."

On the first of September, 1795, a race took place at Epsom between Mr. Grisewood's horse Crop, and a roan horse of Mr. Harris's. Crop was to go one hundred miles before the roan went eighty; the match was for one hundred guineas. They started about half-past six in the morning. Crop ran ten times round the course, which is twenty miles, in about an hour and a minute, and going round the eleventh time was almost knocked up. The other horse was also so tired as not to be able to make even a trot, so that they walked the course with their riders on their backs, people going before them with a bowl of oats, and a handful of hay to entice them on; and by that time Mr. Harris's horse had gone eighty miles. Crop had gone ninety-four, so that he lost by six miles. Crop was sold immediately after this race for five guineas to Mr. Skinner, who kept him till he died, which was eight years, during which time he won Mr. Skinner five hundred pounds in different matches.

On the 15th of August, 1796, a match was run over Newmarket, between Mr. Burgh's Cricketer and Mr. Corrie's Bob, carrying 12st. each, for one hundred guineas, the best of three four-mile heats, play or pay; when after three heats of desperate running, neck and neck, it terminated in favour of Mr. Corrie, who won by the third of a length only. The odds at starting were 5 to 4 on Cricketer.

In September of the same year, a Yorkshire clothier, for a wager of twenty guineas rode his pony, an aged animal, not quite fourteen hands high, eighty miles in eleven hours and fifty-five minutes on the road to Morpeth. The rider weighed fourteen stone eight pounds, and was allowed thirteen hours to perform this extraordinary feat, which, however, he performed in the above time without much seeming hurt to himself or his nag. The odds were 10 to 1 against the clothier at starting, but the last twenty miles the same odds were in his favour. It is remarkable, that the pony was of the common cart kind, and had brought a heavy load of cloth out of Yorkshire, but a few days before. During the same month a foot race was run between Lord Frederick Beauclerk and a fishmonger; the distance, one hundred and twenty yards, which was won by his lordship.

In September, 1796, a race at Ennis, in Ireland, furnished a circumstance unequalled in the annals of the turf, but verified by thousands of spectators. Atalanta, a mare belonging to Mr. Eyre, took the lead of three other horses that entered for the £50 plate; she had, however, scarcely run half a mile, when she fell and dropped her rider; recovering herself immediately, she dashed forward, and preserved the lead to the end of the heat, during which time she had to pass her stable and the winning-post twice, nor did she stop till the flag was dropped to the winning horse, when she ceased the race, trotted up a few paces, and then wheeling round came up to the scales as is usual at the end of each heat to have the jockies weighed. During the race Atalanta frequently

looked behind her, and quickened her pace as the other horses approached her, greatly to the astonishment, as well as entertainment, of the beholders.

In 1792, the coachman belonging to John Palmer Chichester, Esq., being sent express for a physician, rode a horse of his master's from Arlington to Exeter, a distance of forty-seven miles, and a bad road, in three hours and forty-seven minutes. The coachman weighed 14st.

The following is perhaps the most remarkable race on record, two out of the four horses entered running twenty miles for eighty pounds.

Mr. Stapleton's ch. c. Parlington, 4	
years old, 6st. 10lb. 8oz.	0 3 2 1 1
Mr. Garforth's gr. c. Young Pacolet,	
4 years old, 6st. 8lb. 12oz.	0 4 1 2 2
Mr. Golding's b. c. Billy, 4 years old,	
6st. 3lb. 8oz.	4 1 dist.
Mr. Allanson's br. c. Dusty Miller, 3	
years old, 6st. 5lb. 4oz.	3 2 dist.

In the third heat Billy was thrown down by a man crossing the course. The betting varied considerable. Parlington the favourite. After the first heat 7 to 4 on Billy. After the second heat 3 and 4 to 1 on Billy. After the third heat 3 and 4 to 1 on Young Pacolet. After the fourth heat 6 and 7 to 4 on Parlington. The last heat was run in the dark.

At Preston, too, in July, 1794, I find the following:—

The Members' Purse of £50, for all ages, three years old excepted. Four miles.

Mr. Crompton's b. f. Drowsy, 4 years old	0 4 3 1 1
Mr. Lockley's br. h. Telescope, aged .	3 2 1 2 2
Mr. Clifton's b. h. Citizen, aged .	5 1 4 3 3
Mr. Lord's b. m. Mulespinner, 5 years old	0 3 2 dr.
Mr. Hamilton's ch. h. Young Traveller 6 years old	4 5 dr.

In the month of May of the above year the following race was run at Carlisle for the four-year-old plate. Heats, two miles :—

D. Dunn's b. c. Calabora	1 7 0 3 0 1
Duke of Bolton's b. c. Bold Burton	8 5 6 1 0 2
Mr. Brompton's b. f. Stella . . .	3 1 4 5 3 3
Mr. Pearson's ch. c. Heart of Oak .	5 3 0 2 0
Mr. Taylor's b. c. Cuddle-me- Cuddy	2 6 3 4 dr.
Sir John Lowther's b. f. Scotch Moggy	7 4 7 6 dr.
Mr. Shafto's b. c. Brilliant . . .	4 2 5 dist., fell, rider killed.
Mr. Holme's gr. c. Tyro	6 dist., fell.

Again, at Boroughbridge, 1794, I find that for a £50 plate, three-mile heats, four horses started :—

Mr. Crompton's f. Drowsy	.	.	1	3	3	3	1
Mr. Clinton's b. h. Chariot	.	.	4	2	0	1	2
Mr. Ridley's Heiress	.	.	3	1	0	2	3
Sir H. Williamson's Treecreeper	.	.	2	4	4	dist.	

At Catterick Bridge, Wednesday, March 30th, 1796, a plate of £50 was given to be run for; three-mile heats.

Three-year old 7st. 10lb. Four-year old 8st. 7lb. Five-year old 8st. 12lb. Six-year old, and aged, 9st.

Mr. Smith's f. Miss Anne by Delphini,							
3 years old	3	5 1 1
Sir H. Williamson's b. c. Septem, 3 years							
old	6	1 2 2
Mr. A. Allan's b. c. Expectation, 3 years							
old	1	2 5 dr.
Mr. Robinson's b. c. Hero, 3 years old	2	4 3
Mr. Parkin's c. Royal Oak, 4 years old	4	5 4
Mr. Sitwell's br. c., 3 years old	7	6 dr.
Mr. Barringdole's m. Luckless, 5 years							
old	5	dr.

At Bedford, I find a plate for £50 run for, four-mile heats :—

Lord Grosvenor's br. c. Rowland by							
Pot 8 o's, 4 years old	0	2 1 1
Lord Clermont's Paynator, 5 years old	0	1 3 2
Mr. Addy's b. h. Exton, 5 years	3	3 2 dr.

In the early part of 1795, a match was run over the racecourse at Doncaster, one four-mile heat, for a stake of two hundred guineas, between Mr. Sitwell's grey mare and Mr. Johnson's chestnut gelding; carrying 16st. each, won by the former. It was a hard race, and most powerfully contested.

At the first Spring Meeting at Newmarket, the following match was made:—Mr. Cauty's Alderman against M. Mazzinghi's bay mare; feather weights; one-mile heats; with this condition, that they are to leap over a five-foot bar, to be placed at the end of each of the first three quarters of the mile. Mr. Cauty to stake £400 to £200, h. ft. The match never came off; Mr. Cauty receiving 50 guineas forfeit.

To show that turfites of bygone days subscribed largely to sweepstakes, I select the following from the Craven Meeting at Newmarket in 1793:—

Sweepstakes of five hundred guineas each, h. ft., by colts and fillies rising three years old, colts 8st. 4lb., fillies 8st., across the flat; three subscribers. A dead heat between the Duke of Bedford's brother to Skyscraper, and Lord Grosvenor's Druid, who divided the forfeit paid by Lord Derby's brother to Sir Peter Teazle, and Sir G. Armytage's filly by Dunganon.

A Sweepstake of two hundred guineas each for fillies rising three years old; four subscribers; three started; and one of two hundred guineas each for colts rising three years old; seven subscribers; three paid forfeit; were won by the Duke of Bedford's Rachel and brother to Skyscraper.

Sweepstakes of two hundred guineas each; three subscribers; one paying forfeit; won by the Duke of Bedford's Nerissa.

Sweepstakes of five hundred guineas each; three subscribers; one paid forfeit; won by Mr. Bullock's filly by Dungannon, three years old.

Sweepstakes of two hundred guineas each for colts rising three years old; three subscribers; one paid forfeit; won by Lord Egremont's brother to Precipitate.

Lord Grosvenor's Cayenne walked over for a sweepstakes, two hundred guineas each, h. ft.; seven paying forfeit.

Sweepstakes of two hundred guineas each; three subscribers; won by Lord Grosvenor's Brobdignag, beating two others.

Sweepstakes of one thousand guineas each, h. ft.; won by Lord Grosvenor's Druid, beating Duke of Bedford's Hydra; Lord Grosvenor paying one forfeit.

Sweepstakes two hundred guineas each, h. ft.; won by Duke of Bedford's Nerissa, beating three others.

Sweepstakes of one hundred guineas each, h. ft.; won by Mr. Taylor's St. George; five others; nine paying forfeit.

Sweepstakes of three hundred guineas each, h. ft.; won by Lord Grosvenor's Skylark, beating one other, and receiving one forfeit. By the above races, the Duke of Bedford won 2550 guineas in stakes, and Lord Grosvenor 3450.

A match between two English horses and two Cossack horses, for seventy-one versts or forty-seven

English miles and a third, took place in 1825; and was won by one of the English horses. The match was originally proposed by the Cossack General, Count Orloff Dencessoff, Generals Alexeij Orloff, Vassiltshixoff, Levascheff, and Prince Dolgorouki, the master of the horse, and was accepted by Count Matuszewic. The stakes were 50,000 roubles, and the road fixed upon was from the Ligova canal through Zarskoe-selo to Gatchina, a distance of thirty-five versts and a half, and back to the starting-post. The road is paved at the bottom, and the surface very hard and stony. The Cossack party had taken every precaution to procure the best horses of the breed. Count Orloff Dencessoff went himself to the Don, in order to pick them out; and there was not a tribe of the Cossacks which did not furnish its quota. Cossacks of the Don, the Black Sea, and the Ural, Calmucks, Bashkirs, and Kirquees, all sent their most celebrated steeds; and in this way above twenty horses arrived at St. Petersburg, from which the two best were selected after a variety of trials, which rendered their party quite confident of success.

In the meantime the English horses were neither seen nor heard of. It was only known that Count Matuszewic had imported some for the purpose, with grooms to train and jockeys to ride them; all the English party went on steadily backing their horses, though the odds were against them, without alarming themselves at the whispered miraculous trials of the Cossacks.

The day arrived and the horses fixed upon were a bay Cossack of the stud of the late well-known

Hetman Count Platoff, and a chestnut, Zeonide, of the stud of Count Kutsinikoff. The former was rather a coarse vulgar animal, high in the hips, but good in the loins, and showing considerable powers. The latter, though bred on the Don, was a very neat horse, betraying clearly its Arabian descent. The English horses brought to the post by Count Matuszewic were Sharper by Octavius, dam by Gohanna, bred by the Earl of Egremont, and Mina by Orville, out of Barrosa by Vermin, bred by Lord George Cavendish.

The horses started at five minutes past five in the morning, the Cossacks leading on one side of the road at a moderate pace, and the English following on the other side about three or four lengths behind. Before they had gone half a verst, the stirrup iron of Thomas Arthur, who rode Sharper, broke in the eye, and the horse ran away with him, passing Mina, who would not stop behind. Owing to this unfortunate accident, the two English horses ran at a tremendous rate up Pulkova Hill, and through Zarskoe-selo, bidding defiance to the utmost exertions of their riders to pacify them; the Cossacks following about two hundred yards behind. The English horses arrived at Gatchina in one hour and four minutes, the Cossacks coming in two minutes after them. Here the two English were quite fresh and full of running, as was the chestnut Cossack also, but the bay was already very much distressed, and fell about three versts after turning, never again appearing in the race. Before reaching Zarskoe-selo on their return, Mina burst his coronet, from the hardness of the road,

and was immediately pulled up and taken to a stable at that place. Soon after this, the remaining Cossack began to flag; and the accompanying Cossacks, contrary to all rule, began to drag him by the bridle, throwing away the saddle, and putting a mere child on his back. Before reaching Pulkova Hill, Sharper showed the effects of the pace he had gone when running away at the early part of the race, and on descending the hill was much distressed; still it was evident he must win, in spite of the foul play of the Cossacks, who now fairly carried on their horse, some dragging him on by a rope, and the bridle at his head, others actually pulling him on by the tail, and riding alongside of his quarters to support him, and push him along, relieving each other repeatedly in this fatiguing employment. Sharper cantered in much distressed, but game enough to have gone considerably further. He did the whole distance in two hours forty-eight minutes and forty seconds; and had it not been for his running away, might have done it in less time, without being so much distressed. The Cossack was warped, and carried in eight minutes after him; and, had he been left to himself and his rider, would, undoubtedly, have remained at Pulkova Hill. The English horses, at starting, carried full three stone more than the Cossacks, and during the latter half of the race, the difference was still greater, as the Cossacks had a mere child on their horse for form's sake.

The concourse of spectators was immense; and amongst others, their Imperial Highnesses the Grand Dukes Nicholas and Michael honoured the race with

their presence. The road, for the whole distance, was lined by the Cossacks of the Guards at regular intervals; and some telegraphic movements of their lances, unintelligible to any but the initiated, occasioned some brisk betting at one moment during the race, for which they suffered at the end.

It will surprise the sportsman of the present day to be told that when the Prince of Wales, at that time in his twenty-second year, attended the Epsom meeting with their Majesties George the Third and Queen Charlotte, the royal party dined at Richmond, and afterwards proceeded to the course to witness the races. I cannot finish this chapter more appropriately than with the following lines of a song so admirably sung by the fascinating Miss Foote, afterwards Countess of Harrington:—

“ When first I strove to win the prize,
I felt my youthful spirits rise,
Hopes’ crimsoned flush illum’d my face,
And all my soul was in the race.
When weigh’d and mounted, ’twas my pride,
Before the starting post to ride.
My rivals drest in red and green,
But I in simple yellow seen.
In stands around the ladies swarm,
And mark with smiles my tender form.
Their lovely looks now ardour raise,
For beauty’s smile is merit’s praise.
The flag is dropt, the sign to start,
Fleet as the winds all forward dart,
And tho’ the odds against me lay,
The boy in yellow wins the day.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

EQUESTRIAN AND PEDESTRIAN FEATS—DRIVING AND TROTTING
MATCHES—A HORSE TAMER—HORSE CAUSE—LORD CHIEF
JUSTICE ALVANLEY.

“But all the people, by Achilles still
Detain’d, there sitting, form’d a spacious ring,
And he the destin’d prizes from his fleet
produc’d.
Fair prizes to the swiftest charioteers
He first propos’d; discreet, ingenious, fair
A damsel, with a tripod double-ear’d,
Of twenty-and-two summers for the first;
And for the second, an unbroken mare,
Six years her age.
A caldron of four measures, the third
Awaited: To the fourth he gave
Two golden talents, and unsullied yet
By use, a twincard phial to the fifth.”

HOMER, ILLAD.

IN 1745, Mr. Cooper Thornhill of the Bell Inn, Stilton, made a match, for a considerable sum, to ride three times between Stilton and London. He was to be allowed as many horses as he pleased, and to perform it in fifteen hours. He accordingly started on Monday, April 29th, and rode:

	H.	M.	S.
From Stilton to Shoreditch, London, seventy-one miles in . . .	3	52	59
From London to Stilton . . .	3	50	57
From Stilton to London . . .	3	49	56

Which was two hundred and thirteen miles, in eleven hours thirty-three minutes and fifty-two seconds; and three hours twenty-six minutes and eight seconds within the time allowed him.

In 1750, a gentleman drove a single-horse chaise, fifty miles on the Hertford Road, for a considerable wager. He had five hours allowed him, and performed it in four hours and fifty-five minutes.

In the same year two persons ran for a wager from Shoreditch to Enfield, which is ten miles, and the winner performed it in an hour and a minute.

On the 21st of May, a man on the Artillery Ground from Warrington, Lancashire, walked eleven miles in one hour and fifty-five minutes. At the end of every three miles, he vaulted over a horse, and at the end of eleven miles he vaulted across the horse four times. He was to perform it in two hours.

In October of the same year, a man rode for a considerable wager from the four-mile stone on the Essex Road to Chelmsford twice and back again (100 miles). He had sixteen hours to do it in, but performed it with apparent ease in fifteen hours and a half.

In 1751, Mr. Samuel Bendall, aged 76, of Dursley in Gloucestershire, rode, for a considerable wager, a

thousand miles on the same horse, in a thousand successive hours on Stinchcombe Hill.

June 3rd, a noted walker, generally known by the name of Pinwire, engaged for a bet of fifty guineas to walk against a horse of Mr. Melbourn's, for the space of twelve hours, and beat the horse hollow. In several successive years he beat some of the best road horses in the kingdom.

In 1753 a little Welsh pony, belonging to Mr. Freeman of Fleet Market, ran 168 miles on the Bath Road in 40 hours for a considerable wager, and Mr. Freeman (who weighed twelve stone) a short time after, rode the same pony 40 miles in four hours, on the Romford Road.

At Newmarket, in April, 1754, a bay mare, belonging to Mr. Corker, went 300 miles in two days, sixteen hours, and twenty minutes. Three days were allowed.

In 1758, at Newmarket, Miss Pond rode one horse 1000 miles in 1000 successive hours, for a wager of 200 guineas. In a few weeks afterwards Mr. Pond rode the same horse 1000 miles in two-thirds of the time.

In 1759, Jennison Shafto, Esq., rode fifty miles in two successive hours, which he accomplished with ten horses in one hour forty-nine minutes and seventeen seconds. He was allowed as many horses as he pleased.

In 1761, a person in Leeds rode his common hackney from thence to Hull and back again, which is 130 miles, in nineteen hours and twenty minutes.

Twenty guineas to ten were staked that he did not do it in twenty hours.

In the same year a match was made between Jennison Shafto and Hugo Meynell, Esquires, for 2000 guineas. Mr. Shafto to get a person to ride one hundred miles a day (on any one horse each day), for twenty-nine days together; to have any number of horses, not exceeding twenty-nine. The person chose by Mr. Shafto was Mr. John Woodcock, who started on Newmarket Heath, the fourth of May, at one o'clock in the morning and finished (having used only fourteen horses) on the first of June, about six in the evening.

In June, 1764, about three o'clock in the morning, Mr. Willis, glass grinder and his wife, who both together weighed thirty-two stone, horseman's weight, went in a single-horse chaise from their house at Moorfields to Windsor Castle Gate, and back again for a considerable wager. The horse was neither to stop nor the parties get out of the chaise. They were allowed ten hours to perform it in, but did it with ease in less than nine.

In August, 1773, was determined a match between Mr. Walker's hackney gelding and Captain Adam Hay's road mare, to go from London to York. Mr. Walker rode his horse, and Captain Mulcaster rode for Mr. Hay. They set out from Portland Street London, and Captain Mulcaster with the winning mare arrived at Ouse Bridge, York, in forty hours and thirty-five minutes. Mr. Walker's horse tired within six miles of Tadcaster, and died the next day. The mare drank twelve bottles of wine during

her journey, and on the following Thursday was so well as to take her exercise on Knavesmire.

During the last week of September, a great match of four hundred and twenty miles, in one whole week, took place on Lincoln two-mile course, and was won by Richard Hanstead of Lincoln, on his famous grey horse, with great ease, having three hours and a half to spare.

In 1780, during the races at Ascot Heath, the Hon. Charles Wyndham's grey hackney was ridden by one boy only, 45 miles in three hours, for a very considerable sum.

In October, 1783, Samuel Halliday, a butcher of Leeds, undertook for a bet of ten pounds to ride from Leeds to Rochdale, from thence to York, and back again to Leeds (one hundred and ten miles), in twenty hours. He started at ten o'clock at night, upon a slender mare not fourteen hands high, and though he rode above fourteen stone, he finished his journey with ease in less than eighteen hours.

In December, 1786, Mr. Hull's horse Quibbler ran a match for a thousand guineas, twenty-three miles in one hour, round the flat at Newmarket, which he performed in fifty-seven minutes and ten seconds.

On the 27th of August, Mr. Nightingale of Braintree, Essex, for a wager of ten guineas, engaged to drive his horse, in a chaise, forty miles, in four hours and ten minutes, which was performed in three hours fifty seven minutes and a half, being twelve minutes and a half less than the given time.

September 14th, Colonel Ross, for a bet of eight hundred guineas, undertook to ride on one horse from

London to York (two hundred and two miles), in forty-eight hours; he performed his journey with ease in forty-six hours.

Here I must introduce an extraordinary coach robbery.

On the night of October 5th, the following casualty occurred:—"At eleven o'clock at night, on the arrival of the Bath coach at the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, the coachman having dismounted, in order to collect his fare from the passengers and to deliver some parcels, a thief availed himself of the opportunity of seizing his great coat, which was thrown on the box, and at the same time lashing the horses, who proceeded at full gallop along the Strand, through Holywell Street, into the Angel Yard, St. Clements, with two outside passengers, a man and a woman. What is remarkable is that several scaffoldings for the repair of houses were erected in Holywell Street, there were two gateways to pass into the Angel Inn Yard, and three of the horses were blind. The passengers received no damage, except the man, who lost his wig, which he lamented very much, as he said he had worn it thirty years without powder."

In 1791, a trotting match took place upon the Romford Road, between Mr. Bishop's brown mare, 18 years old, and Mr. Green's ch. gelding, six years old, 12st. each, for fifty guineas a side, which was won with ease by Mr. Bishop's mare. They were to trot sixteen miles, which the mare performed in sixty-six minutes and some seconds.

Again, in 1791, a hunter belonging to Hill Darley, Esq., for a bet of 100 guineas, carried his groom

weighing 12st. in a flying leap over a six-foot stone wall, coped and dashed. He performed it with ease ; and, besides Mr. Darley's bet, much money was sported on the occasion, the odds being against the hunter.

On the 15th of April, Mr. Eyre, innkeeper of Thorne, in Yorkshire, undertook for a guinea to walk upon the race-ground near that city fifty miles in twelve hours. He started at six o'clock in the morning, and performed it with ease in ten hours and fifty-three minutes.

In the month of August, a trotting match took place from Lynn-gates, seven miles on the Downham Road, and back to the gates (fourteen miles), by a noted horse called Shuffler (the property of Mr. Kent of Unwell, in Norfolk) against time for 200 guineas. The horse carried 18 stone—14lb. to the stone—and was allowed an hour, but performed it in fifty-six minutes and a half, to the astonishment of a great number of spectators, among whom many bets were depending.

At the Curragh October meeting of the same year, Mr. Wilde, a sporting gentleman, made bets to the amount of two thousand guineas to ride against time, viz., one hundred and twenty-seven English miles in nine hours. On the 6th of October, he started in a valley near the Curragh Course, where two miles were measured in a circular direction ; each time he encompassed the course it was regularly marked. During the interval of changing horses, he refreshed himself with a mouthful of brandy-and-water, and was no more than six hours and twenty minutes in

completing the one hundred and twenty-seven miles, thus having two hours and thirty-nine minutes to spare. Mr. Wilde had only ten horses, but they were all thoroughbred. Whilst on horseback, without allowing any time for changing horses, he rode at the rate of twenty miles an hour, for six hours. He was so little fatigued with this extraordinary performance that he was at the Turf Club House in Kildare the same evening.

In 1792, to decide a wager of fifty pounds between Mr. Cooper and Mr. Brewer of Stamford, the latter gentleman's horse Labourer ran twenty miles round the Preston race-course (exactly a mile) in fifty-four minutes.

On Saturday, October 12th, 1793, a mare carrying ten stone, and but fourteen hands high, the property of Mr. Macy of Bruton Street, galloped, over Sunbury Common, twenty miles in fifty-six minutes and twenty-eight seconds.

In the previous March, Mr. Skipway of Hoxton, trotted his pony Jack, ten hands high, ten miles in forty-one minutes and a half on the Kingsland Road. Mr. Skipway took ten guineas to five that he did not do it in less than an hour. The same day the pony, for another bet of ten guineas, beat Mr. Badkin's bay galloway in trotting ten miles on the same road.

About this time Lord Viscount Barnard, after the conclusion of the Great Oatland Stakes, rode from the Duke of York's Stand at Newmarket to Bolton House, in four hours and forty minutes. The distance sixty miles.

June 15th, 1796. The Honourable Mr. Cavendish

betted Mr. Leonard two hundred guineas, that he trotted his English mare fifteen miles over the Curragh in one hour, which he performed on Tuesday, the 28th of June, in fifty-eight minutes and a half with very great ease. Mr. Cavendish himself rode.

In the month of August, in the same year, a trotting match (against time) was decided on the road, between Cambridge and Huntingdon, for one hundred guineas. The wager was made between Mr. Dyson of Park Lane and Mr. Fagg of Holborn. Mr. Dyson binding himself to produce a horse, mare, or gelding, that should within a given period trot seventeen miles within the hour, on any ground to be chosen by himself, he giving forty-eight hours' notice to Mr. Fagg. Monday being the day appointed for the decision of the wager, vast numbers of persons of every description, and particularly those of the sporting world, had assembled to witness this bold attempt. Very considerable bets were pending. A mare, the property of Mr. Dyson, was brought upon the ground. She was ridden by a lad belonging to Mr. Marsden of Moorfields; but she lost the wager by one minute and four seconds only.

Again, in 1797, Edward Stevens, a noted jockey of Windsor, made a bet with a sporting gentleman of great celebrity in the annals of Newmarket, that he would produce a pair of horses from his own stud, who should trot in a tandem from Windsor to Hampton Court, a distance of sixteen miles, within the hour. They performed the journey with great ease in fifty-seven minutes and thirteen seconds.

In the same year, a brown gelding belonging to Mr. Jex of Althorpe, Norfolk, trotted a single mile on the road between Dereham and Norwich, for a wager of ten guineas; the horse was allowed three minutes, but performed the match with great ease in two minutes and forty-nine seconds.

In the same year, a gentleman set out from Oxford to London, and back again (one hundred and eight miles), in twelve hours, with change of horses, which he performed in eight hours and a half.

In the same year, a trotting match against time, for a bet of one hundred guineas, between Charles Herbert and R. Wilson, Esqrs., was decided in favour of the former. The bet was that Mr. Herbert's horse Othello would not trot seventeen miles in an hour, on the Highgate Road, to set out from St. Giles's Church. The hour Mr. Herbert chose was six o'clock in the morning, and he accomplished his task in one minute and twenty seconds less than the time allowed. The above match set all the minor jockeys on their mettle; a striking instance of this fact was in August exhibited on the Romford Road. A gelding, the property of a pork-butcher on the Surrey side of Blackfriars Bridge, whose daily employment was running in a cart, was matched against time to trot twelve miles in an hour for five guineas. The appearance of the poor animal was so miserable, that considerable odds at starting were laid against him, and in a short time twenty guineas to five were laid that he did not trot thirteen miles in the hour, and ten guineas to one on the same chance. The horse, notwithstanding his meagre appearance, won easily;

he trotted thirteen miles in the hour, and had a minute and three seconds to spare.

In July, 1797, Mr. Bullen, farmer of Ditton, Cambridgeshire, drove a horse, twenty years old, on the Huntingdon Road, in a gig, forty-three miles for a wager of twenty guineas. He was allowed five hours, but performed it in one minute and a half less. He won, a few days before a considerable bet on the same account, but had then only forty miles to go in the same time.

In the year 1831, Mr. Bowyer, of the 14th King's Light Dragoons (now Hussars), rode a favourite horse over a fence six feet two inches high near Gloucester. The conditions were that if the hurdle was either broken or knocked down, the bet should be lost. The leap, however, was accomplished in the most gallant style, in the presence of a large field of sporting gentlemen of the neighbourhood.

I must not omit the following sporting events.

In the month of August, 1803 a whimsical exhibition took place on the Brighton race-course; Captain Otto of the Sussex Militia, booted and mounted by a grenadier of eighteen stone weight, was matched to run fifty yards, against a pony, carrying a feather, to run one hundred and fifty; Captain Otto's rider tumbled over his neck, which he was very near breaking, and consequently he lost the bet.

The next match was the same gentleman, mounted by the same grenadier, to run fifty yards against a noble lord, carrying a feather, who was to run a

hundred, again the captain was unsuccessful, as the noble lord "won in a canter."

According to the following account it appears that horse-taming was known in the days of George the Third, as it is in the days of Queen Victoria, for I find that on the 10th of November, 1803, a grand entertainment was given to his excellency Elfi Bey, and a number of other distinguished visitors, by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. The conversation turning upon the very excellent equestrian powers of the Mamelukes and Turks, the Prince said,

"I have now in my stud an Egyptian horse, so wild and ungovernable that he will dismount the best horseman in Elfi Bey's retinue."

The Bey replied in Italian to the prince,

"I shall gratify your royal highness's curiosity to-morrow."

An appointment consequently took place next day, at two o'clock in the Prince of Wales's riding house, Pall Mall. When the Bey in company with Colonel Moore, his interpreter, and Mahomet Aga, his principal officer, a young man of apparently great agility, entered the riding-house, where the prince and his royal brothers waited, attended by several noblemen, to witness the management of the horse, which never before could be ridden by anybody. One of the Mameluke's saddles being fixed by the grooms, the animal was led out of the stable into the riding-house, in so rampant and unmanageable a state that every one present concluded that no one would ever attempt to mount him. There never was a greater model of

equine beauty, he was spotted like a leopard, and his eyes were so fiery and enraged as to indicate the greatest danger to any one who dared to mount him. Being led round the boundary, Mahomet Aga made a spring, seized him by the reins, and in an instant vaulted on the back of the animal, which finding itself encumbered by a burden that it had never before felt, and goaded by the tightness of the Egyptian saddle, gave loose to his passion, and, in the height of his ferocity, plunged, but in vain, in every direction. The Mameluke kept his seat during this outbreak of temper, for more than twenty minutes, to the utter astonishment of the prince and every beholder; at last the apparently ungovernable animal was reduced to so tame a state as to yield to the control of the rider. The prince expressed himself highly gratified, and greatly complimented the officer on his equestrian skill. After retiring to Carlton House, where refreshments were provided, Elfi Bey and his retinue departed, not a little proud of the display of their easy victory.

In the Court of Common Pleas a cause was tried in 1804, in which a horse-dealer was charged with having sold an unsound horse. The plaintiff on putting the horse to his cart, to draw a load of hay, not more than four hundredweight, heard him begin, when he had gone not more than twenty yards, to roar most dreadfully, and it turned out that he was what is called a "roarer." A conditional verdict was given for the plaintiff, subject to the opinion of the court.

In the course of this trial, Lord Alvanley, the Lord Chief Justice, told the following story :—

“Some years ago,” said his lordship, “an action was brought against a gentleman at the bar respecting a horse which he had bought to go the circuit upon. The horse was taken home, and his servant mounted him to show his paces. When he was on the animal’s back, he would not stir a step, he tried to turn him *round* and *round*, but he was determined not to go the *circuit*. The horse-dealer was informed of the horse’s obstinacy, and asked by the purchaser how he came to sell him such a horse ?

“ ‘Well,’ said the dealer, ‘it can’t be helped, give me back the horse, allow me five pounds, and we’ll settle the matter.’ ”

The barrister refused, and advised him to send the horse to be broke in by a rough rider.

“ ‘Rough rider,’ said the dealer ‘he has been to rough riders enough.’ ”

“ ‘How came you to sell me a horse that would not go !’ ” rejoined the barrister.

“ ‘I sold you a horse warranted sound, and sound he is,’ concluded the dealer, “but as to his going, I never thought he would go.’ ”

CHAPTER XIX.

BRUTAL SPORTS OF BYGONE DAYS—BULL-BAITING—THE LION
FIGHT—WILD SPORTS OF INDIA—CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENTS
—WHIMSICAL EXHIBITIONS—SINGULAR WAGER.

“Shame upon thee, savage Monarch, man, proud monopolist of
reason;

Shame upon Creation's lord, the fierce ensanguined despot;
What, man! are there not enough hunger and diseases and
fatigue,—

And yet must thy goad or thy thong add another sorrow to
existence?

What! art thou not content thy sin hath dragged down suffer-
ing and death

On the poor dumb servants of thy comfort, and yet must thou
rack them with thy spite?”

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

It will scarcely be believed in our day, that men distinguished for honour and talent, should, in their places in the House of Commons, speak and vote against the Bill introduced by Mr. Dent to abolish bull-baiting. Yet such was the case, for Mr. Wyndham in a very long speech opposed the second reading of the Bill. Among other arguments, he contended that horse racing and hunting were more immoral amusements than boxing or bull-baiting. “At a

horse-race," he said, "there was always collected the rabble of every neighbouring town, the sharpers of the metropolis, markers at billiard-tables, apprentices who have embezzled their masters' property; in short, infamous characters of every description. In hunting, the animal that was hunted suffered as much as a bull that is baited. The rich have their sports, their balls, their parties of pleasure, and their picnics. Why were the poor to be envied every enjoyment of life?"

General Gascoigne considered bull-baiting as an amusement to which the lower class was entitled. He was sorry to see a disposition among many members of the House to deprive the poor of their recreations, and force them to pass their time chanting at conventicles.

Mr. Frankland compared this sport of the vulgar with the sports of the rich. He instanced, particularly stag hunting, when the animal was fed and pampered up, not with a view of torture, but that it might yield better sport. It often happened that the stag lost his life in the chase; sometimes his heart was broken; at other times the dogs—Frankland was evidently not a huntsman, or he would have called them hounds—would fasten upon his chest, and tear him to pieces, and yet it would be a libel on our Sovereign, and the most exalted characters in the nation, to call this a savage sport.

Mr. Courtney replied to Mr. Wyndham in a speech replete with wit and humour.

Mr. Wilberforce was of opinion that this amusement fostered every bad and base principle of human nature,

and he was sorry to find it had so able an advocate as his right honourable friend Mr. Wyndham, and concluded by saying, "Wretched, indeed, must be the condition of Englishmen, if all their happiness was confined to such barbarities."

Mr. Sheridan denounced the sport of bull-baiting as barbarous and savage. "Such cruel practices," he considered, "called for legislative interference, as degrading the national character, tending to brutalise the people, and an offence against public morals."

After a short reply from Mr. Dent, General Gascoigne rose, and moved, as an amendment, that the Bill should be read that day three months, which amendment being adopted by a majority of 13, the Bill was lost for the session.

As a specimen of the brutality of former days, I give an account of the lion fight which took place in 1825, at a late hour in the evening, in an extensive enclosure, called the Old Factory Yard, in the suburbs of Warwick. The cage in which the fight took place stood in the centre of a hollow square, formed on two sides by ranges of empty workshops, the windows of which were fitted up with planks on barrels as seats for the spectators; and on the remaining two by the whole of Wombwell's collection of animals, arranged in their respective dens and travelling carriages.

The prices of admission demanded in the first instance for the fight were extravagant. Three guineas were asked for seats at the windows in the first, second, and third floors of the unoccupied manufactory; two guineas for seats on the fourth floor of

this building ; one guinea for places at a still more distant point ; and half-a-guinea for standing room in the square.

The appearance of the cage, when erected, was rather fragile, considering the struggle which was to take place within it. It measured fifteen feet square, and ten feet high, the floor of it standing about six feet from the ground. The top, as well as the sides, was composed merely of iron bars, apparently slight, and placed at such distance from each other, that the dogs might enter or escape between, but too close for the lion to follow. Towards the afternoon, the determination as to prices abated, and it was suspected that in the end the speculator would take whatever prices he could get.

In the meantime, the unfortunate lion lay in a caravan by himself all day, in front of the cage in which he was to be baited. In the course of the morning, the dogs who were to fight were brought into the menagerie in slips—it being not the least singular feature of this combat that it was to take place immediately under the eyes of an immense host of wild beasts of all descriptions—not including the human spectators—three other lions, a she wolf with cubs, a hyena, a white bear, a lioness, two female leopards with cubs, two zebras (male and female), a large assortment of monkeys, and two wild apes, with a variety of other interesting foreigners, all arranged within a few yards of the grand stand.

The dogs disappointed expectation—they were very little excited by their introduction. They were strong, however, and lively, crossed apparently, the

majority of them, between the bull and the mastiff breed; one or two showed a touch of the lurcher—a point in the descent of fighting dogs, which is held to give an increased capacity of mouth. The average weight of those which fought was from about five-and-thirty to five-and forty pounds each; one had been brought over that weighed more than sixty, but he was excluded from the contest.

At a quarter past seven in the evening, from four to five hundred persons of different descriptions being assembled, preparations were made for commencing the conflict.

The dens which contained the animals on show were covered in with shutters; the lions' travelling caravan was drawn close to the fighting cage, so that a door could be opened from one into the other, and the keeper, Wombwell, going into the travelling caravan, in which another man had already been staying with the lion for some time, the animal followed him into the cage as tamely as a Newfoundland dog. The whole demeanour of the beast, indeed, was so quiet and generous, that, at his first appearance, it became very doubtful whether he would attempt to fight at all. While the multitude shouted, and the dogs were yelling in the ground below, he walked up and down his cage—Wombwell still remaining in it—with the most perfect composure, not at all angry, or even excited, but looking with apparent great curiosity at his new dwelling, and the objects generally about him.

Wombwell having quitted the stage, the first relay of dogs was led on. Those were a fallow-coloured

dog, a brown with white legs, and a third brown altogether, averaging about forty pounds in weight apiece, and described by the names of Captain, Tiger, and Turk. As the dogs were held for a minute in slips, upon the inclined plane which ran from the ground to the stage, the lion crouched on his belly to receive them, but with so perfect an absence of anything like ferocity that many persons were of opinion he was rather disposed to play; at all events, the next moment showed clearly that the idea of fighting, or doing mischief to any living creature, had not occurred to him.

At the first rush of the dogs, which the lion evidently had not expected, and did not at all know how to meet, they all fixed themselves upon him, but caught him only by the dewlap and the mane. With a single effort he shook them off, without attempting to return the attack. He then flew from side to side of the cage, endeavouring to get away, but in the next moment the assailants were upon him again, and the brown dog, Turk, seized him by the nose, while the two others fastened at the same time on the fleshy parts of his lips and under jaw. The lion then roared dreadfully, but evidently only from the pain he suffered — not at all from anger. As the dogs hung to his throat and head, he pawed them off by sheer strength; and in doing this, and rolling upon them, did them considerable mischief; but it is a most curious fact that he never once bit, or attempted to bite, during the whole contest, or seemed to have any desire to retaliate the punishment which was inflicted upon him. When he was first “pinned,” for the dogs hung to him for more than a minute, and were

drawn, holding to his nose and lips, several times round the ring, he roared tremendously, and tore them off with his claws, mauling two a good deal in the operation, but still not attempting to act on the offensive. After about five minutes' fighting, the fallow-coloured dog was taken away—lame, and apparently much distressed—and the remaining two continued the combat alone, the lion still working only with his paws, as though seeking to rid himself of a torture, the nature of which he did not well understand. In two or three minutes more, the second dog, Tiger, being dreadfully maimed, crawled out of the cage, and the brown dog, Turk, which was the lightest of the three, but of admirable courage, went on fighting by himself. A most extraordinary scene then ensued; the dog, left entirely alone with an animal of twenty times his weight, continued the battle with unabated fury, and though bleeding all over from the effects of the lion's claws, seized and pinioned him by the nose at least half-a-dozen times, when, at length releasing himself with a desperate effort, the lion flung his whole weight upon the dog, and held him lying between his fore-paws for more than a minute, during which time he could have bitten his head off a hundred times over, but did not make the slightest effort to hurt him. Turk was then taken away by the dog-keepers, grievously mangled, but still alive, and having seized the lion, for at least the twentieth time, the very moment that he was released from under him. Turk died on the following Thursday.

The keeper, Wombwell, went into the cage.

instantly, alone, and carrying a pan of water, with which he first sluiced the animal, and then offered him some drink. After a few minutes, the lion laid himself down, rubbing the parts of his head which had been torn (as a cat would do) with his paw, and presently, a pan of fresh water being brought, he lapped out of it for some moments, while a second keeper patted and caressed him through the iron grate.

The second combat represented only a repetition of the barbarities committed in the first. In throwing water upon the lion, a good deal had been thrown upon the stage. This made the floor extremely slippery, and the second set of dogs let in, being heavier than the first, and the lion more exhausted, he was unable to keep his footing on the wet boards, and fell in endeavouring to shake them off, bleeding freely from his nose and head, and evidently in a fair way to be seriously injured. The dogs, all three, seized him on going in, and he endeavoured to get rid of them in the same way as before, using his paws, and not thinking of fighting, but not with the same success. He fell down, and showed symptoms of weakness, upon which the dogs were taken away. The dogs were again put in, and again seized the lion, who by this time, besides bleeding freely from the head, appeared to have got a hurt in one of his fore feet. At length Mr. Wombwell announced that he gave up on the part of the lion, and the exhibition was declared to be at an end.

The first struggle between the lion and his assailants last about eleven minutes, and the second

something less than five. Struggle it can hardly be called, for, from the beginning to the end, the lion was merely a sufferer—he never struck a blow.

A few days after the match between Nero and his six opponents, a fresh match was made between a second lion called Wallace and six other dogs.

Wallace, like Nero, was a native of Edinburgh, but of a more ferocious disposition, and his weight was calculated at four hundred pounds, about a hundred pounds less than Nero. He lost his mother when two days old, and was suckled and weaned by a bull-bitch. The sire and dam of Nero died at the age of ten years. They were caught together when somewhat more than a year old, in a trap on the coast of Barbary.

The dogs intended for the battle with Wallace, were either bulls or half-bred mastiffs. They were called Tinker, Ball, Sweep, Turpin, Billy, and Tiger.

Wallace being turned into the den, Tinker and Ball, at a given signal, were led in their collars to the platform, and, as they approached, began to bark with great vociferation, and to show an anxious disposition to commence the attack. Ball was a tawny white dog, two and a half years old, weighing forty-one pounds; and Tinker was a red dog, four years old and forty-six pounds weight. Wallace, the moment he heard them, turned round, and, as if conscious that mischief was meant towards himself, watched their progress with his head erect, his tail stiff, and his whole appearance indicating courage and resolution.

At last the dogs came in his front, and he had them in full view. He approached close to the bars, and boldly waited their attack. Both dogs, although excited to the highest pitch of fury, appeared overawed, and remained for four or five minutes upon the platform without making any attempt to enter the cage; at length, Ball, going too near the bars, was forced into it by the lion's paw.

The poor dog had scarcely got upon his legs, ere the lion caught him in his mouth, and carried him round the arena for several minutes, as a cat would do a mouse, and with the same ease. Tinker, who, during the whole of this period, was kept at bay by the lion's paws, made many ineffectual attempts to seize Wallace by the lips; at length, becoming more annoying, he succeeded in attracting the attention of the kingly beast, who, laying down poor Ball, then nearly dead, in one corner of the cage, directed his fury upon his other antagonist. Wallace furiously grasped him between the neck and the shoulder, and, but for the timely assistance of one of the keepers, who held out a piece of raw meat to him to entice him from his prey, would have killed him on the spot. The attack did not occupy more than ten minutes.

After an interval of twenty minutes, Turpin, a London dog, and Sweep, a native of Liverpool, were brought forth. The former weighed sixty-three pounds, and the latter forty pounds.

The dogs having been brought to the platform, Wallace watched them narrowly, with eyes that glared. The word "Let go" having been,

the dogs rushed upon their fate, and in less than a minute were disposed of. Turpin made the first spring, and Wallace instantly caught him in his jaws, giving him a most severe bite. The attack of Sweep now induced Wallace to drop Turpin and turn to his new opponent, on which Turpin walked out with all possible celerity. Wallace then seized Sweep with both his claws and mouth, and was about to give him a second crack between his jaws, when he made a spring, and bolted out of the den.

For the third assault, Billy and Tiger were led towards the platform. Billy was first let go, being the largest as well as the most courageous dog, and Wallace, the instant he came within reach, grasped him across the loins with his jaws, and lifting him up, walked off with as much ease as if he carried a cockchafer. Tiger looked astounded, and with a rapidity quite equal to that of his entrance, turned about and ran off.

As soon as the stage was cleared of his opponent, Wallace, seeming disappointed of his prey, displayed his anger by lashing his sides with his tail, and roaring tremendously. His jaws were covered with crimson foam, and he continued to stride the arena from one end to the other for several minutes, painting each step with gore.

Ball died a few seconds after he was taken out of the cage, and Tinker on the following morning. Tiger and Turpin were little hurt. Sweep had several of his ribs broken, and was otherwise much injured.

A more disgusting affair never took place; the

magistrates were culpably to blame for not having put an end to an exhibition at once degrading to the promoters of it as to the spectators. We read with horror the accounts of Spanish bull-fights; but cruel as they are, there is something chivalrous in the matadors who risk their lives in attempting to conquer the savage animals. In the Warwick lion-fight, dogs were victimised to amuse a set of ruffians for whom the pillory of old would have been a proper punishment.

What a contrast does the above tame, brutal exhibition form to the wild exhilarating dangerous sport of lion-hunting in India. Among other deeds of daring of our gallant countrymen, I find the following:—

“The British officers stationed at Kasino, Bombay, being informed that three lions had been discovered in a small jungle two miles from Bureije, preparations were made to assemble a large party, to proceed and chase them from there.

“In the meantime, accounts were received that the size and ferocity of the animals had struck a panic into the adjacent villages—that six of the natives, who had unwarily approached their haunts, had been torn and mangled, and left to expire in the greatest agonies, and that it was no longer safe for the inhabitants to proceed to their usual occupations of husbandry, or to turn out their cattle to pasture, as several of them had been hunted down and killed. These accounts only stimulated the sportsmen, and a party of military, civilians, and gentlemen having assembled on Christmas Eve, proceeded to the scene

of action, accompanied by a body of armed men from the Revenue department. The guides took them to the precise spot where the three lions were reposing in state. The party advanced with due caution to within a few paces of the jungle without disturbing the noble animals. A momentary pause, big with expectation, succeeded. At that instant three dogs, which had joined the hunt, unconscious of danger, approached the very threshold of the lion's lair, and were received with such a sepulchral groan, as for a moment "made the bravest hold his breath." One of the dogs was killed, the other two fled, and were seen no more. Presently a lioness was indistinctly observed at the mouth of the den; a few arrows were discharged with a view to irritate and induce her to make an attack on her assailants; but this did not succeed, as she broke cover in the opposite direction, with two cubs about two-thirds grown. The party pursued the fugitives on foot as fast as the nature of the ground, newly ploughed, would admit, when suddenly one of the men, who had been stationed in the trees, called out to the gentlemen to be on their guard. This arrested their progress. They turned on one side, to some heights, when they descried an enormous lion, which was approaching them through an open field, at an easy canter, lashing his tail in a style of indescribable grandeur. The foremost of the party presented their pieces and fired just as the animal had cleared at one bound a chasm, which was between them, of twelve feet broad. He was apparently wounded in the shoulder, but, nevertheless, sprung on the leader of the party, whose arm

he lacerated terribly, and feeling at the same time a thrust of a lance, he relinquished his first hold, seized the man who had inflicted the wound by the throat, and strangled him before the party dared fire, lest they should kill his victim. The infuriated animal was now at bay, but sheltered in such a manner as rendered it difficult to bring him down, when suddenly, the man on the look out gave another alarm, and the party, almost immediately, perceived a lioness which had broken cover, approaching their rear. The same instant their ears were assailed by the shrieks and yells of men, women, and children, occasioned by the animal crossing the road in the midst of the coolies that were carrying tiffin to the village. A woman and her child were at once sacrificed to her fury. The woman was literally torn to pieces. This proved not the last calamity of this memorable hunt. The officers, with the men armed with lances, left their former enemy to attack the lioness, who threatened the village. This party, from the rapid manner in which the beast was followed, were not able to keep very compact: and, most unfortunately, four of the collector's men advanced upon the place where the lioness had laid down. She immediately sprang upon the nearest, brought him to the ground, crushed his skull and tore his face so that no feature was discernible. A companion who courageously advanced to his assistance, was seized by the thigh, when the man, in the agony of pain, caught the beast by the throat, when she quitted his thigh, and fastened on his arm and breast. At this moment the officers and their comrades

advanced within fifteen paces, and, as the lioness was still standing over her unfortunate victim, lodged twenty balls in her body. She retreated to the hedge, where another volley terminated her existence. Both the armed men, who were so severely wounded, died in a few hours; happily the officer who was the first to attack the lion, soon recovered and had his revenge, for, a few days after he was restored to health, the lion fell under his unerring aim."

Contrast this with the Warwick atrocity. At Warwick a lion was cruelly baited to gratify the morbid taste of monsters in human form; in the Presidency of Bombay, a party of officers, aided by civilians and natives, ran the risk of sacrificing their lives—three of whom fell victims to their bravery—to their laudable endeavour to rid the village of its scourge—a savage lioness.

The following curious advertisements, one connected with the canine and the other with the human race, appeared during the reign of Charles the Second in 1663.

"A young brindled mastiff, cropt with three notches on the rump, four white feet, and a white streak down the face, was lost on Fryday was seven-night, July 31. 'Tis one of the King's dogs, and whoever gives notice of him at the porter's lodge in Whitehall, shall have a very good reward."

I doubt much whether in our days the "good reward" offered would induce the dog-stealers to give up the royal mastiff. The loss of the biped is thus described:—

"Lost upon the 13th inst., a little blackamoor boy in a blew livery, about ten years old, his hair not much curled, with a silver collar about his neck, inscribed 'Mrs. Manby's blackamoor, in Warwick Lane.' Whosoever shall give notice of him to Mrs. Manby, living in the said lane, or to the 'Three Cranes' in Paternoster Row, shall be well rewarded for his paynes." 1664.

Another extraordinary advertisement appeared in the *Public Advertiser* in 1759.

"To be sold a fine grey mare, full fifteen hands high, gone after the hounds many times, rising six years and no more, moves as well as most creatures upon earth, as good a road mare as any in ten counties, and ten to that, trots at a confounded pace, is from the country, and her owner will sell her for nine guineas; if some folks had her she would fetch near three times the money. I have no acquaintance, and money I want; and a service in a shop to carry parcels, or to be in a gentleman's service. My father gave me the mare to get rid of me, and to try my fortune in London, and am just come from Shropshire, and I can be recommended, as I suppose nobody takes servants without, and can have a voucher for my mare. Enquire for me at the Talbot Inn, near the new church in the Strand."

In the year 1805, a very singular wager was decided. Mr. Reed, Junr., of Westdean, near Chichester, engaged for a wager of £50 to find out from a flock of two hundred ewes, the lamb which belonged to each. The lambs were kept in a separate place

from the ewes. Mr. Reed completely succeeded, to the satisfaction of all present, in finding the mother of each lamb. Other considerable bets were depending on the event of this curious undertaking.

CHAPTER XX.

MODERN INVENTIONS—FOX-HUNTING—ACTION FOR TRESPASS—
HARE-HUNTING—THE BATTUE—A DAY'S SHOOTING SOME
FIFTY YEARS AGO—WILD SPORTS OF BOKHARA—A DAY WITH
THE PHEASANTS AT FONTAINEBLEAU—AN ENGLISH GAME-
KEEPER'S KNOWLEDGE OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE—
REMARKS ON THE GEAR OF A SPORTSMAN—PIGEON-
SHOOTING.

“Nothing I admire
Beyond the running of the well-train'd pack.
The training's everything! Keen on the scent!
At fault none losing heart! but all at work!
None leaving his task to another! answering
The watchful huntsman's caution, check, or cheer,
As steed his rider's rein! Away they go!
How close they keep together! what a pack!
Nor turn, nor ditch, nor stream, divides them—as if
They moved with one intelligence, act, will!
And then the concert they keep up! enough
To make one tenant of the merry wood,
To list their jocund music!”

THIS is the age of wonders; and so rapid is the
march, or rather gallop, of improvement that it is
difficult to keep up with it, or record the vast improve-
ments that have been carried on within the last half
century. What would our ancestors say if they

could see the inventions of the present day? Brilliant gas has taken the place of the dim oily rays of the ill-trimmed lamps; smart police constables have superseded the old Bow Street runners; stout, active watchmen have succeeded the sleepy, drowsy "Charleys," misnamed the "guardians of the night;" the lumbering hackney coach has given way to the well appointed 'Hansom,' penny steam-boats flit like fireflies over the "silent river" of former days, omnibuses ply for the million in almost every street; tramways afford those that dwell in the suburbs an easy and cheap conveyance; the steam press has done its duty in diffusing useful knowledge through the daily and weekly papers, the introduction of chloroform has saved many a bitter pang to those sufferings the ills "that human nature is heir to"—the electric wire "wafts sighs" if not "from Indus to the Pole," at least to all the habitable parts of the civilised world; the light four-horse coach has been eclipsed by the gigantic rail. Had any man made a wager, forty years ago, that he would go from London to Exeter in four hours, he would assuredly have been treated as a maniac by his friends, and a writ *de lunatico inquirendo* would inevitably have been issued against him; and if any far-seeing philosopher had predicted to the great grandfather of the present Earl of Derby, that the day would come when the celebrated race which bears the name of his title would be visited by thousands, through the instrumentality of "hot water," his lordship would have set the man of science down as a vapouring fool.

When the Derby and Oaks were first established, the use of steam was probably limited to the cooking of potatoes; no one ever dreamt of it becoming a substitute for horse-flesh.

Take the Derby of 1832, compare it with that of 1878. To attend the former, it was necessary to go on wheels, on horseback, or on foot, and certainly nothing could be more delightful than mounting the box of a neat four-horse 'drag' or sitting comfortably inside a chariot, barouche, or britscka, behind four of Newman's best horses. Nor was a canter to the Downs an unpleasant way of going. Now, with the comparatively few equipages, the noble or ignoble sportsman is whirled through cabbage-gardens, asparagus-beds, gooseberry-plantations, and the thousand patches of esculent vegetables that surround London on all sides; before he has time to note the difference, green meadows dance before his sight, sallow hay-ricks seem suddenly endowed with animation, and the furrows in the corn-fields assume a rotary motion, like the spokes of a carriage-wheel circling round the nave. He hears a sudden rumbling noise, and finds himself in a tunnel dark as the dungeons of the Inquisition. When that sound dies away, a rattling one ensues—he is passing a viaduct suspended high in the air; now he shoots the arch of a bridge, on which crowds of people are gathered, inhaling as much dense smoke as any manufacturing chimney in the iron-foundry districts is wont to emit.

In the railway carriage there is no life, high or low, to be seen; no good-humoured sallies of wit, "no

breaking down of vehicles ; no emulation respecting the powers of the trotting hack, or spanking four horses." Instead of the former fun of the road, with every species of equestrian, pedestrian, and cosy style of carriage from the Whitechapel cart to the aristocratic 'drag,' the unfortunate *railer* sees nothing but a monotonous embankment, a gaunt policeman, a dingy-looking guard, a shrivelled stoker, or a dust-coloured workman.

Dinners are now cooked through the effect of that boiling liquid, which, in my youth, only furnished us tea, for as Grimaldi was wont to sing :—

“ When I was young, and I was little,
The only steam came from the kettle.”

In a word, all seem to put on their seven-leagued boots, and an overland journey from Camberwell to Calcutta is accomplished with nearly as much ease as a visit to Ireland was in former times.

With respect to fox-hunting, times are strangely altered now, and the fox-hunter of the old school would be reckoned as a regular 'Muff' by the present race of 'Fast men,' but it is not always that new customs are the best ; and although I am not an advocate of the system carried on by our great grandfathers, who threw off the pack “as soon as they could distinguish a stile from a gate,” having previously discussed, over a blazing fire, at six in the morning, a splendid cold round of beef or a venison pasty, washed down by a full draught of October home-brewed ale, out of a silver fox's head, I

still think that the modern plan of late hours and racing foxes down is not to be approved of.

The *in medio tutissimus ibis* comes more up to my ideas. A ten o'clock meet, so as to give reynard plenty of time to digest the food he has partaken of during the night; hounds bred more for nose than lightning-like speed, that never give tongue falsely, who carry a good head, are cautious never to overrun the scent or move one step without it, who can guide it over a country for a great distance, making their own turns without *flashing* and deviating from the line, and an entire absence of those careless and reckless sportsmen, who think nothing of riding over instead of after the hounds, and who care little whether the whole pack are sacrificed, so long as they themselves are in the first flight.

A vexatious question has often arisen as to whether hounds running over the property of a man, inimical to the "noble science," lays the master open to an action for trespass. I, therefore, give the following account of an action which was tried many years ago in the Court of King's Bench, in which the right to preserve foxes was determined:—

The declaration of the plaintiff stated that the defendant, with dogs, hounds, and horses, ran over the grounds of the plaintiff, broke his closes and destroyed his hedges. In the defendant's plea, he stated he was huntsman to Mr. Sturff, a gentleman who had the right to have the same dogs and hounds; that some time previous to that mentioned in the declaration he found some noxious animals, called foxes, near where the trespass was committed, and

that he did follow the same dogs, and, in order to kill the said foxes, he did break the said closes of the plaintiff; that he could not kill them without doing as aforesaid, and that by so doing he did kill them.

After the verdict for the defendant on a demurrer, Lord Mansfield, Mr. Justice Willes, and Mr. Justice Buller, gave their opinion in favour of the defendant, by which the law is confirmed, "That, starting a fox or a badger in your own grounds, and running it into your neighbour's, was not a trespass."

From fox-hunting I turn to a less exhilarating sport, that of hare-hunting; and upon the principle that "half-a-loaf is better than no bread," we must content ourselves with what the squires call the "currant-jelly pack," when we cannot follow the wily animal.

It has been asserted that the life of man is too short to obtain a perfect knowledge of the art of hunting, and in this remark, which is more especially applicable to fox-hunting, I most cordially agree; for I once knew a man of four-score years of age, who, for the greatest part of his life, made the wiles of the hare his chief study, and who was perpetually puzzled and outwitted by that subtle creature.

During a visit to Ireland the summer before last, an attack of illness confined me to the house, where I spent the greater part of my time in the library. In a very ancient treatise on hunting, by an anonymous writer, I found the following reference to hare-hunting:—

"This timid animal, when I think myself sure,

often puts some unexpected trick upon me; and scarcely do I ever lose her in tolerable scenting weather, but I can afterwards discern that it was the effect of some oversight or want of providing for such and such a contingency."

The conquest of a hare (like that of an enemy) does not depend entirely on vigorous attacks or pursuits. There are a hundred accidents to which the want of success in the field may be attributed, and which ought always to be known to the huntsman, if he would come off with glory.

It is not enough to choose our forces with profound judgment, to raise their courage with wholesome good food and frequent exhortations, and to make them subject to the word of command by constant discipline and exercise; but in time of action we ought to be armed with a calmness and presence of mind to observe the various motions and stratagems made use of to defeat us. Furnished with prudent foresight, and provision for every new emergency to which the fortune of the day is subject, we must never forget that every hare has her particular tactic, which tactic is occasionally changed according to the variation of wind and weather, the weight of the air, the nature of the ground, and the degrees of eagerness with which she is pursued. Nor ought we to be unmindful of the numerous accidents she may meet in her way to turn her from her course, to cover her flight, to quicken her speed, or to furnish her with an opportunity for new devices.

It is not enough, then, to have a general knowledge of these things before the game is started, but in the

heat of action, when we are most likely to be carried away with excitement at the expectation of success, they must not be lost sight of. Every step that is taken we must calmly observe; the alteration of the soil, the quarter from which the wind blows, the time of year, and no less take notice with what speed poor 'Puss' is driven, how far she is before the hounds, to what place she directs her course—whether she is likely to keep on forward or turn short back; whether she has not been met by wayfarers, frightened by curs, interrupted by sheep; whether an approaching storm, a rising wind, a sudden burst of sunshine, the disappearance of a frost, the repetition of footed ground, the decay of her own strength, or any other probable turn of affairs, has not abated or altered the scent.

There are other things equally necessary to be observed, namely—the particular quality and character of each hound; whether some are not apt to overrun the scent, others to stand on the double. It must also be ascertained which are to be depended upon in the highway, on ploughed ground, on grass, in an uncast scent, in the crossing of fresh game, through a flock of sheep, upon the foil, or stolen back. The size also and strength of the hare will make a difference; nor must the hounds themselves be followed so closely, when fresh and vigorous, after they have run off their speed and metal, and begin to be tired.

It is also advisable that a young huntsman, when the scent lies well, should not ride too forward (especially if it be against the wind), for it is impossible for

the hunted animal to hold its own forward ; her only chance is to stop short by a way or path, and when all are past, to steal back immediately, which often occasions an irrevocable " fault " in the midst of the best run. In good scenting weather this *ruse* is all that is left the timid animal. By not being too forward, the huntsman has the advantage of noticing her steal off, or, more probably the pleasure of seeing the hounds, after a slight check, again hit off the scent.

It is very common for the fleetest hound to be the favourite, though it were much better if he were left in the kennel. However good he may be in his own nature, he is useless in a pack that is too slow for him. There is always work enough for all, and every one ought to take his part, but this is rendered impossible for the slow and heavy ones to do, if they are run out of breath by the unproportionable speed of a fast leader. It is not enough that they are able to keep up—which a well-bred hound will labour hard for—but they must be able to do it with ease, with retention of breath and spirits, and with their tongues at command. It must never be expected that the indentures of the hare can be well covered, or her doubles struck off, if the hounds run yelping in a long string. In conclusion, I will merely observe that, in this sport, much depends upon the excellency of the hounds. A liar and a chanter, and those without nose or sagacity, are completely useless. It is an accredited maxim, " that every dog that does no good, does a great deal of harm." Such a pack serves only to foil the ground and confound the scent ; five or six couples,

all good and trusty will do more execution than twenty or thirty, where a string of them are eager, headstrong, and noisy in doing nothing. The death of the hare has thus been pathetically and poetically described by Somerville—

“ See ! there she goes ;
 She reels along, and by her gait betrays
 Her inward weakness. See how black she looks !
 The sweat that clogs th’ obstructed pores scarce leaves
 A languid scent. And now in open view,
 See, see she flies. Each eager hound exerts
 His utmost speed, and stretches every nerve.”

Before I turn to the sports of the trigger, I cannot refrain from laying before my readers the following lines on hare hunting :—

“ But if thou needs will hunt, be rul’d by me ;
 Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
 Or at the fox, which lives by subtilty,
 Or at the roe, which no encounter dare :
 Pursue these fearful creatures o’er the downs,
 And on thy well-breath’d horse keep with thy hounds.

And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
 Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles,
 How he outruns the wind, and with what care
 He cranks* and crosses, with a thousand doubles,
 The many musits † through the which he goes,
 And like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

* Cranks : winds.

† Musits. The term is explained in Markham’s ‘ Gentleman’s Academy, 1595. “ We term the place where she (the hare) sitteth, her form ; the place through which she goes to relief, her musit.”

Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,†
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell ;
And sometime sorteth § with a herd of deer ;
Danger deviseth shifts ; wit waits on fear.

For there his smell with others, being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled,
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out ;
Then do they spend their mouths : Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

By this poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if, his foes pursue him still ;
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear ;
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick that hears the passing bell.

Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way ;
Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay ;
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low never relieved by any."

Among other innovations may be mentioned the *battue*, which certainly deteriorates from the sports of our ancestors, and which is one of the worst importations we have received from the Continent. While upon this subject I shall endeavour to illustrate past and present shooting, thereby proving that, in one respect, we have sadly degenerated from

* Keep : dwell.

† Sorteth : consorteth."

the truly English manly sport of bygone days, and showing that the tame six-barrelled massacre of our times cannot be compared with the exhilarating, rational, healthy, and spirit-stirring amusement of walking up your game, instead of having the "bold *pheasantry*, our country's pride," driven up in a corner, to be slaughtered wholesale like barn door fowl.

Formerly, the thoroughbred sportsman was up with the lark, to partake of a good substantial breakfast at eight o'clock, and within an hour, the shooters, keepers, beaters, and dogs, were at the place of meeting. The flints were then looked to; a couple of shot belts, one containing small and the other larger shot, were crossed over the shoulders of the gunner, while his spirit and powder flask, wadding, waterproof cloth cover, knife—containing gun picker, turnscrew, punch, fleam, lancet, nailfile, button-hook, and two blades—were deposited in the ample pockets of his fustian shooting-jacket. The sportsman's costume consisted of the above-named habiliment, made easy throughout, with a huge pocket lined with oilskin, in which he could deposit a hare, rabbit, pheasant, or partridge; velveteen inexpressibles, capped at the knee with leather; laced boots and leather gaiters.

"I think, gentlemen," the head-keeper would exclaim, "we had better scour the wheat, barley, and bean stubbles." Ponto and Slatern now took the field. "Steady," The old pointer was soon very busy with his nose and tail feathering as he hunted. "To-ho;" a double shot was heard, and a

bird fell to each barrel. "Mark them under the hedge to the left of the haystack." "Hie away, good dog;" and a move of the hand to Chieftain, a celebrated retriever, sent him off, like the wind, who returned with both birds, which were dropped at the keeper's feet. After trying some half-dozen stubbles, the shooters would proceed to a field or two of turnips, which gave excellent sport; the covers were then fairly beaten, and every yard made good by men and dogs; hares, rabbits, pheasants, and woodcocks falling beneath the unerring aim of these truly English sportsmen.

If by accident or design, a hen was killed, that excellent conventional law, or rather the *mos pro lege* was carried into effect, and a fine of half-a-guinea was immediately paid. At one o'clock some bread and cheese and home-brewed beer were partaken of by the whole party; the gunners devoting the few minutes set aside for this humble repast to arranging their flints, replenishing their powder flasks, as well as providing for the comforts of the inward man. At a little after four the sports of the day were over, and at half-past five, or six at latest, a good substantial English dinner smoked on the board. The only foreign articles that graced the table were some bottles of exquisite Madeira that had twiced crossed the seas to the Indies, some fine flavoured sherry, some magnums à *discretion* or *indiscretion* (as the case might be) of old port, five-and-twenty years in bottle.

The above is a slight sketch of a day's shooting at
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the beginning of the present century. I now turn to a modern *battue*.

From ten to eleven o'clock, the sportsmen stroll leisurely and listlessly into the breakfast-room, with pampered appetites, to partake of a mutton cutlet à l'Indienne, a grilled fowl, a broiled bone, or a devilled kidney. A *chasse* of liqueur follows this; and at half-past eleven the different vehicles are at the door to convey the hardy sons of Britain to the place of meeting. Here some three or four dozen men are congregated to act as beaters and loaders. Each sportsman has a party allotted to him—some to drive the game up to him, others to pick it up, and others to load for him. The gunners then place themselves at the end of a preserve which is beat so thoroughly by a well kept line armed with long poles, that scarcely a hare can escape to the rear. The whirring noise of the scared pheasant is heard, who finds the place of his abode too hot to hold him; escaping, however, from Scylla he strikes against Charybdis; or to use a more homely simile, he gets from the frying-pan into the *fire*. No sooner does he quit his native woods than his uncompromising enemy—man—way-lays him, then firing commences. Each gunner blazes away his six barrels as fast as they can be loaded. Indiscriminate slaughter ensues, no gallantry being paid to the female sex; and after the covers are shot out in this manner, a thousand head of game is paraded in triumph upon the lawn, as a trophy of the day's sport.

Instead of dining at a reasonable hour, tea, coffee, cake, bread-and-butter with the ladies is partaken of

by the sportsmen on their return at five o'clock, a hot lunch having been enjoyed by them during the day. At eight or half-past eight dinner is announced, when instead of the old October ale, the port, sherry, Madeira, roast-beef, and the homely fare of our ancestors, may be found dishes with inexplicable names, dressed by foreign artists, with wines better suited to the sunny lands of France or Italy, than to the cold, foggy, climate of Britain. One word more, and I have done with the modern innovation—the *battue*. In this country it has not even the excitement or daring of the foreign one to command it. In India we read of the hair-breadth escapes of the hunters from the attacks of the savage animals in the Hunquah. In Sweden, the Skalls, as they are termed, are replete with interest, and often attended with great danger; for the bear, when goaded by the fire of his assailants attempts to break the line, and occasions serious accidents. The human cordon once broken, the utmost confusion arises, bears, elks, wolves, lynxes, foxes being mixed with the bold invaders. In Bokhara, according to a narrative by the Baron C. de Bode, those who partake of one of their national sports run great risks of losing their lives. It is thus described:—

“Among the tribes who possess large herds of horses, such as the Naimen, Khitai, and others, there exists a game called Kuk-bari. A hundred or more riders assemble together, and having chosen one from their party, they send him to fetch a kid out of the flock belonging to the master, whose guests they

happen to be. The messenger, on fulfilling his errand, cuts the throat of the kid, and grasping it firmly with his right hand by the two hind legs, hastens to join his comrades. The latter, as soon as they espy him returning from a distance, press forward to meet him, and endeavour to wrest the slaughtered animal from his grasp. Whenever any one obtains the rare success of snatching away the whole carcase, or even only a limb or fragment of it, he sets off in his turn, pursued by such of his companions as are desirous of sharing the spoil. The game lasts until one of the party succeeds in carrying off a large slice of the meat to his home, and in screening himself from further pursuit. The excitement of the game is carried to such an excess that murders are often committed. Custom, which has acquired in this instance the force of law, forbids the relations of the murdered to seek redress at the hands of the murderer, if it can be proved that the deceased was killed at the game of Kuk-bari. It is said that even the Amir, when he visits Samarkand in autumn, takes part in these games, and is not offended if pushed by any one, or if he happens to receive a lash with a whip, as the latter can hardly be avoided at the first scramble for the slaughtered kid, because all the riders get jammed together, and then each with his hame-pik deals blows right and left, endeavouring to clear the way for his horse." Who knows that in the course of time, Kuk-bari may not succeed polo in our country?

In Hungary, Germany, and France, the *Chasseur* also runs the risk of being brought into personal

conflict with a wild boar, or wolf, thus rendering his position anxious and perilous ; while, in our snug little island, no mischief can accrue to the sportsman in the pursuit of the tame amusement of the *battue*, if he is fortunate enough to escape tripping over the multitude of timid hares, or avert an avalanche of feathers when a *bouquet* of pheasants fall down upon his devoted head.

Let me return to our country. The sportsman of 1878 is as unlike the sportsman of bygone days as the English squire of the reign of Victoria is to that of Fielding's time ; and the steady old-fashioned lover of the trigger would be deemed a slow coach by the present generation of fast young Englishmen. When October sets in there are few greater amusements than pheasant shooting ; and to ensure thorough good sport there is nothing like a team of well-bred spaniels, strong in the chest and loins, short in the legs, steady, keen, obedient, and courageous. Great care must be taken with the breed ; for if a taint of the hound, however remote, exists, the produce will be wild babblers, who will put up the game at a great distance, and quit feathers for fur. Nothing can exceed the delight of a bright, crisp, grey autumnal morning, with good dogs and well-stocked covers ; as pheasants often lie extremely close, winding in among briars and low brushwood, great attention must be paid in beating out every yard of your ground. Early in the morning these birds prefer grassy, brambly spots, covered with privet ; as the season advances they will lie in clearer places, especially among pits of water, which are occasionally

found in woods and forests. Where game is not very plentiful, I should advise the sportsman to commence by beating the skirts of the cover, by which means the birds that have been feeding in the adjoining fields will be hit off. He ought then by degrees to penetrate deeper into it. After traversing the wood with beaters and dogs, it is advisable to make a circuit round the extremities of it, so as to get at those birds which may have run or escaped from the interior. A gun or two inside and the rest outside will be the best distribution; but especial care must be taken to know the where and whereabouts of your companions, or you may probably 'bag' your friend instead of your game. Many a gunner has received a dozen pellets in his hat from some young gentlemen who make a point of firing at everything that gets up.

While on the subject of pheasant-shooting, I am reminded of a circumstance that occurred in France some sixty years ago. During the period that I was an *attaché* to the late Duke of Wellington, then ambassador to Louis XVIII., his Grace was invited to shoot at Fontainebleau, and kindly permitted me to accompany him. After a *déjeuner à la fourchette* at the Palace we proceeded to the rendezvous. The party consisted of the Ducs de Berri and D'Angoulême, the Duke of Wellington, Duc de Grammont, and myself. The 'Iron Duke' was attended by an English gamekeeper, who seemed delighted at his master's prowess, and who looked with disdain at the royal sportsmen. "That ere Dan-goulame knows as much about shooting as my old missus," said he, addressing

a groom that was carrying Wellington's ammunition. "He has only killed four brace of pheasants, and would have doubled that quantity if he had attended to his head-keeper's orders, and *pulled* whenever he was told to pull." "Pulled," replied the other, who had picked up a smattering of French, "you're mistaken. When he cried *poule*, he didn't mean pull. *Poule* in their outlandish language means hen, and he mentioned it as a caution." "Who's to understand their parlyvous terms?" persevered the regular John Bull. "I heard one fellow call a boot-jack a turbot (*tire-botte*), and a horse a shovel (*cheval*)."

Some few years ago a popular peer of the realm adopted a very "artful dodge." It was generally remarked that the nobleman in question universally got the best place when pheasant shooting, popularly called "the hot corner;" and the surprise of his brother sportsmen was greatly increased, as during the time they were quietly placing some golden token of gratitude in the hands of the head-keeper, the noble lord simply confined himself to a saccharine smile, and a most gracious acknowledgment of the good sport that had been afforded him. Now, according to the old but somewhat homely proverb, that "fair words butter no parsnips," the mystery was for a length of time unsolved; at length, however, through the prying propensities of a friend, it was discovered that the titled sportsman always sought a quiet opportunity of seeing and feeing the head-keeper before the day's shooting commenced, accompanying his liberal donation with a remark that the

same system would be continued during the season upon every like occasion. The "bird in the hand" plan worked marvels, and produced a most beneficial result to the 'wide-awake' giver to whom I have referred.

Nothing has undergone a greater change than the dress of a sportsman. A velveteen jacket, with a huge pocket lined with leather, capable of holding a hare, and sundry other pockets, a waistcoat with an equal number of pockets, a pair of corduroy or leather breeches, gaiters, or leggings, laced boots and a chimney-pot hat was the costume of our forefathers. Now, mark the difference. In August our gunners turn out in a shooting jacket, waistcoat, and trousers of tweed, a broad-brimmed straw hat, or drab-coloured 'wide awake,' and a pair of strong easy shooting boots, or shoes, doubly leathered over the toes.

In September, a jacket of jean or merino, waistcoat to match, tweed trousers strapped to the knee, with leather, to turn the thorns in scrambling through a hedge, is the most suitable costume; while for October and winter shooting, nothing can be better than a velveteen jacket, lined with flannel, a dark kerseymere waistcoat, cord trousers, strapped with leather, as above mentioned, plain or waterproof beaver low crowned hat, according to the weather. With respect to pockets, I recommend every sportsman to follow his own caprice. The best way is, when trying on your gear, to bring your hand naturally up to the most convenient places for stowing away your cartridges, knife, flask, etc., which the

'man of measures' can mark with a piece of chalk; and here let me point out the error of going to a second-rate tailor or bootmaker, or to those who advertise cheap goods. It is all very well for the poet laureates to describe in flowing verse their choice stock of shooting costumes. It sounds extremely pleasant to the ear of the gaping, money-loving public to hear of "awful sacrifices," "alarmingly low prices," "selling off under prime cost," and it is most gratifying to one's feelings to come to a resolution "not to pay for others," and to "reform our tailor's bills," but depend upon it, however captivating such ideas may be in theory, they will not be borne out in practice. "What! go to Poole or Hill for a shooting jacket, to Bartley for a pair of cord trousers, to Kirby for boots, ridiculous! We can get them five-and-twenty per cent. cheaper at other establishments?" and so, I grant, they may, but does the proverb "penny wise and pound foolish" never come across their minds? If not, let me remind them of it, and of another true saying that nothing good can be got under a fair and reasonable price. Look, too, at the discomfort of ill-shapen, badly made gear; a man may as well be in the stocks as have his body confined, his chest contracted, his arms pinioned down, strait-waistcoat fashion; and such will be the inevitable result to those who buy cheap goods, if such a term can be fairly applied to the *worst* of articles. With regard to boots and shoes, care should be taken to have them made an inch and a half longer than the foot, that, as Theodore Hook was wont to say, there may be plenty of room for any supplementary *tow*

(toe), without which a man may be crippled after one day's work for the rest of the season.

A few remarks on pigeon shooting may here be not out of place. So long ago as the year 1791, it was a favourite amusement, for I find that on the 7th of February of that year, Mr. Elliott, a yeoman farmer of Rudgwick in Sussex, undertook for a wager to kill fifty pigeons in fifty successive shots; the event came off at Tillington, near Petworth, and, notwithstanding the wind was high, he killed forty-five. It was allowed that he would have killed every shot, if circumstances had not been unfavourable. He used but one gun, and the barrel was at last so hot that the touch-hole fairly melted.

CHAPTER XXI.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S DAY—"ALL IN THE OLDEN TIME"
—SPORTS ON THE ICE—SKATING—GOLFING—ROYAL GOLFERS
—CHARLES II.—JAMES II.—CURLING—SLEDGING—LES MON-
TAGNES RUSSES.

"And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had rolled,
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all its hospitable train,

'Domestic and religious rite
Gave honour to the holy night;
On Christmas eve the bells were rung,
On Christmas eve the mass was sung.

"Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And ceremony doffed her pride.

"England was merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again ;

'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale ;
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year."

WALTER SCOTT.

CHRISTMAS and New Year's Day in former times were celebrated in a very different way from what they now are, and few of the old customs remain. The more northern nations anciently assigned portentous qualities to the winds of New Year's Eve, as may be gleaned from the following legend :

"If New Year's Eve night-wind blows south,
It betokeneth warmth and growth ;
If west, much milk and fish in the sea ;
If north, much cold and storms there'll be ;
If east, the trees will bear much fruit ;
If north-east, flee it man and beast."

Plough Monday, the first Monday after Twelfth Day, was so called because it was the first day after Christmas that husbandmen could resume the plough. It was formerly the custom to have rural rejoicings on this occasion, and the plough was drawn in procession to the doors of the villages, hamlets, farmhouses, and homesteads, amidst much mirth and revelry.

The eve of St. Agnes was a most important night to young maidens and men who desired to know who their future husbands and wives were to be ; for, according to Aubrey's suggestion, "Upon St. Agnes' night you take a row of pins, and pull out

every one, saying a Paternoster, sticking a pin in your sleeve, and you will dream of him or her you shall marry."

In the parish of Pauntley, a village on the borders of the counties of Gloucester and Worcestershire, and in the neighbourhood, a curious agricultural custom intended to prevent the smut in wheat, in some respect resembling that carried on in Scotland, once prevailed; but like many other ancient usages it fell into disrepute, and has been trampled down by the rapid march of intellect. On the eve of Twelfth Day all the servants of every farmer assembled together in one of the fields that had been sown with wheat.

At the end of twelve lands they made twelve fires in a row with straw, around one of which, much larger than the rest, they drank a cheerful glass of cider to the health of their masters, and success to the future harvest; then, returning home, they feasted on cakes made of caraways soaked in cider, which they claimed as a reward for their past labours in sowing the grain.

The mean temperature, or that degree of heat which is midway between the highest and lowest points observed in the thermometer, is lower about New Year's Day than at any other time, the general mean temperature being 35 degrees; at night it is generally below freezing point. The prevailing winds are from west to north. The coldest January on record was in 1795, while that of the following year was the mildest. The characteristics of the

festive season are raw, cold, snowy, frosty days, so that fox-hunting is usually put an end to.

To console the sportsman, however, for the temporary loss of the "noble science," pheasant, woodcock, and wild-fowl shooting, skating, curling, and golfing, may be had to perfection. During the period that King Frost holds his ascendancy, and "icicles hang on the wall," skating and curling may be indulged in to circulate the blood and enliven the spirits.

Within a few years, skating on rollers has been introduced, an amusement which has been described as fatal to the physicians, inasmuch as the exercise tends to promote health, but advantageous to the surgeons from the numerous accidents caused by it. Happily the mania is on the decline, and many a rink, both in the metropolis and in country towns, like the harp of Tara, "its tale of ruin tells" while the "chiefs and ladies bright" who were wont

"To sweep
On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
In circling poise—swift as the winds along,"

realize the lines of the poet Moore:—

"So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more."

Skating on the ice is a truly invigorating exercise; nothing can be more graceful than the movements of

a thorough proficient in the art, more especially one of the fair sex when showing off the "outside edge," the "figure of eight," the "inside edge" and "figure of three."

The first mention of skating is made by Fitzstephen in his description of London, who says, "When the great fenne or moor (which watereth the walls of the citie on the north-side) is frozen, many young men play upon the ice." Again he writes, "Some stryding as wide as they may, doe slide swiftly, as some tye bones to their feete and under their heels, and shoving themselves by a little piked staffe, doe slide as swiftly as a bird flyeth in the air, or an arrow out of a crosse bow."

Here, although the implements were rude, we have skating in the twelfth century; but to the Dutch, there can be no doubt, this country is indebted for the present iron-shod skate. As the tread of the skate should correspond as nearly as possible with that of the foot, the wooden part should be of the same length as the foot; and it will avoid endless trouble if the skate is fixed to the sole of the shoe permanently, so that the process of boring a hole into the leather heel, which often penetrates into the human bone, and the inconvenience of strapping on the skates with half-frozen fingers may be avoided.

Much difference of opinion has existed as to whether the iron should be fluted or plain. I own I prefer the latter, as being quite as secure and enabling me to go as fast as those who use the former; these irons should be kept carefully clean,

and sharply ground; the best test of a good skate is, that when placed on a level surface, it should stand perfectly perpendicular.

Theory will never produce a good skater; and he who aspires to become one should commence at an early period of life,—good nerve, patience, and an accurate balance of the body, are the principal requisites. When young practitioners have acquired a facility in keeping the figure and the face rather elevated, the leg which is on the ice perfectly straight, that which is off it straight, though not stiff, the toe turning down, and the one heel about twelve inches from the other; in striking steadily, and never allowing both feet to be on the ice together, and by raising the arm contrariwise to that of the leg, they will easily become expert in the more difficult movements.

To become an elegant skater, natural grace will be required; for, like dancing, although every pains may be taken to teach the steps and figures, no one will be able to lay claim to high honours in the Terpsichorean accomplishment, or upon the glacial surface, who is not gifted with an easy dignity of deportment.

Golfing, although principally carried on in Scotland, is occasionally to be met with in England. This sport is very ancient, for in 1457, previous to the renewal of the truce between England and Scotland, statutes were promulgated against golf (pronounced gouff across the border) “lest it should interfere with the practise of archery, so necessary to the martial education of the Scottish youth!”

In 1744, the city of Edinburgh took a different view of the subject, by voting to the company of golfers a silver club, to be contested for annually.

As the game is not very well known to Southerners, I may remark that the club is from three to four feet long, according to the height and length of arm of the player. And here I must digress for a moment to remark what a wise and sensible precaution this is, not to overweight a light player, or to give a powerful one too slight a weapon. If this is advisable in a game of pleasure, how much more important it is in the performance of duty; why, then, I ask, is there to be a regulation sword, carbine, and rifle for the whole of the army? Why is a small, weak man, less powerful in arm, smaller in limb, to carry the same rifle as a stalwart Grenadier? Why is a neat, dapper, light dragoon, with slight sinews, to wield the same sword (of which, from physical defects, he can never become master) as a powerful muscular man? If this is applicable to the private soldier, how much more is it to the officers, whose mental powers, and not bodily strength, are alone tested! And when we see a youth of eighteen or nineteen years of age, encumbered with a long sword, carrying the Queen's or regimental colours, or a juvenile cornet flourishing a long, heavy cut-and-thrust sword, with which he is expected to compete with men of a more mature age, strength, and height, the wonder is that the authorities have not long since interfered to put an end to so absurd a system. As well might the dress, shako, and boots be of one uniform size,

shape, and make, as the sword, which ought at least to be issued according to the *physique* of the soldier.

I now return to golfing. The club is curved and massive towards the head, to give it scope, weight, and strength. This head is formed of beech, or some other tough wood, and is planed off as it proceeds upwards, so as to adapt itself to the handle, to which it is very firmly glued, and tightly corded down. The face of the club is further secured by a piece of hard bone or ivory, at least half-an-inch thick, is loaded with five or six ounces of lead, according to the fancy of the player, and is usually bound with cord, list, or velvet. The ball, which is composed of stout leather, filled with feathers, is about the size of a boy's cricket ball, painted over with several coats of white paint.

The game is played by two or more persons, so that there may be an equal number on each side; but only two balls are used, each party striking in turn. If, however, the last striker does not drive his ball so far on as that of his opponent, one of his party must then strike one, or perhaps two more, and the game is thus marked by calling, one, two, or three more, as the case may be. If more than two are playing, the same person does not strike twice in succession; a miss is counted one, and the party who puts the ball into the hole at the fewest strikes wins the game. The chief places where the game is played are at 'Auld Reekie' on a fine green, to the south of the city, called the Links; at Leith, at St. Andrew's in Fifeshire, at Glasgow, and at the

Inches of Perth. In addition to the clubs already described, there are others called 'putters,' which are carried by the attendant of each party. Some are short and heavy, and are used when making a direct stroke near the hole; others, formed of iron, are called into requisition, to hit a ball when unfavourably placed, as in a rut or hole, where the wooden club would probably be broken. The grounds used for this sport vary in different parts of Scotland—some are nearly square, with a hole at each corner, about four hundred and fifty yards apart, the players having to traverse the whole surface, finishing the game at the spot from which they started. There are numerous Golf Clubs in Scotland, and although each has its own particular regulations, they are principally founded upon the following, which are the long established rules of The Thistle Golf Club of Edinburgh.

1. You must tee your ball not nearer the hole than two club lengths; not farther from it than six, and your tee must be on the ground.

2. The ball farthest from the hole to be played first.

3. You are not to change the ball struck from the tee, before the hole is played out; and, if at a loss to distinguish one ball from the other, neither of them is to be uplifted till both parties agree.

4. You are not to remove stones, bones, or any break club, in order to play your ball, except on the fair green. If a ball stick fast in the ground, it may be loosened, but not lifted from the ground.

5. The player in every case shall be entitled to

lift his ball, and drop it at such a distance as he thinks proper behind the hazard, and lose one stroke; but when he cannot get behind the hazard without going off the green, he shall be entitled to drop his ball on the green in a line with the place where it lay.

6. If a ball be half-covered, or more, with water on the green, the player is at liberty to take it out, drop it behind the hazard, and play in with an iron, without losing a stroke; and when the ball is completely covered with grass, so much therefore may be set aside as that the player may have a view of his ball before he plays.

7. If any ball lie within the hollow formed in cutting any water tracks in the green, it may be taken out, dropped behind the track, and played with an iron without losing the stroke.

8. In all cases where a ball is to be dropped, the party dropping shall point the hole to which he is playing, and drop the ball behind him over his head.

9. When the balls lie within six inches of each other, the ball nearest the hole to be lifted till the other is played.

10. In the case of more than two balls being played in the same party, or of the match being decided by the number of strokes, as in playing for medals or prizes, if one ball lie betwixt the other and the hole, the ball nearest the hole must be first played.

11. If a ball be stopped by accident, it must be played where it lies; but if stopped by the

adversary or his caddy (the person who carries his clubs), the party who stopped the ball to lose the hole.

12. If a ball shall be lost on the green, the player shall drop another at the place where his ball was supposed to have been lost, and lose one stroke; but if it can be ascertained that the ball was lost in any of the tracks on the green, another may be dropped behind the track, and played with an iron, without losing a stroke.

13. If in striking, the club breaks, it is nevertheless to be counted a stroke, if you either strike the ground or pass the ball.

14. At holing, you are not to mark the direction to the hole; you are to play your ball honestly to the hole, and not play on your adversary's ball, not lying in your way to the holes; but all loose impediments may be removed in putting.

15. Mistakes relating to the reckoning of any particular hole, cannot be rectified after the parties have struck off for the next hole.

In England there are a few Golfing Clubs, the most notable one being at Blackheath.

Among the royal patrons and players of this game may be mentioned the unfortunate Martyr Charles the I., and the bigoted arbitrary James the II.; the latter monarch was so good a golfer that it was said none could equal him save one Patterson, a shoemaker of Edinburgh, and he, as a "canny Scot," probably never played his best, for fear of offending his royal rival.

Curling may be considered as national a winter

game in Scotland, as golfing is a summer one, and is one that is carried on with the greatest spirit throughout the "land of the mountain and the flood." Pennant in his Tour, in 1792, thus refers to it:

"Of all the sports of these parts, that of curling is a favourite, and one unknown in England; it is an amusement of the winter, and played on the ice, by sliding from one mark to another a great stone of forty to seventy pounds weight of an irregular hemispherical form, with an iron or wooden handle at top. The object of the player is to lay his stone as near the mark as possible; to guard that of his partners, which had been well laid before; or to strike off that of his antagonist."

Curling is supposed to have been introduced into Scotland some four hundred and fifty years ago; it was also attempted in the Emerald Isle, but failed for want of support. Among our colonies it has proved more successful, for some years ago I took part in a game on the mighty St. Lawrence, within a short distance of Quebec. The blocks of hard stone, to which Pennant refers, should present an upper and under surface perfectly plain, and as smooth as art can make them; the object of which is that the least possible resistance should be offered to the sliding of the stone on the ice. Each curler is supplied with one of these blocks, or two, according to previous arrangement. The 'rink' or course is marked out on the ice, which should be as slippery and as free from cracks as possible, particular such as are longitudinal, so that the progress of the

stone may not be impeded. Upon this 'rink' a mark is made at each end, called a 'tee,' by making two small circles that the relative distance of the stones from the 'tee' may be seen at once, it being against the rules of the game to permit any actual measurement until the play is over; these circles are called the 'broughs.' Two scores are then drawn across the 'rink' called the 'hog-score,' distant from the 'tees' about a sixth part of the length of the course; and those stones which do not pass the line are placed *hors de combat*. The length of the 'rink' varies from thirty to fifty yards, and the breadth is about twelve feet. Although at the first glance the game may appear simple, it requires a great deal of ingenuity in laying your stones well, in striking away that of your adversary, guarding your partner's, and playing the game very much after the manner of a pool at billiards. When the stones on both sides have been played, the one nearest the 'tee' counts one, and if the second, third, fourth, etc. belong to the same side, all these count so many 'shots' (as they are termed), thirty-one of which for each side is the number usually played for.

There is another game which is peculiar to North Britain, called 'Shinty;' it is a sort of hockey on the ice. A small hard ball is used, the main object of the player being to strike it with a wooden club beyond a boundary marked on each side.

It seldom happens that the snow is deep and hard enough in our sea-girt island to enjoy that most exhilarating amusement sledging. We must go to

Russia, Norway, Lapland, Holland, Germany, Austria, Canada, for sledging. In Canada—I speak from personal experience—there is nothing more delightful than the sleighing parties. Driving clubs are formed at Toronto, Montreal, Kingston, Niagara, Quebec, and other of our possessions, where the ladies join in the proceedings, which commence with a trip to some favourite spot, where a picnic takes place, followed by a dance, and a return home by moonlight. At Vienna, too, I have witnessed some splendid pageants on the ice, in which the Court took part. From all accounts, there is not a finer spectacle in the world than that which the “region of thick ribbed ice,” the Neva, exhibits in winter. Carriages on irons similar to skates, sledges, immense concourses of people on foot are continually crossing it, thus forming a succession of objects always in action. Different parties of the humbler class, dispersed or together are busy amusing themselves, every one after his own way. Here are long spaces surrounded with barriers to protect the skaters, and there an enclosure in which horses are exercised as in a riding school. Further off, the crowd is attracted by a sledge race. The space in which they run is circular, about a mile in length. The artificial mountains, made in ice, form also another amusement for the people. They raise on the river a kind of mount, about thirty feet high, with a platform at the top, to which they ascend by a ladder. From the top of this to the bottom, extends an inclined plane, covered with ice, which they contrive to make by planks, on which pieces of ice are laid and fixed by throwing water between them,

which instantly freezes. From the place where the plane touches the ground, they draw a road, two hundred toises in length, and four in breadth; they afterwards remove the snow, skirt it, as well as the mount, with boards of fir; then the sledges which are placed at the top, set off like lightning, and are let go on the inclined plane with such rapidity that they advance more than a hundred toises on the flat road down on the ice. Where this road ends, there is commonly another mount of ice, in every respect like that which they have just gone over; and, descending from one, they immediately ascend another by the impetus with which they have been propelled. The greatest practice is necessary for this exercise; and skill is required to preserve the balance particularly when being hurled down the inclined plane, for the smallest false movement would occasion a dangerous fall. Boys and young men amuse themselves with sliding from the top to the foot of this Russian snow hill, usually on one skate, as they find it easier to preserve their balance on one leg than on both. When the allied army entered Paris, in 1815, after the battle of Waterloo, and the streets of the City of Frivolity (as it has been called) were filled with Prussian, Russian, Austrian, English, and Hanoverian officers and men, two of the attractions were Les Promenades Aériennes at Beaujon, and Les Montagnes Russes at Tivoli Gardens. Of the former, Moore thus writes:—

“ Last night at the Beaujon, a place where I doubt
If its charms I can paint—there are cars, that set on

From a lighted pavilion, high up in the air,
 And rattle you down, Doll—you hardly know where;
 These vehicles, mind me, in which you go through
 This delightfully dangerous journey, hold *two*.
 Some cavalier asks, with humility, whether,
 You'll venture down *with* him—you smile—'tis a match;
 In an instant you're seated, and down both together
 Go thund'ring, as if you went post to old scratch!*

Of the latter he says, in the person of Mr. Bob Fudge:—

“Once more, then, we saunter forth after our snack, or
 Subscribe a few francs for the pride of a *fiacre*,
 And drive far away to the old Montagnes Russes,
 Where we find a few twirls in the car of much use
 To regenerate the hunger and thirst of us sinners,
 Who've laps'd into snacks—the perdition of dinners.”

It was Horace or James Smith, who got so much credit for finding a rhyme to chimney, which he did in the account of the burning of Old Drury in the ‘Rejected Addresses.’ If I remember right it ran as follows,—

“With thick calf and slim knee.”

Anacreon Moore merits equal credit for his rhyme to Niagara, when in describing Les Promenades Aériennes, he speaks of two unhappy lovers who *side by side*,

“Were taking instead of rope, pistol, or dagger, a
 Desperate dash down the falls of Niagara.”

* According to Dr. Cotterel, the cars go at the rate of forty-eight miles an hour.

CHAPTER XXII.

SEA FISHING.—THE ABUNDANT PROVISION OF FOOD FOR MAN IN THE OCEAN—COD FISHING ON THE COAST OF NEWFOUNDLAND—THE ADMIRAL OF THE FISHERMEN—MACKEREL FISHING ON THE WEST COAST OF ENGLAND—THE DUTCH AND ENGLISH HERRING FISHERY—THE WHITING AND ITS VARIETIES—YACHTING.

“To the ocean now I fly.”

MILTON.

“I love the sea—she is my fellow-creature,
My careful purveyor—she provides me store.”

QUARLES.

It is in the saline and nauseous waters of the boundless sea that a Beneficent Creator has ordained that fish should be brought to perfection, and what delicacies, what a profusion of food, do we receive from this element? Let any person attend Billingsgate market at an early hour, and he will see myriads of the inhabitants of the deep, and let him remember that this is only one market among numerous others. What magnificent salmon will greet his eye, surrounded by red mullet, mackerel, turbot, soles, plaice, whiting, lobsters, smelts, and prawns. Every season

furnishes us with fresh delicacies—such as cod fish, herrings, lampreys, oysters, and crabs, tending to show the vast variety of fish that adorn our tables and gratify our palates.

These luxuries, from their profusion, are not confined to the affluent. Occasionally the supply of fish is so great that the corruption of the whole, or the greater part, might prevent their timely consumption. But this inconvenience is effectually prevented by a little salt. Thus the mighty ocean is lavish of her stores, and at the same time furnishes us with that which renders their preservation easy, and their conveyance safe. We observe likewise, in the profusion of the sea, a precaution which enhances the value of her gifts, and proves an additional blessing. Such fish as are wholesome food and agreeable to the taste, are exceedingly prolific; while those on the other hand, whose flesh is unpalatable and whose monstrous size renders them formidable to others, are not nearly so generative.

The same wisdom that has regulated with such indulgence the bounds of their fecundity, keeps those at a wide distance from our shores which we have the least occasion for, and puts others into our possession which are of the greatest benefit and advantage to us. Some species are with us all the year round, others pay us an annual visit in prodigious numbers. The exact time of their passage and their peculiar track are well known, which are very advantageous circumstances, although they may sometimes vary ten or fifteen days, through the influence of strong winds and bad weather. During the

season, we observe whole fleets of vessels freighted with herrings; and at other times, shoals of mackerel and whittings present themselves voluntarily before us upon the coasts; insomuch that many towns are supplied with a sufficient number of them by the bare capture of a single day. Legions of smelts and flounders forsake the salt water in the spring and begin to swim up the rivers; shad follow the same track, and grow to full perfection in the fresh water. Salmon continue till September to enrich the sport of fishermen and regale the public. Every season furnishes us with new delicacies, from the saline and fresh-water regions without the least interruption; such as lamprey, eels, perch, pike, and trout.

Confining myself to sea fishing, having already devoted a chapter to fly fishing and angling, I may remark that cod is caught everywhere on the coast of Great Britain, but there are particular times of fishing in certain places, where they are found in greater plenty. Thus, from Easter to Whitsuntide is the best season at Allanby, Workington, and Whitehaven, on the coasts of Lancashire and Cumberland; on the west part of Ireland, from the beginning of April to the end of May; on the north and north-east of Ireland, from Christmas to Michaelmas; and north-east of England, from Easter till Midsummer.

But the chief support of the cod fishing are the banks of Newfoundland, which are a kind of submarine mountains, one of which, called the Great Bank, is four hundred and fifty miles long, a hundred broad, and seventy-five miles from Newfoundland. The best and largest cod are those taken on the south side of it; those on the north side being much smaller.

The best season for fishing for them is from the beginning of February to the end of April, at which time the fish, which have retired during the winter to the deepest part of the sea, return to the bank and grow very fat.

Those that are taken from March to July keep well enough; but those in July, August, and September soon spoil. The fishing is sometimes over in a month or six weeks, sometimes it lasts six months.

When Lent begins to draw near, though the fishermen have caught but half their cargo, they will hasten homeward; because the markets are best at that time, and some will make a second voyage before others have got a sufficient cargo for the first.

Each fisher can take but one at a time, and yet the most expert will catch from three hundred to four hundred in a day. They are all taken with a hook and line, baited with the entrails of other cod, after the first has been caught. This is very fatiguing, both on account of the heaviness of the fish and the coldness of the weather; for though the Great Bank lies 41° to 42° of latitude, the weather in the season of fishing is very severe. The process of salting cod on board ship is as follows:—

They cut off the head, open the belly, and cleanse the fish; then the salter ranges them side by side at the bottom of the vessel, head to tail, a fathom or two square; when one layer is complete, he covers it with salt, and then lays on another, which he covers as before; and thus he disposes of all the fish caught

in the same day, for care is taken not to mix those of different days together. After the cod has thus lain for seventy-two or ninety-six hours, they are removed into another part of the vessel and salted afresh; and then they are suffered to lie till the vessel has its burthen.

The principal place for fishing for cod, which is designed to be dried, is along the coast of Placentia in Newfoundland, from Cape Race to the Bay of Exports, within which limits there are several commodious ports for this fish to be dried in. In this fishing, vessels of all sizes are used; but those are most proper which have large holds, because the fish have not a weight proportionable to the room they take up.

The time of fishing is during the summer season for the convenience of drying the fish in the sun. On which account, European vessels are obliged to set out in March or April; as for those who begin their voyage in June or July, their design is only to purchase the cod that are already caught and prepared by the inhabitants of the English colonies of Newfoundland, and the neighbouring parts, in exchange for which, they carry them meal, brandy, linen, molasses, biscuits, etc.

The fish which they choose for drying is of a smaller sort, which is the fitter for their purpose, as the salt takes more hold of it.

When the fishing vessels arrive in any particular part, he who touches ground first is entitled to the quality and privileges of admiral; has the choice

of his station, and the refusal of all the wood on the coast.

As fast as they arrive, they unrig their vessels, leaving nothing but the shrouds to sustain the mast; in the meantime the mates provide a tent on shore, covered with branches of fir and sails, with a scaffold fifty or sixty feet long and twenty broad. While the scaffold is building the crew apply themselves to fishing, and as fast as they catch any fish, they open and salt them on movable benches; but the main salting is performed on the scaffold.

When the fish have taken salt, they wash and lay them in piles on the galleries of the scaffold to drain; after this they range them on hurdles only a fish thick, head against tail, with the back uppermost. While they lie thus, they take care to turn and shift them four times in every four-and-twenty hours.

When they begin to dry, they lay them in heaps, ten or twelve a piece, to retain their warmth, and continue to enlarge the heap every day till it is double its first bulk; at length they join two together, which they continue to turn every day as before, and when they are thoroughly dry, they lay them in high piles as large as haystacks.

Besides the body of the fish, there are the tongues, which are salted at the same time with the fish, and barrelled up.

The roes undergo the same process, and are of service to draw fish, especially pilchards, together. The oil is used for dressing leather, and for other purposes, in the same manner as train oil.

When cod leave the banks of Newfoundland, they go in pursuit of the whittings, which are their favourite aliment. Open war is then proclaimed against the whittings, who fly before them, and their frequent return upon our coast is principally owing to this hostile chase.

Having referred to the above wars, which are as vindictive as those of the red and white *rose*—I have unwittingly perpetrated a pun—the Guelphs and Ghibellines, the Montagues and Capulets, the Orlandi and the Colonna, I may mention one characteristic which reigns through all the species of fish.

The mussel opens her shell, and when a small unwary crab presumes to creep in, she clasps them close together in an instant, and secures her prey. The oyster adopts the same measure to ensnare such little fish as are not on their guard. The sole, as well as most other flat fish, lies concealed, and observes with the utmost circumspection where large fish lodge their spawn, and springing instantaneously from her ambuscade, regales herself with this delicious food, which pampers her appetite, and gives her an exquisite flavour. The small soles, in their turn, are equally an epicurean collation to the large crabs. By this an idea of the other species may be formed. All the several classes of living creatures that breed in the water, from the largest to the least, are constantly in action, and at war with each other. It is one continued series of artifices, flights, evasion, and open violence. They pillage and devour one another without the slightest remorse or moderation.

Although the inhabitants of the watery regions are

thus addicted to prey upon one another, the Almighty has taken proper measures for the preservation of fish, by giving strength to some, activity and circumspection to others, in order to preserve their species from entire destruction.

The most useful food of fish are worms, flies, and other insects; yet there are instances of some who not only live, but grow to a large size by water alone; others live upon spawn, particularly the flat fish, as I have already stated. This would greatly contribute to depopulate the waters, if the quantity of spawn were not so exceedingly great. Some devour the small fry almost as soon as hatched, others when they grow larger. Some live upon small fish. I now speak of river fish—such as the minnow, bleak, gudgeon, roach, dace, and the like; others devour shell-fish, as shrimps, prawns, and small crabs; while the pike and the eel are so extremely voracious as to prey upon their own kind. Some few will feed upon crumbs of bread, sea-weeds, and it is well known to sailors that several kinds of sea fish will follow ships many leagues on purpose to feed on what on land would be thrown into the hog-trough.

I have now given the practical part of cod-fishing; but the delight of it can only be felt by those who, like myself, have found themselves on the banks of Newfoundland after beating about with contrary winds in the channel for a week, and being then tossed about for nearly a month in the Atlantic. These feelings I experienced in a passage to Canada in H.M.'s frigate 'Iphigenia.' We sailed from Spit-head on the 18th of June, 1818, and with a fine

steady breeze made Plymouth, when the wind veered round, and kept us beating about the shores of Cornwall for nearly eight days. Fair and moderate weather succeeded this, but shortly afterwards we experienced heavy squalls of wind and rain, which ended in a tremendous gale, and lasted three days. For nearly a month of wind, wet, and a heavy swell, with an occasional calm, our passage had been tedious and unfortunate, when great was our happiness at finding, on the morning of the 13th of July, that we had got soundings, and were in six-and-thirty fathoms of water on the far-famed banks of Newfoundland. We now rounded to, and all hands turned up to fish; before one o'clock we had hauled up enough fine cod and halibut to keep us for the rest of the voyage. Every one that could be spared, from the "powder monkey" to the first-lieutenant, were anxiously and actively employed with line in hand; for it was not alone the pleasure of catching the fish that animated us in our exertions, but the anticipated delight of a fish dinner, equal to that of one at the Ship at Greenwich.

None but those who have been "cribbed, *cabined*, and confined" within the wooden—alas, now, the ironclad—walls of old England for any time can know the enjoyment of any fresh diet, after living so long on salt provisions, or hermetically-sealed comestibles. Every mess on board the 'Iphigenia' was plentifully supplied with fish, scarcely anything else was touched. We had boiled, fried, and broiled cod, and, best of all, a dish of cod fricasseed, with well-dressed potatoes. No Reading or Harvey sauces—Lea and Perrin did not at that time flourish—were

required—no soy, ketchup, or cayenne; our unpampered appetites were fully satisfied with the very best fish dinner which it was ever my good fortune to partake of.

I now approach the herring, whose most constant abode is in the seas between the north of Scotland, Norway, and Denmark, from whence they make annual excursions through the British Channel as far as the coast of Normandy. The best times of fishing on the coast of Norfolk and Suffolk are from the middle of September until the middle of October. The nets used are about five yards deep and twenty-five long; occasionally they fasten as many together as will take in a mile in compass. The fishermen judge whereabouts the herrings lie by the hovering and motion of the seabirds, which continually pursue them in the expectation of prey; and as soon as any boat has got its load it makes to the shore, where the fish is delivered to the men who are to wash and salt them. Herrings are divided into six different sorts—the fat herring, which is the largest of all; the meat herring, which is also of good size; the night herring, which is of a middling weight; the pluck, which has received some damage by the nets; the shotten herring, which has lost its spawn; and the capshen, which by some accident or other has been deprived of its head. All these various sorts are put into a tub with salt or brine, where they remain for four-and-twenty hours. Such as are intended for drying are taken out and put into wicker baskets and washed; after this they are perforated with wooden spits and hung up in a chimney built for the

purpose, at such distances that the smoke may have free access to them all. When they have filled these places, which will hold ten or twelve thousand, they kindle billets of wood, which are laid on the floor to dry them; this done, the air is entirely excluded, and immediately the place is filled with smoke. This is repeated every quarter of an hour, inasmuch as a single last of herrings requires a considerable quantity of wood to dry them. A last is ten barrels, each containing nearly a thousand. These thus prepared are called red-herrings or bloaters. The pickled are best done by the Dutch, who, the moment they are taken out of the sea, wash and place them in salt water for fifteen hours; they are then taken out, well drained, and put in regular order in barrels with layers of salt, every care being taken to exclude the air. Herrings always swim in shoals, delighting to be near the shore.

It was a question, formerly, whether herrings fed upon anything besides water? but Leuwenkoeck has made it evident that they come every year in pursuit of worms and small fish, which at the time of their arrival abound in the Channel; when they have cleared the northern seas of their stock of provisions, they travel southward in search of a fresh supply.

The Dutch begin their herring fishery on the 14th of June, and employ thousands of vessels of from forty-five to sixty tons each. None of them are allowed to stir out of port before they have made a verbal agreement, which has the same force as if it were in writing. The principal Government regula-

tions enforced are :—That no fisherman shall cast his net within a hundred fathoms of another's boat ; that while the nets are cast, a light shall be kept on the hind part of the vessel ; that when a boat is by any accident obliged to leave off fishing the light shall be cast into the sea ; likewise, that when the greater part of the fleet leave off fishing and cast anchor, the rest shall be obliged to do the same.

Mackerel are found in large shoals in divers parts of the ocean, more especially on the coasts of England and France. They enter the Channel in April, and take their course through the Straits of Dover, inso-much that in June they advance as far as Kent, Sussex, and Cornwall, Normandy and Picardy. They are taken either with nets or lines. In the West of England they fish for them with nets near the shore, and the quantity taken upon these coasts is almost incredible. In angling for mackerel the best bait is a piece of tobacco pipe, a bit of a herring, a sixpence, or a strip of scarlet cloth ; after taking one, their own flesh will serve admirably for enticing their comrades. When they are angled for, it must be out of a boat or smack, and you must have what the fishermen call a mackerel breeze to take you four or five knots an hour through the water. Your first process will be to ship a boom clear of the wash, and fasten your lines to the ends. These lines should be about fifteen fathoms in length, with a round lead to sink them, seven fathoms of which should be under water. You may then place two after-lines on the boat's quarter, about nine fathoms in length, if the weather is ~~fir~~ eleven fathoms should it blow fresh. Fasten a

to the water's edge to pull in your line. The snood should be about three fathoms long, the weight of the lead from two to four pounds in light winds, and seven if there is a breeze.

The pilchard is a fish of passage, and swims in shoals, in the same manner as the herring. The best season for fishing is from June to September. The chief fisheries are along the coast of Dalmatia; and so plentiful are they in those parts, that they not only furnish all Greece, but a great part of Italy with their produce. Nearer home, on the coasts of Bretagne, from Belle Isle to Brest, and along the shores of Cornwall and Devonshire, this fish abounds. The pilchards caught in our waters, although larger, are not so much valued as those taken nearer to France, and which can alone be accounted for in their not being so well cured. Our foreign neighbours use the roe of cod fish as baits, which, thrown into the sea, make the fish rise, and run into the seine net. The pilchard naturally follows light; they will gather about a boat, which carries one during the night-time. On the coast of Devonshire and Cornwall they set men, whom they call puers, to watch on the top of mountains and cliffs, who are able to discover when a shoal of pilchards is coming by the black or purple colour of the water, and in the night by its shining. The fishermen shoot the seine by the direction of the oldest among them, termed the king, who, should he see the fish shift, waves his hat, which is answered by the steersman. The fishery extends from the Ram Head, Plymouth, right down to the Land's End. The nets are often six hundred

fathoms in length; they are formed into a circle, and moved by stream anchors five or six fathoms deep, and buoyed up at every fifteen yards with corks and casks. The end buoys are generally formed of the skins of dogs dried and blown out. A smaller net is worked inside. The boats vary from eighteen to twenty tons, and have mostly from twenty to two-and-twenty men on board. It requires capital to fit out a boat for the pilchard fishery, as, including the gear, it will cost six or seven hundred pounds. The process of salting, laying them *stratum super stratum*; washing, pressing them down, extracting the oil, and packing them in barrels, is similar to that practised in the herring trade.

Fishing for whittings in a boat is diverting enough, as they bite very freely, and require no very elaborate tackle to catch them. A paternoster line, with half-a-dozen hooks, eighteen inches distant from each other, baited with small smelts, mussels, the hairy lob, or marsh worm, will answer the purpose as well as the most expensive tackle. The line may be made fast to the boat, so that the only trouble is in drawing up your fish and putting on fresh baits. You may know where to cast anchor by the sea-gulls, for they invariably hover over the places where the whittings lie; and if they dip into the water now and then, you may be sure of good sport.

Oyster dredging has charms for some; and with a good supply of brown bread and butter, cayenne pepper, a lemon, and some London porter, the sport, in a gastronomic point of view, would be agreeable, and compensate one for the dredging or drudging

(as the case may be) of the labour. It has always appeared to me a national disgrace that so little is done to draw supplies of food from the deep waters that encircle our sea-girt isle. Great Britain, Ireland, and the islands, present a coast of about four thousand miles, much of which is excellent fishing ground, teeming with cod, brill, halibut, skate, and turbot, and yet the capturing of them is conducted on the most feeble scale. In a country which carries speculation even beyond the bounds of prudence, I am greatly surprised that no gigantic concern has been suggested under the title of the United Kingdom Deep Sea Fishing Company, which I feel assured would yield a greater return than any other joint-stock association. All that would be required would be a tolerably large outlay on the onset for boats, nets, and tackle. Stationary ships for curing a portion of the fish, steamboats for tugging the boats to their stations, conveying all that is caught at once to the shore for transmission to the markets, or direct to Billingsgate, could be advantageously employed, while by means of these steamers fresh provisions, bait, etc., could be taken out to those engaged in the deep sea. In this way, thousands of our unemployed poor might be speedily relieved; such a plan, too, would have the effect of procuring cheap food for the rich as well as for their more humble brethren, would prove a boon to the agriculturist, as the refuse would be the very best manure that could be used on the farm. It appears, then, that while our country offers peculiar facilities for prosecuting a most useful and remunerative branch of industry, it is either entirely neglected or left to

a few laborious poor men—persons who have not the means of prosecuting it beyond procuring a daily scanty subsistence for themselves and families ; or, at most, of making a few shillings at the cost of much labour and risk of their lives.

The above remarks apply generally to Great Britain, but more especially to the sister country, and sincerely do I trust that Ireland will rouse herself from her lethargy, and devote the time of her coasting inhabitants to the profitable occupation of fishing ; then should that country fail in its produce, the treasures of the deep would serve in some degree to alleviate, if not avert, those dreadful national calamities, dearth and famine.

Having laid before my readers a brief description of sea fishing, I will now point out how it may be indulged in by owners or hirers of yachts. Let me advise my London friends, who may be desirous of a change of scene, and a “sniff of the briny,” to locate themselves for a week or two in the months of August and September at the Marine Hotel, Cowes, the Pier Hotel, Ryde, the Queen’s Hotel, Southsea, and secure the services of a good fisherman, a well-found boat and gear, when they may enjoy trolling, drawing the seine, and angling, to their hearts’ content. Should they wish to combine yachting with their piscatorial pursuits, it can easily be accomplished ; and for the benefit of the uninitiated, I will lay before them the *way* and the *how* it can be brought to bear ; adding a few hints from practical experience, which may guard the unwary from the attacks of the land-sharks, who are to be found at every sea-port town in the United

Kingdom, and whose voracity equals that of the monsters of the deep.

I will suppose, then, a party of three or four friends clubbing together for a month's yachting and fishing. Upon reaching one of the above-mentioned hotels, their first object should be to make inquiry from the yacht or boat builders, respecting the hire of a craft for the period required, and which can readily be ascertained. For fine weather I should strongly recommend a wherry of about fifteen or sixteen tons, open, with the exception of a fore-cuddy, in which the men sleep, and prepare their meals. A man and a boy will be ample, and the whole, including the crew, can be had for a guinea or thirty shillings a day. A cutter of equal tonnage may be procured for about the same money, but there are many advantages that the wherries possess over other vessels. There is space to move about in them ; instead of lying down on the deck drenched with every sea that breaks over the bows, you may enjoy a walk free from wet ; then you are not annoyed with a boom, and in point of sailing, nine times out of ten, the open boat will beat the decked one. With waterproof clothing, coat, trousers, boots, and a south-wester, you may defy the rain or the spray ; and if a sudden squall gets up nothing can be snugger than a wherry under a three-reefed top-sail (or mainsail as some call it) and a storm jib. A craft having then been engaged, the next step is to secure the services of a couple of fishermen, with a well-found boat, including troll and seine nets, mackerel and whiting lines ; fifteen shillings

or a pound ought to cover this expense, especially if you gave the fish you did not require over to the men. The next item in the account will be the hotel bill, that of course must depend greatly upon the parties themselves, but as they would probably breakfast, lunch, and dine on board, no great expense need be incurred. The expense of the wherry and fishing boat would, for a month, amount to about seventy pounds, which, divided by four, would not be ruinous. I now proceed to the best spots for trolling, casting the seine, hook and line angling; but here the fisherman must be guided by winds and tides. With a breeze off Spithead, you may catch from fifty to a hundred mackerel in the course of a morning; off Stoke's Bay Anglesey Ville, you will indeed be unlucky if your troll does not produce you some excellent plaice, whiting, grey mullets, eels, soles, crabs, and skate. In Stanswood Bay, near Eaglehurst, on the Hampshire coast, with the seine net, you may count upon all the above fish, with the addition of salmon, peel, and red mullet. For many seasons I have helped to draw the seine in this bay, and have been amply repaid for my labour; for with a strong tide and a fresh breeze, it is no light work to be up to your waist in water for some three or four hours, assisting in hauling a heavy and well-stocked net.

The best time for sea fishing is in warm weather, early in the morning, or after sunset, provided the tide has been ebbing near an hour—and from old May-day to the first of September. Those who agree with Procter—

"A boat, a boat is the toy for me,
To rollick about in on river and sea ;
To be a child of the breeze and the gale,
And like a wild bird on the deep to sail—
This is the life for me !"

may have their taste gratified to their hearts' content.

In order to ensure a good crew I should recommend the yachtsman to fit out his vessel on or before the first of May, and keep her in commission until pheasant shooting commences. Once on board, how delightful to feel the freshening breeze as you give the order to unloose the foresail, mainsail, and fore staysail ! to haul out the jib on the bowsprit ready for hoisting, followed by the stentorian and sharp command : "Hoist the throat and peak halliards well up, block to block ; haul them taut ; set the mainsail, hoist fore staysail and jib, see them well-purchased up ; the sheet hauled in and cast off ; slack out the mainsail ; haul in jibsheet," on the contrary tack to which you intend to sail. The above accomplished, and you are under way, with a strong tide, and the wind dead against you. "In beating up, great care must be taken, in sailing close to the wind not to sail too close, that the canvas may always be kept quite full. In tacking, the practised helmsman will see that every attention is paid to the latter point, the mainsail hauled amidships, and the helm put gradually down. When the vessel is head to wind, "Let fly the jib sheet," will be the order ; if she is on the starboard tack, the port foresheet must

be hauled in taut, which in nautical phraseology is called backing the foresail; and when she begins to fill on the other tack, the weather foresheet must be cast off, the lee and jib sheet hauled in, and the mainsail trimmed.

In the event of a sudden squall coming on, the 'skipper' must keep his craft well full—I write of cutter sailing—that as the squall strikes her she may have good way on; luff into the wind as soon as it begins, and if she does not right at once, let go jib and foresheet; if that fails, cast off mainsheet and send a hand to stand by the fore and jib halliards, which must be followed by the order, "Down foresail! In jib!" If the gale increases, the mainsail must then be reefed, a smaller jib set, and a seaworthy vessel may defy Old Boreas.

In bringing up, the anchor must be suspended over the bowsprit shrouds, and made ready to let go. The head sails must be lowered, the helm put down, until the vessel is head to wind, and when she is fairly stopped, the anchor may be dropped. To make snug, the mainsail must be triced up, the peak lowered, with the helm to one quarter or another according as the tide sets. In bringing up at moorings greater skill is required; assuming the tide is against you, it will be best to round the vessel about a hundred yards short of the moorings, and then to follow the above instructions. As I write for all classes, from the experienced yachtsman who has crossed the Atlantic, been tossed about in the Bay of Biscay, to the tyro who has never been on any waters, save those of the Serpentine, I trust the above marks on yachting will not be out of place.

Few there are, except those

"Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave,"

that will not exclaim with me as they regard their craft,

"Oh! is she not worthy the brave?

Then, then, on her deck as all proudly we stand,

We'll shout o'er the wave,

Till the echoes reach land,

The beautiful yacht is the home of the brave."

In conclusion :—It was formerly the FASHION to dedicate works to some illustrious individual or distinguished personage. THEN, an author had to wait upon his patron, solicit patronage, and in return testify his unqualified respect for the honour conferred upon him, in terms such as the following:—"To Through whose unbounded kindness and generous efforts the author has been enabled to publish his poems, this volume is respectfully inscribed by his (or her) most obliged and grateful servant." Edwards in his 'History of Birds,' carries this further, for he writes: "'To God! the One Eternal! the omnipresent, omniscient and Almighty Creator of all things that exist! from orbs immeasurably great to the minutest points of matter, this Atom is dedicated and devoted, with all possible gratitude, humiliation, and worship, and the highest adoration both of body and mind, by his most resigned, low and humble creature,—G. E.'" Now, the best dedication is to the public at large, and to them I trust to forgive any shortcomings that may appear in my attempt to describe FASHION, THEN and NOW.

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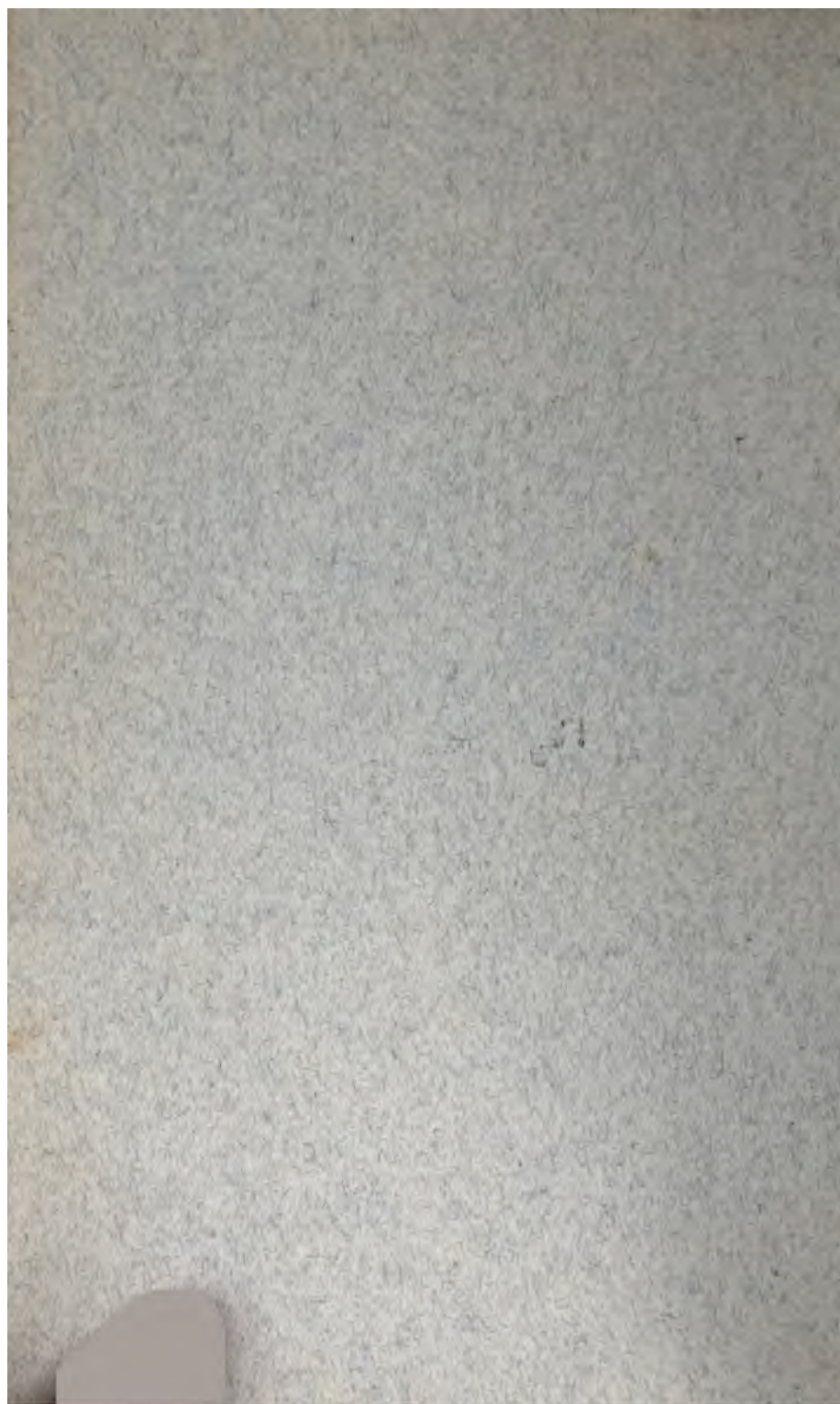
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